

ORIGIN'S OFFICIAL GUIDE TO

# WINGS OF GLORY™



ORIGIN® IIII BradyGAMES

MANEUVERS AND  
MISSIONS DISK  
INCLUDED

ORIGIN'S OFFICIAL GUIDE TO

# WINGS OF GLORY™



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The unit markings used on the outside borders of the pages in this book are the "Hat in the ring" of the 94th Aero Squadron — Rickenbacker's squadron (sorry about the goof in the manual, 94th) — left page, and the U.S. 22nd Aero Squadron — right page. You will not fly for these squadrons in this game, we only used them because we thought they looked cool.

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Brady Publishing  
an Imprint of  
Prentice Hall Computer Publishing  
201 West 103rd Street  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46290

Manufactured in the United States of America

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# ORIGIN'S OFFICIAL GUIDE TO WINGS OF GLORY

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Photographs on pages 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 31, 35, 125, 126, 128, 129, 133, 134 and 148 provided by Aviation Heritage Books. For information on ordering these photographs, and for information on additional related products, see page 160.

Photographs on pages 136, 141, 142, 144, 146, 147 and 149 provided by Elizabeth Andrews.



# USING THIS BOOK

Being a pilot during World War I was not easy then, and it isn't easy now. *ORIGIN's Official Guide to Wings of Glory* was written to make a tough job easier. Like war-hardened veterans of 1918, our playtesters have clocked hundreds of hours in the air, fighting and learning. We've compiled their advice and tactics together with nuts-and-bolts information from the game's programmers and designers to give you all the information you'll need to win the game.

In this book, you'll find the following sections:

**Enemy Skill Levels.** The best weapon against any enemy is knowing how they think. This section describes the strengths and weaknesses of the four levels of enemy pilots.

**Playtesters' Tips.** This section gives you a brief overview of the basics of flying in World War I. It discusses the fundamentals of dogfighting, the best use for each plane and general plans of attack for a variety of different missions.

**Damage.** This is a detailed explanation of the *Wings of Glory* damage system. This section also lists how much damage each type of weapon inflicts, as well as how much punishment air and ground objects can take.

**Flight Recorder Disk.** This Official Guide includes a disk of pre-recorded missions and maneuvers for your reference. This section explains the installation and contents of the flight recorder disk.

**Missions.** This section describes each mission in detail, listing your goals, wingmen, nav points and available aircraft. It also notes the initial location of enemy planes, and provides a thorough mission analysis. Furthermore, each mission is accompanied by full narrative text. For a quick overview of which planes, and how many, you can expect to meet in any mission, check out the chart of **Enemy Planes by Mission**.

**And Then What ...?** Gives you a glimpse of your comrades' fates through the years after the Great War.

**Inspiration and References.** An annotated bibliography of the books, films and other sources that the team used as inspiration and to research the subject.

**Making *Wings of Glory*.** Interviews with and background information on the people who developed the game, showing how the game evolved from a casual remark to the final polished WWI flight simulation.

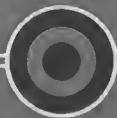
We hope the information in this book keeps you flying straight and sure to victory.







# STRATEGY AND TACTICS





# ENEMY SKILL LEVELS

At the start of the game, you are given the option to choose ROOKIE, VETERAN or ACE flying level. That determines the level of the pilots you fly against — from timidly mediocre to deadly accurate.

**ROOKIE.** All the pilots you encounter will be Rookies, except Erich and Ulrich. They will be flying at Ace level.

**VETERAN.** All the pilots will be flying at Veteran level, except Erich and Ulrich. They will be Crackshots.

**ACE.** All the pilots will be Aces, except Erich and Ulrich. They will be Crackshots.

Below are listed the different skill levels to show you what strengths and weaknesses.



## Rookie

He's nervous, eager and fairly ignorant about the best way to fly. He's afraid of using his plane too severely. He never banks at more than a slow 45° angle and never uses his ailerons, elevator or rudders more than 50% of the maximum. He'll fire at any enemy in front of him, and keep on shooting even when it does no good.

He doesn't adjust the throttle, and so will often by-pass any enemy with a slower plane. That's a critical mistake to make, since it automatically puts the enemy in a prime location to shoot him down. With a Rookie, that can be fatal since he doesn't know any defensive maneuvers beyond trying to break away by banking into a turn. He's equally ignorant about offense. He'll aim his plane at anyone he sees, while shooting for all he's worth. He won't try to maneuver onto an enemy's tail — he'll just fly straight at them.

## Veteran

By the time an enemy achieves the rank of Veteran, he's much more confident about what his plane can do. He'll use his surface controls to 75% of maximum. When turning, he'll bank up to about 60°, although he knows the trick of using a hard bank (more than 90°) to decrease his altitude while changing direction.

What makes veterans much more dangerous than a Rookie is that he'll do what's necessary to get on your tail, and knows how to use his throttle to stay there. When it's his own tail that's in danger, he knows tricks, such as the Barrel Roll, to get away. He's also figured out how to shoot at what's in range, generally waiting until his target is about 800 feet away and in the gunsights. He's pretty deadly at leading the target, too.



## Ace

An Ace is dangerous. He knows how to fly and isn't shy about demanding the maximum performance of which his plane is capable. He'll bank at 80° for a tight turn, use a 90° turn to whip around while lowering altitude, and use whatever other maneuvers he can think of to get his targets in his gunsights and keep them there. If his plane is capable of the Immelmann, he's capable of doing it. He'll rarely fire a bullet that doesn't nail some poor sucker's plane — and when a shot isn't going to hit his target, he simply doesn't shoot.



## Crackshot

These guys know all the tricks. They have full control of their planes, they know all the maneuvers and are crack shots no matter what planes they fly. Good luck when trying to take down one of these.



	Max. Bank	Control Surfaces	Dogfighting
<i>Rookie</i>	45°	50%	Flies straight at enemy. Fires constantly.
<i>Veteran</i>	60°	75%	Can tail and avoid being tailed. Fires within 800 ft.
<i>Ace</i>	80°	100%	Can perform all maneuvers. Fires only if there's a good chance of hitting.
<i>Crackshot</i>	90°	100%	The best.

# PLAYTESTERS' TIPS

## Finding the Action

- As soon as you come out of autopilot, immediately hit **[T]** and then **[F7]** to locate the nearest enemy. This is the fastest method of locating targets. Sometimes enemies start right behind you, so it is important to find them quickly.

## Dogfighting

- Tell wingmen to *Break and Attack* as soon as you discover enemies are nearby.
- When dogfighting, circle at a slightly downward angle to maintain and pick up speed. Keep the nose of your plane pointed down slightly as you bank and you will make faster turns and better maintain your speed.
- If you are playing with LIMITED AMMO, fire in short bursts at the enemy when he is clearly visible and you can make out detail. If you can't tell which direction the enemy is turning, then he is out of range.
- Aim for vital areas of the plane when firing on an enemy — areas such as the cockpit, propeller and engine. It will take longer to shoot down an enemy if you are only hitting him in the wings.
- Watch your back when chasing an enemy plane. If you are tailing an enemy for more than 10-15 seconds, you can bet he has a buddy who is working his way in behind you. A useful strategy to avoid this is to get on someone's tail, then target the nearest enemy that could potentially line up on *your* tail. Toggle between **[F7]** target view and **[F1]** cockpit view to keep an eye on both enemies. Also, when in the **[F7]** view, you can track all your enemies' locations by cycling through them with **[T]**.
- If possible, try to avoid going under 500 feet. It is hard to turn at low altitudes and if you make a mistake and stall, there is no room for correction. When you have to drop that low, use **[H]** frequently to keep aware of your altitude. When you turn at a low altitude, use mostly rudders and slightly bank your plane. If you start to lose altitude and speed, push the rudder the opposite direction to help straighten yourself out.



- When you start to get shot up from behind, the most effective method of evasion is to dive straight down and bank hard to the right while holding down the right rudder key (⌂). If he is still hitting you, Barrel Roll and try to cut back the other direction. If he is still hitting you at this point, you are dead — select RESTART MISSION. If you are at a low altitude when you start getting shot up, pull straight back on the stick until you are pointing straight up, then cut your engine off (⏻). Once your plane stalls out and starts to turn over, give it full throttle (⏻) and full rudder in the opposite direction you are falling to pull out of the stall. In other words, if you are falling right-wing-first you should use full throttle and full left rudder (⌂). This is dangerous, if he's got a bead on you at a low altitude, it's the only chance you've got.
- Use your throttle to control your speed. It's a rookie move to get on someone's tail, then overshoot him because you are going too fast. If you pass the target you've been chasing in a dogfight, he is automatically in the best possible position to shoot you down.

## Turning

- When taking on the enemy, adjusting your airspeed is a big key to victory. If you seem to be making a lot of head-on passes where you and the enemy exchange a volley, try cutting your speed down to 20 to 30 percent and banking hard into a turn as you pass him, and you will turn in much tighter circles and be able to close on him. Once you start to straighten out, kick your throttle back up to keep your speed high, then adjust it depending on how fast you are coming up on the enemy.
- Use the rudder control. Once you learn how to use the rudder, the game is much easier. Pull your joystick to the right or left until your wings are at a 90° angle, then push the rudder in the same direction you are turning (right ⌂ or left ⌂) to get a very tight turn. Using rudders is also very effective when you are behind an enemy who is trying to evade. Push the rudder left or right to position the enemy in your sights without having to turn the plane.

## Leaving the Action

- There are two ways of leaving the action. One is called Running, and the other is called Cheating. If you decide to run after you achieve your mission objective, all you need to do is get far enough away from the nav point and all enemies. Then you can autopilot to the next nav point without having to mop up every last fighter. Cheating is done after you achieve your mission objective. Simply go to the Options menu, press EXIT MISSION, then press CONTINUE.



## Mission Strategies

Although each mission is different, certain elements remain the same. The categories below may help you recognize what is of primary importance in each mission, and how to do something about it.

### Aerodrome Defense

When your aerodrome is under attack, you should take the upper hand by going after the bomber. That's the plane that poses the most threat to your base. It also poses a second, but more immediate, threat to you because the gunners are extremely accurate and have good range, so don't try to engage it from behind. Try to inflict as much damage as you can as you first approach it head-on, then try to attack it from below, where its guns can't reach you. This will be difficult, because the bomber knows its weakness and will try to maintain an equal altitude. A side-angle attack is another good approach, but leaves you more open to being raked by bullets. If you're flying somewhat low already, you won't be able to stay beneath it very long. If you happen to fall behind him, slow down so you won't pass him. Try to shoot him down as quickly as possible before the rear gunner can inflict too much damage.

### Fighter against Fighter

Try to stay above 1000 feet, especially if you are playing with STALLS ON. It's difficult to recover from a stall at an altitude much lower than that. Target a fighter using **T**, and use the **F7** view to locate him. Circle until you are facing him, and attempt to get on his tail for the kill. If he's too far above you, circle until you are even with him.

**Aces.** If an Ace is around, get him first. If you don't, while you're shooting down his wingmen, he'll be lining up on *you*.

**Altitude.** Try not to dogfight below about 500-700 feet unless you are a crack pilot. If you see the enemy descending, just break off and target another enemy until he comes back up, or he's the only one left.

**Difficulty.** The following is a list of your airborne enemies, listed from easiest to hardest within each category:

### Fighters

*The Junkers is easier to take down because it only has one wing. The Pfalz and the Albatros fighters have about the same level of speed and maneuverability. The Fokkers are by far the most maneuverable planes you fly against.*

*Fighter machine guns carry 250 rounds.*

	8mm Machine Guns (Location)	Bombs
Junkers D.I .....	1 (forward).....	(four 20-lb. bombs in mission 36)
Pfalz D.III .....	1 (forward)	
Albatros D.III.....	1 (forward).....	(two 20-lb. bombs in mission 36)
Albatros D.V.....	1 (forward)	
Fokker D.VII .....	1 (forward).....	(four 20-lb. bombs in mission 36)
Fokker D.VIII.....	1 (forward)	
Fokker Dr.I .....	1 (forward)	

## Recon Craft

*Zeppelins are simply sitting targets with six machine guns. The Halberstadt and Albatros are both slow, but their rear gunners are fairly accurate.*

*Recon machine guns have 400 rounds apiece.*

	8mm Machine Guns (Location)	Bombs
Zeppelins .....	6 (front, rear, two right, two left )	
Halberstadt CL.IV.....	3 (two front, one rear)	
Albatros C.III.....	3 (two front, one rear).....	(four 20-lb. bombs in missions 1 and 10)

## Bombers

*These planes are slow, but heavily armed.*

*Bomber guns have 400 rounds apiece.*

	8mm Machine Guns (Location)	Bombs
Gotha G.IV.....	3 (front, belly, rear) .....	eight 112-lb. bombs
Staaken R.VI.....	4 (front, back, left, right) .....	eight 112-lb. bombs

## Escort Missions

Stay close to what you're escorting — don't allow yourself to be drawn away by chasing after enemies. Imagine a box centered on the plane you're escorting and attack any plane entering that box. The size of the box will depend on your ability and the capabilities of the plane you are defending (a faster fighter can defend a larger perimeter because you can get back to the escorted plane faster). The plane you're escorting takes priority over all else, since if it fails its mission, so do you.

## Intercept Zeppelin or Bomber

Always go for the Zeppelins first. If you engage the fighters first, you will most likely lose considerable altitude in the dogfight, and it will take an extremely long time to climb back to an attack altitude. When attacking Zeps, attack from the bow or stern, or (ideally) from above, so it cannot bring its guns to bear. Zeppelins are heavily armed and wait until you are very close before they fire, and you will be shot at by six or more individually-trained guns.

Bombers and recon planes have very accurate tailgunners, so the ideal way to attack them is from the side or from underneath. Line up for the side attack and make a quick pass firing a few shots. When you make your turn, be sure to turn the same way the bomber does so that its tailgunner can't line up on you. Then finish your turn, and make another pass the same way until the plane goes down.

# DAMAGE

## Systems

*Wings of Glory* has a fairly simple damage system. Each plane has five (sometimes six) general areas:

- Fuselage
- Top Wing
- Middle Wing (only in Fokker Dr.I triplane)
- Bottom Wing
- Rudder
- Elevator

Each area is a "system." Each system is composed of "components."

## System Components

### Fuselage system

The fuselage is the main body of the plane.

- Pilot
- Engine
- Landing gear
- Oil line
- Fuel
- Fuel line

### Middle wing system

(Fokker Dr.I only)

- Middle wing

### Bottom wing system

- Bottom wing
- Weapon mounts

### Top wing system

- Top wing
- Aileron

### Rudder system

- Rudder

### Elevator system

- Elevator

## Calculating Damage

When a weapon is fired at an airplane, the computer calculates whether it will hit one of the plane's systems. (Thus, the best pilots can aim to hit a specific part of the plane.) If it does, the weapon's *Damage Points* are subtracted from the system's *Damage Resistance*. However, because each system may contain more than one component, there must be a method for determining what will take the damage. Thus the computer follows the simple formula for each component: [damage possible for the individual component] ÷ [damage possible in the system]. The result is the chance that each component will get hit.



For example, the *Camel's* top wing system has two components: the top wing itself and its aileron. The top wing has 9 points of damage resistance (see **Plane Statistics**, p. 16) and the aileron has 5 points of damage resistance. The damage possible for the system is the sum of the two components' resistance —  $9 + 5 = 14$ . Thus, if the Top Wing system is hit, the top wing's chance of being hit is 9 out of 14. The aileron's chance of being hit is 5 out of 14.

If the top wing has already lost 5 points of resistance, then its chance of being hit is 4 out of 9. The aileron's chance is 5 out of 9. Leftover damage is randomly assigned to another component of the system.

When a component is damaged, it responds only as well as its remaining damage resistance. In other words, an aileron with 5 total points will work at 60% efficiency after it loses 2 points.

After a system has been destroyed, any leftover damage is randomly transferred to another system.

## Plane Weapon Types

**Bullets.** Each bullet hit subtracts points from the target system's damage resistance. Each bullet is calculated separately, even on planes that fire two bullets at once.

- Player bullets do 2 points of damage.
- Player bullets with BIGGER BULLETS inflicts 3 damage points.
- Wingman bullets do 2 points of damage.
- Enemy bullets do 1 point of damage per hit.

**Rockets.** Each rocket inflicts 25 damage points.

**Bombs.** Bombs dropped by the player and other fighters (20-lb. bombs) inflict 50 damage points. Bombs dropped by bombers (112-lb. bombs) inflict 300 damage points.

See **Weapon Statistics** (p. 26) for more information.

## Damage Effects

When 50% of your plane's total points have been destroyed, you will lose control and crash. In **Plane Statistics**, p. 16, the number of points it takes to crash a plane are called its *Kill Number*.

- If the oil line is destroyed, it results in a slow oil leak. After five to seven minutes, the plane will either simply plummet to the ground, or catch on fire and crash. There is usually enough time to finish the mission with a severed oil-line.
- If the aileron is destroyed, you lose your ability to roll.
- If your weapon mounts are destroyed, you lose your bombs/rockets.
- If your rudder is disabled, you'll lose a significant part of your ability to turn.
- The more your wing is damaged, the less lift you'll have.
- If your fuel line is hit, you can't land on autopilot.
- If the pilot is killed, the plane crashes.



# PLANE STATISTICS

## Allied One-Seaters

### SOPWITH CAMEL

Kill Number .....29

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel .....10

Fuel line .....1

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....9

Aileron .....5

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....9

\* Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5

### SOPWITH PUP

Kill Number .....28

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel .....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....8

Aileron .....4

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....8

\* Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5

### S.E.5A

Kill Number .....31

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....6

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel .....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....10

Aileron .....5

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....10

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5

### SPAD XIII

Kill Number .....34

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....6

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel line .....2

Fuel .....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....11

Aileron .....6

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....11

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....6

Elevator .....6

\* In missions with rocket loadouts — 3, 5, 5a, 8, 12, 12a, 17, 21, 27, 31 — a weapon mount is added to the Bottom Wing system.

## Allied Two-Seaters

### BRISTOL F.2B

Kill Number .....30

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....6

Landing gear .....5

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing.....9

Aileron .....5

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing.....9

Weapon mount.....1

Rudder.....5

Elevator .....5

### DEHAVILLAND DH4

Kill Number .....32

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....6

Landing gear .....5

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing.....10

Aileron .....5

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing.....10

Weapon mount.....1

Rudder.....6

Elevator .....6

## Allied Bombers

### HANDLEY PAGE

Kill Number .....106

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot.....6

Engine .....12

Landing gear .....20

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....40

##### Top Wing

Top wing.....40

Aileron .....10

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing.....35

Weapon mount.....1

Rudder.....20

Elevator .....25

## Allied Balloons

### CAQUOT

Kill Number .....15

Percent Chance of Explosion per Hit.....5 %

## German One-Seaters

### ALBATROS D.V

Kill Number .....29

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel .....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....9

Aileron .....5

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....9

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5

### FOKKER D.VII

Kill Number .....34

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....7

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....2

Fuel line .....1

Fuel .....10

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....11

Aileron .....6

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....11

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....6

Elevator .....6

### FOKKER D.VIII

Kill Number .....26

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel .....10

##### Wing

Wing .....9

Weapon mount .....1

Aileron .....5

Rudder .....6

Elevator .....6

### FOKKER DR.I

Kill Number .....35

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line .....1

Fuel line .....10

Fuel .....5

##### Top Wing

Top wing .....9

Aileron .....5

Middle Wing .....8

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....7

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....6



## JUNKERS D.I

Kill Number .....39

### Damage Resistance

#### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....9

Landing gear .....5

Oil line.....2

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....10

#### Wing

Wing .....25

Aileron .....7

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....8

Elevator .....8

## PFALZ D.III

Kill Number .....28

### Damage Resistance

#### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....10

#### Top Wing

Top wing .....8

Aileron .....4

#### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....8

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5

## German Two-Seaters

### ALBATROS C.III

Kill Number .....29

### Damage Resistance

#### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....5

Landing gear .....5

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....10

#### Top Wing

Top wing .....9

Aileron .....5

#### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....9

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5

### HALBERSTADT CL.IV

Kill Number .....31

### Damage Resistance

#### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....6

Landing gear .....5

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel.....10

#### Top Wing

Top wing .....10

Aileron .....5

#### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing .....10

Weapon mount .....1

Rudder .....5

Elevator .....5



## German Bombers

### GOtha G.IV

Kill Number .....81

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....15

Landing gear .....12

Oil line.....1

Fuel line .....1

Fuel .....40

##### Top Wing

Top wing.....30

Aileron .....10

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing.....25

Weapon mount.....1

Rudder .....10

Elevator .....15

### ZEPPELIN STAACKEN R.VI

Kill Number .....107

#### Damage Resistance

##### Fuselage

Pilot .....2

Engine .....25

Landing gear .....20

Oil line.....10

Fuel line .....5

Fuel .....50

##### Top Wing

Top wing.....36

Aileron .....10

##### Bottom Wing

Bottom wing.....36

Weapon mount.....1

Rudder .....10

Elevator .....8

## German Balloons

### DRACHEN

Kill Number .....15

Percent Chance of Explosion per Hit.....5 %

### ZEPPELIN

Kill Number.....200

Percent Chance of Explosion per Hit.....1 %



## Plane Strategies

It shouldn't be a secret that the trick to flying well is to use each plane as it was designed. There are far too many ways to die at 3,000 feet for a pilot to try to make his machine do something it cannot do.

### Pup

There are only two good things to say about the *Pup* — it's a stable plane and maneuvers nimbly. Both of those traits make it easy to fly and a good plane to start your career. Stability means a lot when you're playing with FULL REALISM, because you don't have to fight the throttle constantly to keep the thing level. Any other plane will try to buck you off, nose-up-and-stall or spin you into a corkscrew to oblivion. In all other aspects, the *Pup* is pretty miserable. All other aircraft will be faster and able to out-climb a *Pup* pilot.



- Try to keep full throttle as much as possible, because once you slow down it's hard to recover airspeed.
- Don't try a steep dive — you'll rip your wings off.
- Don't try anything special, and don't chase enemies too diligently.
- Maintain a constant altitude by circling and targeting enemies that are at your altitude.
- Using your rudders while turning in this plane is very helpful. Just do it.





## Camel

Now this is a sweet plane for turning. If you're flying with FULL REALISM, this is no small thing. The engine inside a *Camel* is rotary — that means that the engine is *spinning* inside the fuselage, and we're talking it makes one amazing gyroscope. If you use full rudders and throw yourself into a turn, you can make a 360° turn to the right in less time then it takes most other planes to go 180°. On the other hand, you'll make turns to the left like you're trying to fly through mud. The only planes it can't out-turn are the Fokker D.VII (which it almost matches), and the Fokker Dr.I. You cannot out-turn those three-winged eagles.



- Listen to your plane. If it doesn't want to go left, go right 270°.
- Use full rudders.
- Get in there and turn with the enemy. Maneuver for all you're worth.
- Have fun with your twin machine guns.



## S.E.5a

This sweetheart has a big engine and the top wing-mounted Lewis gun. Get familiar with the Lewis gun, and you can be devastating. It causes more damage than the standard Vickers gun, and you don't have to get on anyone's tail — you just hit them while they are above you. If you ever get in a turning battle, it gives you an edge because when they fly out of range of your Vickers, you get another opportunity to blast them out of the sky.



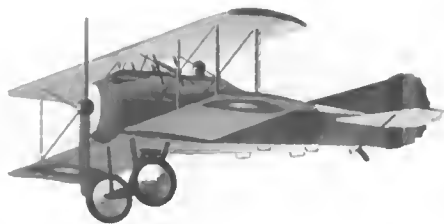
Now, although the S.E.5a cannot turn on a dime, it can use its horsepower to grind its way through maneuvers that would stall other aircraft. The extra power is not always beneficial, though. Extra power makes the aircraft very jittery, especially at high speeds, and it can be very difficult to line up on enemies and stay there.

- Be careful using your Lewis gun at low altitudes. It's easy to run into the ground.
- Use the extra power to gain altitude.
- Take advantage of your extra horsepower. Use maneuvers to take the upper hand.
- Remember to use your throttle to control your speed. If you are losing too much control, slow down.



## SPAD XIII

This is the one that will give you speed when you want it. It has a huge engine that will give you the muscle for loops and other such fancy maneuvering, and it suffers less from minor pitch-ups than the other aircraft. Although it is not quite as maneuverable as the Sopwith *Camel*, it carries the same amount of firepower and can take far more damage and keep flying.



- Tear toward the enemy, open up with your guns when you get in close, then turn around and do it again.
- Don't get into a turning war with a Fokker! You'll die.
- Use its powerful acceleration to your best advantage. It accelerates faster than any other plane.
- Choose a lighter, more maneuverable plane if you're going to have to bomb or strafe.



## Fokker Dr.I

You'll like the Fokker Dr.I. This plane flies beautifully. It turns on a dime and gives change. The three wings affect its performance in a couple of ways. First, they generate an incredible amount of lift. This means that the plane can climb faster than any other. Also, if the plane is rolled onto its side so its elevators can be used to

assist in turning, the Dr. I has the smallest

turning radius by far of any other plane in the air. The bad part about three wings is that since you have more surface area, you have more drag. With more wings than any other, it has more drag than almost any other.

This means that the Fokker Dr. I is dog-slow. A good way to escape one is simply to fly away from it.



- Don't let the enemy get out of range. You have more maneuverability than speed.
- Gain altitude, then attack by diving down on the enemy.
- Keep your eyes open! It has lousy cockpit visibility.



# WEAPON STATISTICS

Unless otherwise noted, all weapons below have identical German and Allied versions.

**Range.** The reach of the projectile.

**Refire delay.** The time it takes, after firing one round, before it can fire the next round.

**Damage resistance.** The amount of damage necessary to destroy the weapon.

**Damage (impact).** The damage inflicted by the projectile's collision with an object.

**Damage (explosion).** The damage inflicted by the explosion of the projectile.

**Explosion radius.** The radius of the area affected by the explosion.

**Elevation.** The vertical arc of the weapon.

**Traverse.** How far the weapon can rotate horizontally.

## Machine Gun

### 8.8 mm machine gun (Allied)

Range .....800 feet

Refire delay .....1 second

Damage (impact).....2

Plane

Forward mounted

Elevation.....75° up, 15° down

Traverse.....70°

Side mounted

Elevation.....10° up

Traverse.....70°

Rear mounted

Elevation.....45° up

Traverse.....180°

Belly mounted

Elevation .....45° down

Traverse.....70°

Zeppelin

Forward Mounted

Elevation .....25° up, 5° down

Traverse .....240°

Side Mounted

Elevation .....5° up, 35° down

Traverse.....150°

Rear Mounted

Elevation .....25° up, 5° down

Traverse.....240°

### 8.8 mm machine gun (German)

Range .....800 feet

Refire delay .....1 second

Damage (impact).....1

### Lewis Gun (Allied)

Range .....800 feet

Refire delay .....1 second

Damage (impact).....1



## Bombs and Rockets

The farther away from the center of explosion, the less damage is done. The formula: distance from center + explosion radius  $\times$  explosion damage — then round up to the nearest whole number. For example, if you are fifteen feet from a 20-lb. bomb's explosion:  $15 + 45 \times 50 = 16.6 = 17$  points of damage.

### 20-lb. bomb

<i>Damage (impact)</i> .....	7
<i>Damage (explosion)</i> .....	50
<i>Explosion radius</i> .....	45 feet

### 50-lb. bomb

<i>Damage (impact)</i> .....	15
<i>Damage (explosion)</i> .....	150
<i>Explosion radius</i> .....	60 feet

### 112-lb. bomb

<i>Damage (impact)</i> .....	35
<i>Damage (explosion)</i> .....	300
<i>Explosion radius</i> .....	120 feet

### Priour rocket (Allied)

<i>Range</i> .....	2 miles / 30 seconds
<i>Refire delay</i> .....	1 second
<i>Damage (explosion)</i> .....	25
<i>Explosion radius</i> .....	45 feet

## AA Guns

### 8.8 cm anti-aircraft flak gun

<i>Range</i> .....	2.3 miles
<i>Refire delay</i> .....	3 seconds
(6 seconds when mounted on flatcar)	
<i>Damage resistance</i> .....	5
(20 total when mounted on flatcar)	
<i>Damage (impact)</i> .....	3
<i>Damage (explosion)</i> .....	1
<i>Explosion radius</i> .....	48 feet
<i>Elevation</i> .....	70°
<i>Traverse</i> .....	360°

### 8.8 mm anti-aircraft machine gun

<i>Range</i> .....	4 miles
<i>Refire delay</i> .....	0.1 second
<i>Damage resistance</i> .....	1
<i>Damage (impact)</i> .....	4
<i>Elevation</i> .....	10° to 78°
<i>Traverse</i> .....	360°

### British 3-inch anti-aircraft flak gun (Allied)

<i>Range</i> .....	3.3 miles
<i>Refire delay</i> .....	4 seconds
<i>Damage resistance</i> .....	6
<i>Damage (impact)</i> .....	5
<i>Damage (explosion)</i> .....	1
<i>Explosion radius</i> .....	48 feet
<i>Elevation</i> .....	90°
<i>Traverse</i> .....	360°



# GROUND VEHICLE STATISTICS

**Maximum speed.** How fast the vehicle can travel, in miles per hour.

**Damage resistance.** The amount of damage needed to destroy the object.

**Turn rate.** The maximum angle (per second) that the vehicle can achieve.

## Allied

### British Mark IV tank

*Maximum speed* .....7 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....25  
*Turn rate* .....15°

### Armored vehicle

*Maximum speed* .....22 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....15  
*Turn rate* .....25°

### Truck

*Maximum speed* .....25 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....8  
*Turn rate* .....30°

## German

### A7V tank

*Maximum speed* .....7 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....35  
*Turn rate* .....20°

### Train engine

*Maximum speed* .....35 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....30

### Truck

*Maximum speed* .....40 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....10  
*Turn rate* .....30°

### Cargo car

*Damage resistance* .....20

### Coal car

*Damage resistance* .....25

### Commander's staff car

*Maximum speed* .....35 mph  
*Damage resistance* .....8  
*Turn rate* .....35°

### Flat car

*Damage resistance* .....20

### Flat car w/AA gun mounted

*Damage resistance* .....20

(See 8.8 cm anti-aircraft flak gun, p. 27, for more information)





# MISCELLANEOUS STATISTICS

<i>Object</i>	<i>Damage Resistance</i>	<i>Object</i>	<i>Damage Resistance</i>
<i>Grounded Plane.....</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>Small Tent.....</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>Artillery Piece.....</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Big Tent.....</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Enemy Aerodrome.....</i>	<i>50</i>	<i>Submarine Pen.....</i>	<i>90</i>
<i>Ammo Dump.....</i>	<i>60</i>	<i>Zeppelin Hangar.....</i>	<i>95</i>
<i>Factory.....</i>	<i>62 - 67</i>	<i>German Pillbox.....</i>	<i>100</i>
<i>House.....</i>	<i>45 - 50</i>	<i>Bridge.....</i>	<i>80</i>
<i>Fort.....</i>	<i>90</i>	<i>Railroad Bridge.....</i>	<i>80</i>



# FLIGHT RECORDER DISK

It's not easy to teach the art of air combat just by writing about it. *Learning* the art of air combat just by reading about it is often fatal. The best way to learn the techniques and maneuvers is to *see* how it's done before climbing into the cockpit.

The ORIGIN playtesters have recorded all the missions and example maneuvers for you to view. Inside the back cover of this book you'll find a disk of saved tapes. There are two types: maneuvers and game missions.

We have named our missions by mission number. The first four letters of a mission tape's name are always MISN. Following these letters is the number of the mission — in the case of branching missions, one of the missions has the letter A in its name. For example, MISN14.TAP is a recording of the fourteenth mission, MISN05A.TAP is a recording of one of the two possible fifth missions.

If any of your own tapes are named *identically* to a tape on this disk, they will be overwritten when you transfer the files.

If your previously saved tapes have identical names, you may temporarily store your saved tapes in another file before you transfer our tapes. To do so, follow these instructions.

*NOTE: If you did not use the default directory (WINGS), please type your game directory in place of WINGS.*

1. Go to the directory in which *Wings of Glory* is installed. (CD WINGS)
2. Make a storage directory by typing MD STORAGE at the prompt.
3. Go to your TAPES directory by typing CD TAPES. (Your prompt should now read C:\WINGS\TAPES.)
4. Transfer your files by typing: COPY \*.TAP C:\WINGS\STORAGE.

Your saved tapes are now safely stored for as long as you would like to use the *Official Guide* tapes. When you are done, you may restore your original saved tapes:

5. Go to your storage directory. (Type CD \WINGS\STORAGE.)
6. Type COPY \*.TAP C:\WINGS\TAPES

Alternatively, you can rename either of the two identically named tapes.



## Using the Tapes

*NOTE: If you did not use the default drive and directory of C:\WINGS, please type your drive and/or game directory in place of C: and/or WINGS.*

1. Insert the Flight Recorder disk in your floppy drive.
2. Go to the DOS prompt of the drive with the floppy. For example, if you put it in your A drive, type:  
A:
3. Copy the disk contents into *Wings of Glory's* TAPES directory:  
COPY \*.TAP C:\WINGS\TAPES
4. Begin the game. If you used the default drive and directory, type:  
C:   
CD \WINGS   
WG
5. Choose FLIGHT RECORDER on the Main Menu.
6. Highlight the mission or maneuver you'd like to watch.
7. Click on the LOAD button.

## Recorded Missions

If you find yourself having trouble in a mission, you may observe the recorded actions of our playtesters. Use the different camera angles to view their techniques from either inside or outside the cockpit.

The first four letters of a saved game mission are always MISN.

The *Official Guide's* Recorded Missions work the same way as your own recorded missions. You may observe the entire mission or you may jump in at any point to try your luck at completing it. You may change camera angles or targeting features without "entering" or altering the mission. Please do so — it's the best way to understand what goes into a successful mission.

To avoid confusion, TIME BURST has not been used in most missions. However, you might note our playtesters' use of TIME BURST in missions 2 and 9a, among others. TIME BURST is used to help during combat or to shorten chase time.

Be sure to store the original floppy disk in a safe place, so you can recover any tape you unintentionally modify.



## Recorded Maneuvers

If you'd rather polish up your maneuvering skills, you may observe as our playtesters fly example runs by using *Wings of Glory's* CREATE A MISSION feature. In all these tapes, the playtester and his opponent started off at equal level, flying head-to-head. In some cases it may take a few moments for the example situation to be established.

The recorded maneuver tapes were named according to the maneuver being illustrated:

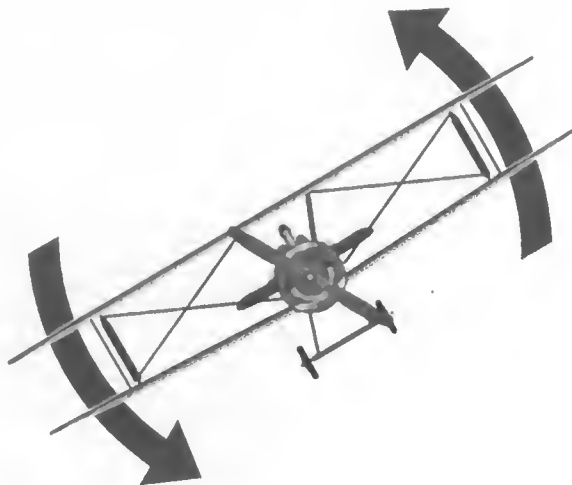
Tape	Maneuver	Maneuver Commences
ROLL	Roll	13 seconds
BARREL	Barrel Roll	8 seconds
SIDESLIP	Sideslip	10 seconds
IMMELMN	Immelmann	25 seconds
SPLIT_S	Split-S	19 seconds
SCISSORS	Scissors	23 seconds

## MANEUVERS

Most of these sample maneuvers are performed in a *Camel* flying against an Albatros D.III at 5000 ft. (In AIR COMBAT, you and your enemy always start off approaching head-to-head.)

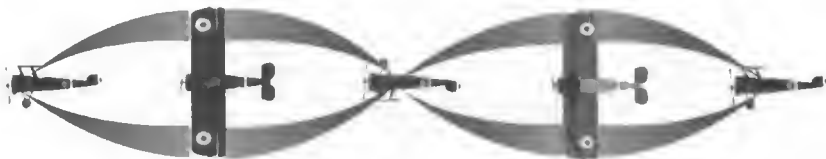
### Roll

To perform a Roll, move the joystick all the way to the right (or left). If you do not have enough speed, the nose of your plane will start to drop below the horizon. Watch the horizon to keep your plane as level as possible. If the nose of your plane drops below the horizon while you are upside-down, just push the joystick a little forward to bring it up a bit. Then keep the joystick to the extreme right (or left, depending on which way you decided to turn) until you are right-side-up. You should come out right on the enemy's tail.

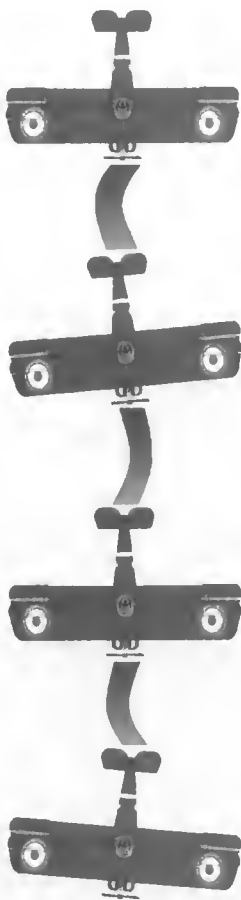


## Barrel Roll

A Barrel Roll is very helpful if you are coming up too fast on your enemy's tail. A 360° Barrel Roll will slow you down for a few seconds and put some distance between you and your enemy.





To execute a Barrel Roll, pull all the way back and all the way to the right (or left) on your joystick. Your plane should start to roll upside down and dive, then continue on around to pull up and out of the dive. You will need to pull the joystick a little in the opposite direction to level out smoothly. Practice this maneuver — it's tricky.



## Sideslip

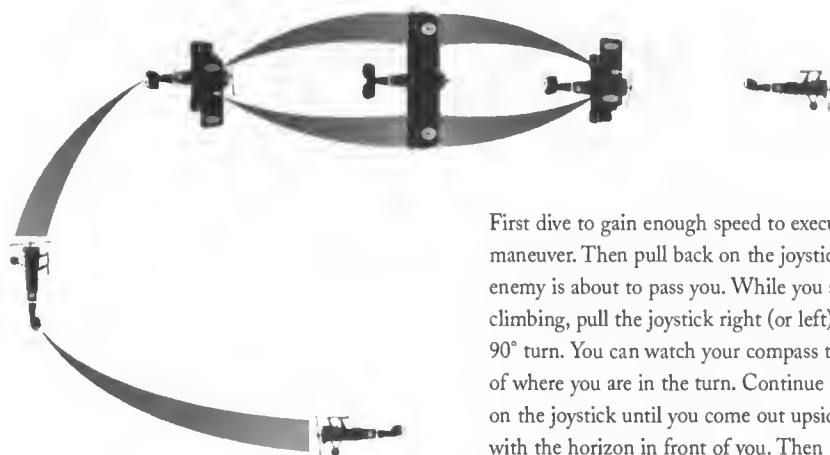
(This maneuver was done in a BOMBING RUN, in a SPAD.)

When traveling at high speeds, a Sideslip can be used to “fine-tune” your aim. It is similar to fish-tailing a car — you continue moving in the same direction, but can nudge the nose of the plane to the left or right. This is most handy when strafing ground objects.

The only tricky part is that you need to be going fast enough. Maximum throttle is often not enough — you usually need to be in a dive. Without moving your joystick, press and hold the rudder ( or ) in the direction you want to side-slip. Your nose will veer in that direction. Use your rudder to adjust your aim and straighten your plane out.

## Immelmann

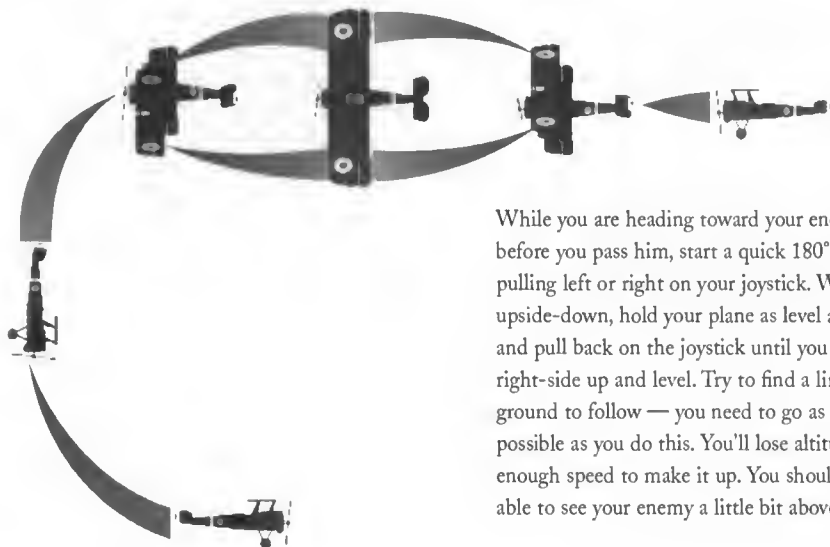
This maneuver is very helpful when you are going head-to-head with your enemy. You will need a lot of speed if you have STALLS ON.



First dive to gain enough speed to execute the maneuver. Then pull back on the joystick as your enemy is about to pass you. While you are climbing, pull the joystick right (or left) for a quick 90° turn. You can watch your compass to keep track of where you are in the turn. Continue pulling back on the joystick until you come out upside-down, with the horizon in front of you. Then pull the joystick left or right for a 180° turn and level out. With some practice, you'll get it — and your enemy.


## Split-S

This is one of the easiest maneuvers to learn. It is also the fastest way to get behind your enemy from a head-on pass.



While you are heading toward your enemy, just before you pass him, start a quick 180° roll by pulling left or right on your joystick. When you are upside-down, hold your plane as level as possible and pull back on the joystick until you come out, right-side up and level. Try to find a line on the ground to follow — you need to go as straight as possible as you do this. You'll lose altitude, but gain enough speed to make it up. You should also be able to see your enemy a little bit above you.

## Scissors

This move is best used when the enemy is close on your tail, either above or below. Begin by making quick turns to the left and right, with increasing sharpness. Move the stick to the right (or left) then pull all the way back (towards you) while holding the rudder key (for the same direction) down throughout the turn. Then do just the opposite to double back —  and joystick to the left, then pull the stick completely back. The angle of turn should be between  $45^\circ$  and  $90^\circ$ . This drastically reduces airspeed and makes it likely that the overtaking plane will over-shoot or have to veer away.

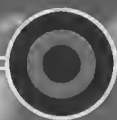
Especially skilled pilots in very maneuverable aircraft can actually follow you through your turns — but it isn't easy. If *your* target appears to be starting a Scissors maneuver, the best thing to do is to cut your throttle and pitch up to slow your airspeed. Be careful about enemy wingmen when you do that, though. It makes you an easy target for another plane.







# MISSIONS



# MISSIONS

*Each of the 40 missions in Wings of Glory is described in detail, below. The text surrounding the mission descriptions is based on the original script for the game, which had to be cut for space during development.*

*Missions are numbered 1 through 40. Some missions have branches that were determined by choices you made earlier in the game. In such cases, both possible alternate missions are described. The alternative branch will have the letter "a" in the name, i.e., Mission 5 and Mission 5a.*

**NOTE:** For a quick reminder of you current mission's number, press **[Alt] [V]**.

**Mission Type.** This gives a general description of the mission (for example, Patrol, Balloon Busting, Escort or Aerodrome Defense).

**Wingmen.** This lists your wingmen for the mission.

**Available Aircraft.** This lists the planes you can choose to fly on this mission.

**Best Conversation Path.** This line gives the best order in which to talk to the other characters in the game — both before and after the mission — to get all the information you need in the clearest possible way.

**Nav Points.** A Nav Point is any place your plane drops out of autopilot. Each nav point is named and the enemies you'll have to fight there (if any) are listed. A "hidden combat sphere" is a place between the designated patrol sectors or targets on your map where you meet the enemy. Your aerodrome is usually not considered a Nav Point, unless there's something you need to do there besides take-off and landing.

**Kills Possible.** This is the total number of "notches" on the kill board you can earn in the mission, assuming none of your wingmen take them.

**Mission Success.** This describes what you need to do in order to fulfill your orders for the mission.

**Mission Flythrough.** This is a detailed list of everything you'll need to do to accomplish the mission. Mission flythroughs are only given for the first two missions, after which much of their information should be automatic.

**Analysis.** These are notes on any peculiarities of the mission, and specific tactical advice from our playtesters.

## ENEMY PLANES BY MISSION

\* = includes Ace

Mission	1	2	3	4	5	5a	6	7	7a	8	9	9a
<b>Fighters</b>												
Albatros D.III	2	6	5	3	4	9	5	4	8	2	2	
Albatros D.V										4	5	14
<b>Reconnaissance</b>												
Albatros C.III	1						1					
Zeppelin					3	3				1		
Drachen			2									



Mission	10	11	11a	12	12a	13	13a	14	15	16	17	18
<b>Fighters</b>												
Albatros D.III	3	2				2		3				
Albatros D.V	3		5	3	4			1*	4	4	4	
Fokker Dr.I					5		4	4		4		4
Pfalz D.III		2	2	1*	1*	3	8					4
Junkers D.I									4			3

#### Reconnaissance

Albatros C.III	2			1	2							
Zeppelin								1				
Drachen				3	3							

#### Bombers

Gotha G.IV		2	2									
Staaken R.VI		1	1									

Mission	19	19a	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
<b>Fighters</b>												
Albatros D.V		2		1*	3		5	4			3	
Fokker Dr.I	4	4	4	4		4	1*	2	5*			
Fokker D.VII										4		8
Pfalz D.III			4	6		4	4	4		2	4	
Junkers D.I							4					4

#### Reconnaissance

Zeppelin		1										
Drachen	3	3		3						3		
Halberstadt CL.IV	2				2							

Mission	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	39a	40
<b>Fighters</b>												
Fokker Dr.I			1*									
Fokker D.VII	10	8	9	2	3	7	8	4	2	8	4	1*
Fokker D.VIII				1		4		4	2	4		
Junkers D.I				1	4		4					

#### Reconnaissance

Drachen		5										
Halberstadt CL.IV		1			4							

#### Bombers

Gotha G.IV			1						1			
Staaken R.VI			1						1			

*St. Marie Cappel, Belgium*  
*No. 23 Squadron RFC*  
*January 25th, 1917 0830 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 1)*

"Despite what you may think, Lieutenants, we are not holding this war at your convenience."

Slanting morning sunlight was pouring into the commander's office. Charles and I stood before the vast oak desk, blinking and squinting into the light. Major Daniels knew that it was more the late-night carousing than the window-glare that was making us uncomfortable.

"I should say not, Major," drawled Charles. "The quality of champagne around here leaves quite a bit to be desired."

"I can understand toasting a fallen comrade," the commander began, "but ..."

"Besides Charles and I, Major," I interrupted, "Mac was the last of the Thetford crew still alive."

The major raised his voice to an even higher volume as he continued, "... but getting lit up like a new saloon and being carted back here with the morning dispatches is intolerable!" He slammed his hand on the table and was rewarded by our wincing in pain at the sound. "A Flight left half an hour ago, without you — I had to roust out Shikes and Hallock to take your places."

"Aside from patrols, consider yourselves confined to the aerodrome until further notice ... and get yourselves sober. You're going up with B Flight."

"But B Flight is all replacements!" Charles' eyes opened wide for the first time that morning.

The major nodded. "Then you'll understand what it feels like to be a butcher, when they're your responsibility, Dearing. Dismissed."

Outside, in the Common Room, we both sat gingerly at the coarse wooden tables. "What a rotten bear he is this morning!" I groaned as I put my head in my hands. "Making us give that lot the Cook's Tour."

"You'd think that he was the one with a hang-over!" Charles stopped, then looked speculatively at the closed door.

"Don't be too hard on 'im, gents," said Walter from behind the bar. "HQ's been giving 'im the devil of a time over our loss ratio."

I snorted in exasperation. "If those lousy Brass Hats would send us boys who know the difference between a propeller and a plow, we wouldn't have such a high loss ratio!"

"At least you gents have aeroplanes," Walter countered. "You could be like them Russians, slogging through the mud with no rifles to use."

Charles was just about to say something — either about the Russians or the commander — when a klaxon began to sound from the hangar outside. It wasn't the blare of the drill alarm, but a more urgent call. From behind the wall we could hear the major begin to shout, and Walter began to echo him, crying "air raid, gents! To yer planes on the double!" We were already halfway to the hangar.

## **Mission 1**

<i>Mission Type</i>	Aerodrome Defense
<i>Wingmen</i>	Dearing, Lifeson
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Pup
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Charles, Daniels, Charles; (Common Room) Charles, Walter Post-mission (Hangar) Charles, Harry, Charles; (Common Room) Oliver, Edmond, Charles; (Office) Daniels

## Nav Points

### Squadron 29 Aerodrome

- 2 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — ahead)
- 1 Albatros C.III (multi-colored camouflage — ahead, slightly below)
- Friendly ammo dump
- 2 friendly hangars
- 2 friendly AA flak guns

## Kills Possible

3

## Mission Success

Destroy all attacking enemy planes.

## Enemy Success

The Germans succeed if they destroy 5 of 7 points' worth of targets.  
(Hangars are 2 points, the ammo dump and anti-aircraft guns are 1 point apiece.)

## Mission Flythrough

- *Tell your wingmen to break formation.*
- *Go after the two fighters (Albatros D.III).*
- *Go after the bomber (Albatros C.III).*
- *When all enemies are destroyed, autopilot back to your base and land.*

## Analysis

- *Never try to take on the lead plane. That will put you into the perfect position for the other planes to shoot you. Instead, fire off a couple of shots as you go by the first plane, then go for the one in the rear.*
- *In this mission, the C.III has four 20-lb. bombs. It is far enough away for you to ignore it for a little while. Keep an eye on it, but try to take out the fighters first.*

## January 25th, 1500 Hours

### *(Post-Mission 1)*

We climbed out of the cockpits, flushed with victory. Charles slapped the back of the sour-faced mechanic waiting gloomily in the hangar. "She's all yours, Harry. I brought her back down in one piece. Not a scratch." "Not a scratch 'e says," Harry muttered, moving his well-chewed cigar to the other side of his mouth. "The whole side is full of bullet 'oles."

"Those aren't bullet holes, Harry," I explained, as straight-faced as I could manage. "They're ventilation holes." Charles took it up. "Quite right. The cockpit felt a bit stuffy, so I ..."

"One of these days," intoned Harry, rolling his eyes, "your arse is going to fall out one of them 'ventilation holes.'"

"You'd be sorry to lose us, Harry. We keep you in a job." I gestured at the rest of the hangar, with its repair equipment scattered about in organized chaos. Harry just grunted.

"Jobs like this I don't need. Going back to my father's lorry business ... if any of us get out of this alive."

"Don't take it so hard, Harry, old man," Charles said soothingly. "None of us gets out of life alive."

Harry glared at him. "Get on wit ye! Let an 'onest man do 'is work." With that he went stumping into the dark recesses of the sagging hangar.

Charles smiled at me. "He was a bit testy, wasn't he?"

"Who can tell? He's always like that. But I think we should make ourselves scarce for a bit, until he cools down." With that, we headed toward the Common Room where we met the rest of the pilots who had gone out on dawn patrol.

Walter had predicted trouble for the squadron when Oliver Hallock joined, and he had been right. What he hadn't figured was that I, the most amiable pilot in the world, would be the one most at odds with the studious, but annoying, Oliver.

Oliver looked up as Charles entered the room. "Just like you, Charles, old boy," he accused, "to arrange a private party with the Huns and forget to tell any of us." He ignored me ... and I, in turn, refused to be ignored.



Mission

1

"If your nose hadn't been stuck in a book, Olly, you could have come with us."

"My name is Oliver, not 'Olly.' You would hardly address your president as 'Woody,' so I would appreciate the same respect."

My cheek twitched. "Since when do you rate presidential treatment?"

"Stop bickering, you two," Charles interrupted our game of back-and-forth. "Dash it all, my head feels like an over-ripe melon!"

"Oh, do stop whining, old man, and fetch yourself a glass of milk and brandy," Edmond laughed. "You're absolutely beastly in the morning until you've had your first drink." He pointed to the counter. "It's just not fair though, chaps. Our patrol was bloody boring."

"It's better than having the Boche trying to drop a bomb in your bed," I pointed out.

Oliver looked up from his book. "To come back and find that you chaps have been having all the fun ..."

"You have a peculiar sense of fun, Oliver," Charles said sharply. "I would never have suspected a scholar to have such a taste for blood."

"It's not a taste for blood, as you so crudely put it," bristled Oliver. "I am proud to be doing my duty ..."

"Duty be damned!" Edmond yawned. "If I had known they were coming to us, I wouldn't have gotten up so bloody early." He gave the two of us a hurt, though bleary, glance. "I don't believe that you blokes went into town and didn't invite me."

Remembering something, I cocked an eyebrow in Edmond's direction. "I thought you had a date with that Belgian nurse."

"I did," Edmond shrugged, "but a new batch of casualties got there before I did. I tell you, chap, this war plays the very devil with one's social life."

### *February 11th, 1710 Hours*

#### *(Pre-Mission 2)*

I reported as ordered to the commander's office. He went straight to business.

"Things have been quiet lately, so tomorrow morning I want you and Dearing to take B Flight up on a dawn patrol of Roulers Sector."

Drat Charles! I knew this would happen. "But, Major McBride, sir," I protested, "B Flight doesn't stand a chance in a real dust up! Most of these boys have less than twelve hours in the air ... on Rumpitees, sir, not Pups."

"That's why I'm sending them up with the two of you now." He looked toward the door and lowered his voice. "Frankly — and you're not to tell Dearing I said this — you and Charles are the sharpest pilots we have. If the Germans sit tight until winter breaks, we just might ... might, I say ... have enough time to teach these lads a few tricks to help keep them alive."

"I understand, sir. But may I ask why I shouldn't tell Charles why we're taking B Flight?"

"I don't want to give him fuel for any more of those damn-fool stunts of his." He looked straight at me, and his eyes were troubled. "You, of all people, should know that Dearing has been spitting in Death's eye ever since he climbed into one of these damned buses ... and I don't want him paying Charon's fee any sooner than I can help it. Now get out of here. And get some sleep tonight."

## **Mission 2**

### *Mission Type*

Dawn patrol

### *Wingmen*

Dearing, 2 Replacements

### *Available Aircraft*

*Pup*

### *Best Conversation Path*

Pre-mission (Office) Daniels

Post-mission (Common Room) Ned; (Office) Daniels



### Nav Points

#### Patrol 1

- Wave 1 — 2 Albatros D.IIIs (green and yellow — right)
- Wave 2 — 2 Albatros D.IIIs (green and yellow)

#### Roulers

- 2 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — behind)

#### Patrol 2

- Clear skies

### Kills Possible

6

### Mission Success

Patrol all three nav points.

### Mission Flythrough

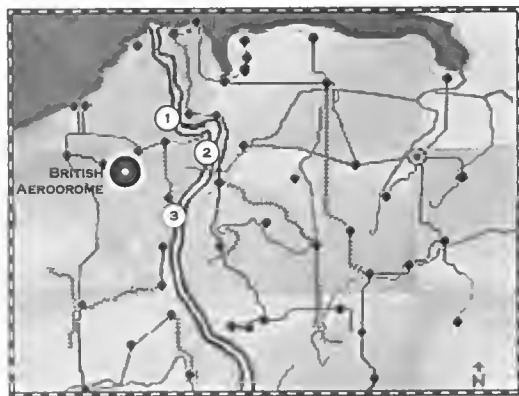
- Autopilot to Patrol 1.
- Tell your wingmen to break and attack.
- Go after the fighters (Albatros D.III).
- Autopilot to Roulers and repeat previous two steps.
- Autopilot to Patrol 2, then back home.

### Analysis

- The first wave at Patrol 1 comes in from your right flank. Since you outnumber them four-to-two, you can be bolder than usual and take them on with a head-on pass.
- If you climb one or two hundred feet and break right you will be set up on the first enemy's tail. Stay below the oncoming fighters and when they are directly in front and above you, pull back hard and shoot at the underside of one of the fighters.
- Be careful not to use very sharp maneuvers — the Sopwith Pup's wings tear easily.
- The encounter starts out at a pretty high altitude, so be careful not to rip your wings off trying to keep up with the more agile German fighters.
- Don't fire on your wingman's target unless there aren't any other enemies at large.

## Map 2

1. Patrol 1
2. Roulers
3. Patrol 2



February 12th, 0930 Hours

(Post-Mission 2)

Ned met us before we'd even had a chance at washing off the grime. "Not a bad go at it!"

"The way they checked about, we were lucky, Ned. That's all ...." I shook my head dubiously.

"Don't speak so harshly about luck. One day it may take offense and leave you." I couldn't tell from his expression if he was sincere. I knew, though, that I certainly didn't feel lucky.

"I'm not sure there's much luck left in the world any more, Ned," I told him. "I think most of it died the day this god-forsaken war started."

"Then be careful not to use up your share too fast."

"Now there's a thought worth drinking to. Shall we?"

Mission  
2



**March 3rd, 0545 Hours**  
**(Pre-Mission 3)**

I could tell from the way the commander avoided looking at us that we weren't going to be happy with the mission.

"German observation balloons have been reported in Douai Sector," he said in a clipped burst. "HQ wants A Flight to bring them down. You and Hallock will be in charge."

"Major," I knew it wasn't my place to complain, but this was ridiculous. "Unless HQ expects angels to fly our planes on this next mission, we need more men."

"HQ knows we're short-handed," he shrugged. "The replacements are scheduled to arrive any time now."

"Is there any hope of getting more experienced men, sir?"

"As much hope as we have of the Kaiser running out of ammunition, so we'll make do with what they send us."

"Yes, sir." I added under my breath, "More cold meat."

## **Mission 3**

**Mission Type** Balloon Busting

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels  
Post-mission (Common Room) Oliver, Walter; (Office) Daniels

**Nav Points** St. Pol  
• 3 Albatros D.IIIIs (blue — left)

Target  
• 2 Albatros D.IIIIs (blue — ahead)  
• 2 Drachen balloons (directly ahead)  
• 2 AA machine guns  
• 4 AA flak guns

**Kills Possible** 6

**Mission Success** Destroy both balloons.

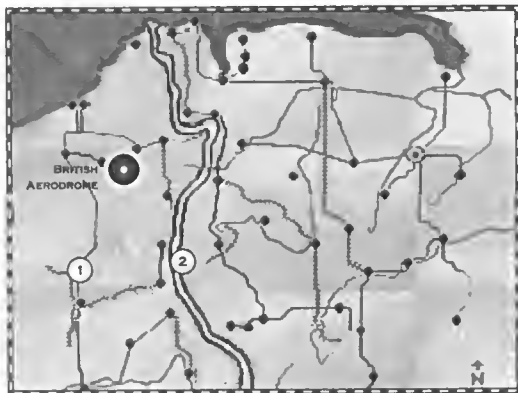
**Analysis**

- *At St. Pol, target the first enemy, wait until he is fairly close and breaking formation, then break off to the left and circle until you're behind him. Take him out, then use the same circling technique to down the rest of the planes.*
- *Save the balloons for last — they're sitting ducks.*
- *The D.IIIIs start out in front of you. Target one, and break and circle when he approaches. Circle until it's destroyed, then repeat for other one.*
- *Alternatively, go after the balloons first and let your wingmen take on the fighters. They are much better at fighting than they are at destroying balloons.*



## Map 3

1. St. Pol
2. Target



### March 3rd, 1945 Hours (Post-Mission 3)

Some days Hallock could make me want to break his neck just by closing his book. Today he was actually trying to goad me.

"Don't try telling me how noble our cause is, Hallock! I don't believe it anymore!"

"Killing Huns is our duty!" he shouted back.

"Shooting observers parachuting out of balloons is murder! Not bravery!" I grabbed him by his shirtfront and half-pulled him over the table.

"Gentlemen!" Walter admonished. "Don't you think we have enough to do just fighting the Huns?"

"Carpe diem," Oliver snarled. He pulled himself away and straightened his shirt. "If I didn't kill him now, he'd try to kill me tomorrow."

"I'll fight any man that cares to take a shot at me, Oliver. And I'll win or die trying." I tried to be calm and

sound reasonable as the bookworm snorted his contempt. "But I refuse to shoot unarmed men!"

I thought I was going to explode as Oliver headed outside. "Arrogant, swaggering, pain in the ...."

"Don't pay Hallock too much mind," Walter said soothingly.

"He makes me so mad, sometimes, I'd rather shoot him down than the Huns!"

"Man like that's his own worst enemy," Walter sounded almost sad. "He's alienated all his friends, and he sees the rest of the world as his enemy."

"Pity goes only so far, Walter." It would be a cold day before I felt sorry for that twit.

### March 24th, 1900 Hours (Pre-Mission 4)

"I want the two of you to take A Flight tomorrow."

"Does this mean that we are being released from durance vile, as well?" Charles could sound like a schoolmaster when he wanted.

"I think not." The major gave a tight smile. "I rather like not having to search every drinking establishment within a fifty-mile radius before every mission."

"We only went to Ypres once, Major," I protested.

"Since we are your captive audience, Major," Charles made his voice silky, "why don't you tell us why we are being moved back to A Flight? What's so special about tomorrow's mission?"

"The French have requested reconnaissance of Cambrai Sector for some big push they have planned. Squadron 55 just got the new DH.IV two-seaters. HQ wants two of them to go up equipped with cameras at dawn tomorrow, and the job of protecting them falls to us. Or, I should say, to you. So get some sleep gentlemen. You'll need to be up very early tomorrow."

"Being confined to the aerodrome is a bloody bore!" I wasn't exactly whining, but I was dying of boredom.

"The Major will change his mind soon enough, never fear." Charles gave one of his knowledgeable smiles.

"What makes you so sure he'll change his mind?"

His grin widened. "If we get under his feet enough, he'll send us to town just to be free of us for a few hours."



Mission  
3

"Sorry you chaps are still confined to the aerodrome," commiserated Walter. He had a knack for knowing exactly what was going on.

"It's not your fault, Walter." I shrugged. "Besides, we're getting along splendidly with your admirable barkeeping skills."

"Speaking of which," Charles interrupted, "pour us a strong one, Sergeant. We should toast those lucky sods over at 55. New DH.IV's indeed!"

"I don't think it's 55 we need to be drinkin' to, if you don't mind my sayin'," noted Walter as he busied himself with the glasses. "I think the French need all the toasts to good health that they can get."

"Shikes said some Poilu sergeant-major swaggered into town the other evening, as drunk as you please, spouting some nonsense about a big push coming," Charles looked at Walter, and Walter nodded back.

"According to what I've heard — unofficially, of course — Nivelles's offensive is supposed to cover more than a thirty-mile-wide sector."

That surprised me. "But I heard that they had reduced that to a small area near Rheims."

"Whatever the case, I'm afraid it's going to be a bloody massacre." Walter poured himself a drink, too.

"Only history will tell for sure. So let's drink now," Charles suddenly gave a huge smile and winked. "tomorrow we may both be history!"

## **Mission 4**

*Mission Type* Escort Surveillance Plane

*Wingman* Dearing

*Available Aircraft* Pup

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Office) Charles, Daniels, Charles, Walter  
Post-mission (Office) Daniels; (Common Room) Edmond, Lisette

*Nav Points* Doullens

- Pick up the Dehavilland DH.IV (brown — right)

Cambrai

- 3 Albatros D.III's (blue — behind)

Doullens

- Return Dehavilland DH.IV

*Kills Possible* 3

*Mission Success* Return the DH.IV bomber safely to your base after it has flown over the target area.

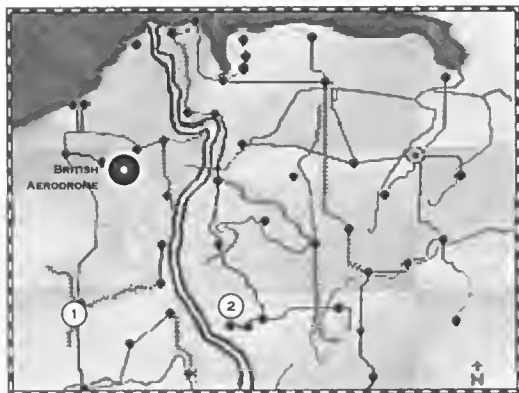
*Analysis*

- When you reach Cambrai, the D.III's will be behind you.
- Have your wingman break off, then target an enemy and circle until you're behind him.
- One plane in particular will be trying to shoot down your bomber. If you can discover which one it is and destroy it, your job will be much easier.
- Don't spend too much time away from the surveillance bomber — use your "friendly target" feature to find it quickly.
- The bomber will probably take some damage, but it's very durable and will protect itself with its tailgunners, and may even down an enemy.
- When the bomber flies over its target area, you'll get a message that it's ready to return to base.



## Map 4

1. Doullens
2. Cambrai



*March 25th, 1300 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 4)*

Just after I had gotten washed and changed, I noticed Edmond showing a young woman around the aerodrome. He spotted me and waved. I was more than pleased to get an introduction.

"Say, American, you're just the fellow I was looking for." He slapped me on the shoulder, something he'd never done before. "Lisette, this funny-sounding dog is our American pilot who came all the way from the colonies to help win your country's freedom."

"Eet ees a pleasure." She gave a smile that was warmer than brandy. "I have heard so much about you, but what ees this about 'colonies'? I do not understand ..."

"Eddie's just trying to be funny, Miss ... uh ...."

"Beauregard. Lisette Beauregard."

"A charming name for a charming French girl," I added. Eddie rolled his eyes.

"Are all men such flatterers in this British colony you are from?" She had a way of turning her head to one side when she smiled. It was effective.

"I'm an American, Miss Beauregard, and flattery is not necessary where the truth will suffice." I glanced at Edmond. "You'll have to forgive Shikes, ma'am. Eddie forgets that America declared its independence over one hundred years ago."

"Technicalities, only technicalities. You Yanks are still colonists pretending at independent government. Your president Wilson still hasn't joined the Allies against the Kaiser."

"Do not take him to task for his country's reluctance to go to war, Edmond. He ees here, ees he not? The rest ees only a matter of time." She smiled at me again.

"Dash it all, she's right. I really shouldn't needle you. Listen, to show there's no hard feeling, old man, I'm going to leave Lisette in your capable hands. Be a gentleman and keep the wolves at bay, if you catch my drift. I've got to take B Flight up for a feint into Cambrai Sector to draw the Hun's attention from whatever show Nivelles is cooking up. See you at dinner."

"Best of luck, Eddie."

"Do be careful, Edmond. Eet could be very dangerous up there."

"What brings you out here, Lisette?" We turned and started walking nowhere in particular.

"I bring vegetables here from town. But that ees not the only reason I come here. What would you say eef I told you eet ees for the excitement?" She had the most amazing eyes. They didn't exactly shine, but they had a way of glowing when she spoke.

"I'd say that you're looking in the wrong place if you're looking for excitement." I looked around at the muddy field, the sagging hangar and the rundown farmhouse. "There's nothing exciting here."

"Then I would tell you that you are wrong ... I think what you do ees very exciting, risking your life in these avions, these planes, of canvas and wood. Je regrette ... I would love to stay, but I must return to town. Perhaps another time."

Mission

4

*April 4th, 1730 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 5)*

"Not another Dawn Patrol, sir." It was another dawn patrol.

"Afraid so." The major looked busy, mired in papers and maps. "HQ is still committing us to assisting with the Nivelles offensive, so tomorrow you'll take A Flight out to Thuin Sector. Orders are to seek out and engage any enemy Zeppelins in that area."

"Trying to distract the Huns from the coming attack, sir?"

"We can only hope so. Try and see that your lot gets some rest before dawn. Dismissed."

"So which flight did we draw for tomorrow?" Edmond tried to look hopeful.

"It's A Flight, sorry to say, and another Dawn Patrol to boot."

"Why can't this war be held during civilized hours?" Edmond had a way of looking scandalized every time he drew a dawn patrol. "If you ask me, four o'clock should only appear once in the day ... late."

"Oh, Edmond, you are so amusing." Lisette brushed her finger along his jaw and turned him the most amazing shade of pink I've ever seen. "Why, eef the Boche could hear you speak, they would not guess you are one of the most deadly pilots on the Western Front."

"I wasn't so deadly the other day, I'm afraid. Here HQ sent us into an area said to be thick with flying Huns, and we couldn't even find a sparrow to shoot at." He'd talked of nothing else since his return.

"Perhaps they heard that you were hunting them and fled." Edmond just shook his head morosely.

"More like it was some German holiday that no one knew about," I consoled him.

"Thanks a lot, old man." He suddenly looked more cheerful. "Did McBride happen to say if we were going back to the same area? Perhaps the Huns would be willing to come play in the morning."

"No such luck, Eddie. We're off to Thuin Sector, and McBride said I was to tell everyone to get some rest tonight."

"So this means that you will not be coming into town tonight?" Lisette looked sadly at Edmond.

Edmond's mood deflated again. "Not bloody likely. What a bother ...."

Lisette turned to me before she left.

"My maman wishes me to invite the "young American" to dinner some evening ...."

"That's very kind of her, Lisette."

"Our food ees not grand, but eet ees ... how do you say? Home-cooked."

"I would be honored to join your family for dinner some evening, Lisette." I'd rarely gotten a chance to meet any "real" people in this country. And home-cooked food ....

"Maman will be pleased. There ees little chance to be social these days, non?"



## Mission 5

(If you didn't talk to Lisette)

**Mission Type** Zeppelin Hunt

**Wingman** Dearing

**Available Aircraft** Pup

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels; (Common Room) Edmond  
Post-mission (Hangar) Harry, Ned; (Common Room) Daniels

**Nav Points** Nueve Chapelle

- Clear skies

Mons

- 2 AA flak guns
- 3 Zeppelins (ahead)

Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Albatros D.IIIs (green and yellow — behind)

**Kills Possible** 7

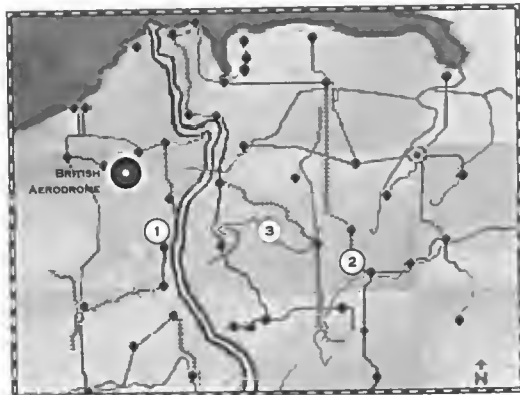
**Mission Success** Destroy all 3 Zeppelins encountered.

**Analysis**

- When you arrive at Mons the Zeppelins will be sitting there waiting to be shot down. When you are close enough for them to fire on you, you are close enough to hit them.
- Attack at your top speed from behind. Attack from below or above, but not from the same altitude.
- Be careful — all Zeppelins have numerous gunners, all highly accurate.
- Use your rockets. Remember that the rockets fire upwards, so try to aim by lining up the edge of your upper wing with the middle of the Zeppelin. Finish them off with your guns if needed.
- If you are too far under a Zeppelin when you destroy it, it can fall on you.
- If you lose altitude and cannot regain it, try getting far enough away to autopilot back to the Mons nav point. The running start should get you back up to the correct level.
- On the way back to the aerodrome you will run into four Albatros D.IIIs. They will come in from behind you, so break off your wingman first, then pick your targets and circle until you can line up and destroy them.

## Map 5

1. Nueve Chapelle
2. Mons
3. Hidden C.S.



Mission

5

## Mission 5a

*(If you talked to Lisette)*

**Mission Type** Zeppelin Hunt

**Wingman** Dearing

**Available Aircraft** Pup

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels; (Common Room) Edmond, Lisette  
Post-mission (Hangar) Harry, Ned; (Common Room) Daniels

### Nav Points

#### Nueve Chapelle

- 3 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — one behind, two ahead)

#### 1st Hidden Combat Sphere

- 2 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — right)

#### Mons

- 3 Zeppelins (ahead)

#### 2nd Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Albatros D.IIIs (green — left rear)

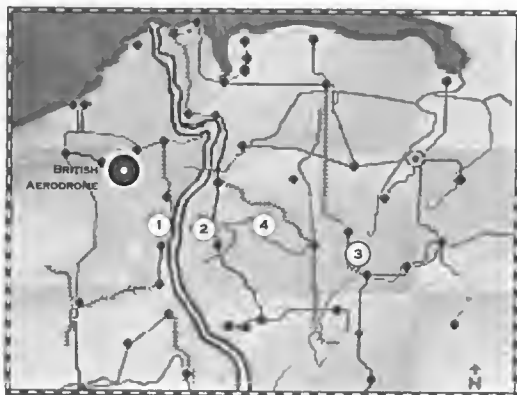
**Kills Possible** 12

**Mission Success** Destroy all 3 Zeppelins encountered.

**Analysis** • *This is the same mission as Mission 5, but with more fighters.*

## Map 5a

1. Nueve Chapelle
2. 1st Hidden C.S.
3. Mons
4. 2nd Hidden C.S.



*April 5th, 1500 Hours*  
(Post-Mission 5)

"We haven't had a full complement of pilots since the Huns got those damned Albatros D.III's," I complained. We avoided stating the real situation — we hadn't been able to keep a full complement of pilots.

"I'll tell you what, sirs." Harry had a way of saying 'sir' with the same tone he'd use for 'bedlice.' "I'm running out of things to use to patch up the few buses that you do bring back. I want to know what I'm supposed to repair them with now, yer shorts!?"

"There certainly doesn't seem to be a blind spot on the D.III's," Ned complained. "Our replacements don't stand a hope against even one of them."

"Damned rotten planes ...." I hated them, and would have given my left arm to fly one.

"Your Benjamin Franklin once said that there never was a good war or a bad peace," Ned noted. "I guess then that you could say that there's no such thing as a good Hun plane."

"Yes there is, Ned," I disagreed. "One you just shot down."

Ned gave me a look.

"Take it easy on Oliver today," he said out of nowhere.

"What's wrong with the spectacled wonder now, Ned?"

"Seems he brought down a Hun two-seater yesterday and no one can confirm it."

"You sure he wasn't seeing things? He doesn't fly with his specs on, you know." I grinned with sheer happiness at his misfortune.

"Hallock may be a colossal bore," Ned said, frowning, "but he wouldn't lie about a kill."

"I know it, Ned. He's just so insufferable sometimes."

On days like this, it shocked me to remember that the Major was only a few years older than I. Every day added lines to his face.

"Sergeant-Major," he said, waving at a pile of papers, "have a look over that stack of letters on my desk whenever you get the chance. I'll go ring up HQ and see if we can't get more replacements."

"Replacements!?" I burst out without thinking. "More schoolboys to throw to the Huns, isn't that what you mean, Major? Why don't we just shoot them on the ground and save the planes! Any more, they're dead before they can even unpack their kit!"

It was a mistake. The Major stood up and pointed at me.

"Don't talk to me about our losses!" he yelled. "I'm the one writing the letters of condolence to their families! Don't think there isn't a single sleepless night I don't see the faces behind the numbers that HQ touts." He lowered his voice. "There isn't a day that I don't thank God I'm not a French commander right now. Writing seven letters is a hard thing to do, but it's not the seventy percent falling faceless in the battle of the Aisne! Think about that the next time you call me a butcher, American! I knew these boys, and I'm the one to write their damned letters!"

*April 17th, 2012 Hours*  
(Pre-Mission 6)

I had long since learned never to be surprised at anything that might come out of Charles' mouth, but this day he outdid himself. "This all work and no play is getting to me, old chap. I'm in the mood for a little jaunt."

"And you don't think we should bother the Major with petty details, right? What do you have in mind?"

"I thought perhaps we might take a roving commission — dash on over to Douai tomorrow and drop a load or two of bombs on their aerodrome. Just our little way of making the Huns feel appreciated. Care to join me?" He said it just like he might say, "Get some crackers and jam and make a little snack."

I wasn't going to be outdone in *je ne sais quoi*. "My mama always did tell me to be neighborly ...."

"Obviously a woman of excellent upbringing. She and my sister, the nurse, would get on famously, no doubt. So practical. Shall we call it an early night tonight? I wouldn't want to keep our neighbors waiting in the morning."



Mission

5a

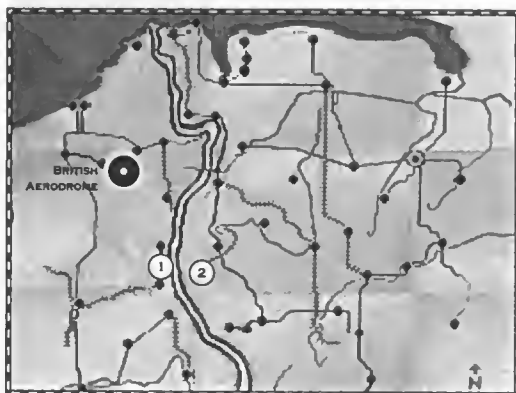


## Mission 6

<i>Mission Type</i>	Attack Enemy Aerodrome
<i>Wingman</i>	Dearing
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Pup
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Common Room) Charles Post-mission (Office) Charles, Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<p><u>Vimy</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 Albatros C.III (multi-camouflage — right and below)</li> <li>• 1 Albatros D.III (blue — right)</li> </ul> <p><u>Douai</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 2 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — ahead, high)</li> <li>• 2 Albatros D.IIIs — on ground</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> <li>• 2 Hangars</li> <li>• Barracks</li> </ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	4
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy 6 of 9 points worth of ground objects. Two hangars are worth 2 apiece and all other objects are worth 1 point each.
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>At Vimy, the easiest fighter to bring down first is the lower one (the blue C.III). Dive on the C.III in the first pass and try to take it out from above. Circle back and regain your altitude to take on the D.III — if Charles hasn't already taken care of him.</i></li> <li>• <i>At Douai, the planes are high. Take some pot-shots at them as they pass over you — remembering to set your sights slightly above and ahead of the fighters — then circle around after they pass.</i></li> <li>• <i>Use <b>Ctrl 6</b> until the target you want to attack is shown. Then press <b>Ctrl T</b> to mark it. Approach the buildings from a direction that enables you to bomb or strafe them all in one run. A height of about 100 feet is best. Use <b>H</b> to help you adjust your height. Press <b>B</b> to drop your bombs right before you are over the buildings — remember that the bombs' momentum will carry them forward a bit.</i></li> </ul>

## Map 6

1. Vimy
2. Douai



*April 18th, 0900 Hours*  
(Post-Mission 6)

We expected to face the Major's wrath on our return, and we weren't disappointed. "This time you have gone too far! You commandeered two valuable planes for your own private sortie!"

"We destroyed their aerodrome, sir," I reminded him.

"You blatantly disregarded my orders! I'd have the pair of you court-martialed for a shilling!"

"I'm afraid I only have a five pound note, sir ..." Charles piped up. I didn't know whether to giggle or paste him one.

"Don't tempt me, Dearing!" The major snarled. "If the French hadn't gotten word of your little stunt and informed HQ that they want to award you idiots the Legion D'Honneur, your private little war would be over right now! The next time either of you gentlemen wants to play hero, you can jolly well hike over there with a pistol! Because the next time you jeopardize any of this squadron's planes, I'll shoot you myself! Now get out of my sight!"

*May 14th, 1840 Hours*  
(Pre-Mission 7)

I presented myself promptly to the CO. The chief mechanic arrived at the office just as I did. "Reporting as requested, sir," I saluted.

As usual, he wasted no time with pleasantries. "We've just had word from HQ—the Germans have got the town of Lille locked up tight. HQ wants A Flight to punch as many holes in their ground attack as we can."

"They don't want us to go up in this storm tonight, do they, sir? There's no way we could keep the planes up for long in those winds. It would be worse at altitude."

"Not tonight. But they want us in the air as soon as possible in the morning if the winds slack off in the least."

That gave Harry the opening he was waiting for. "Excuse me for sayin' so, sir, but we're not going to make much of an 'ole in anything right now unless we can get some more magnetos. I can't fix more than sixty-five percent of the buses we've got."

"Where do we normally get magnetos?" the Major asked.

I knew the answer to that one. "Salvage, sir ... from crashes."

"Is there any way to make use of the ones we have from machines unfit to fly?"

Harry shook his head. "We've already done that, sir. I traded two good bottles of Scotch to Sergeant Shaw over at St. Omer, for the one that's in thisun's bus," he said, cocking a greasy thumb in my direction.

"I'll replace them for you, Harry. Don't worry," I promised.

"You better believe you will ..." I heard him mutter under his breath.

"I'll see what I can do, Sergeant," the Major said, ignoring our exchange. "Perhaps HQ can ship some up to us when the replacements arrive in the morning. Until then, Sergeant, do what you can. And as for you, Lieutenant, be sure your lot is fit to fly in the morning, if the weather permits."

"I say, Yank, you haven't tossed a bet in yet," Oliver greeted me.

"What are we betting on this time? I already know Charles can finish off a bottle of champagne in five minutes."

"It's these French mutinies, old man. I say that the troops disobeyed orders and behaved in a manner most cowardly."

Ned leaned forward to speak for the opposition. "But I say that the troops shouldn't be blamed for Nivelle's criminal negligence. It's clear that the Huns were expecting the French push — his orders were nothing short of mass murder!"

Little Lisette stepped between the disputants and laid a pretty hand on both their arms. "Please, let us not argue this again, mes amis. You have each stated your opinions well. Only time will tell who ees correct."

"Nivelle's incompetence cost the French army tens of thousands of men," I pronounced. "So, what's the bet?"

"Lt. Hallock believes our Poilus alone are to blame for the disaster at Rhiems," Lisette explained, taking the part of a neutral mediator. "Lt. Lifeson, however, believes that Nivelle is to be blamed and will be replaced. If Nivelle remains in command, whoever wagered against must forfeit a full bottle of brandy. If Nivelle is replaced, Oliver will be the one to purchase the brandy."



Mission  
6

"Then count me in, Oliver. A fool and his liquor are soon parted. Nivelle destroyed his command on a whim — he couldn't be troubled with the fact the Huns were waiting for the attack. He'll be replaced, you'll see, or some mud- and blood-covered Poilu will kill him."

"Listen, old man," Ned called out to me in passing, "tell the cook that I'll have dinner in the hangar tonight."

"Why? Harry has the buses well in hand ..."

"Because if I'm forced to dine in the same room with Hallock, I'm going to have to hurt him!" I suddenly realized how angry Ned really was. Far angrier than I'd ever seen him.

"What in the world could Oliver have done to make you want to murder him?"

"He's as brainlessly cold-blooded as Nivelle! He condemns those Poilus because they refused to commit suicide. It's damn fools like him that's going to get us all killed!" With that, Ned whirled out the door, slamming it soundly behind him.

A few minutes later I was able to have a word with Lisette alone, which was what I'd really wanted the whole time. "I'm sorry if Hallock upset you, Lisette. Everything is black and white for him. No shades of gray."

"Duty and honor are important to him, oui. But eet ees hard to be brave after so much violence. Those with wills weaker than his find that life ees more precious than honor," she seemed to speak with uncharacteristic melancholy.

"Life is always preferable to the alternative, Lisette. But sometimes you find something worth risking even that."

"Ees that why you are here?"

"It may not be my country now, Lisette, but if I stand back and watch as yours falls, who will help when it's mine?"

"And where shall your noble cause take you tomorrow? If you do not return, I would like to know what part of my land was so dearly bought," she said, laying her hand softly in mine and looking up at me with the most charmingly serious expression.

"If I don't come back, lovely lady, you may lay flowers in Lille's town square. That's where dawn shall find me tomorrow — but there is still tonight. Care to join me for a drink?"



## Mission 7

*(If you didn't talk to Lisette)*

**Mission Type** Bomb Ground Targets

**Wingmen** Dearing, Hallock, Replacement

**Available Aircraft** Pup

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels; (Common Room) Oliver, Ned  
Post-mission (Hangar) Harry; (Common Room) Oliver, Walter; (Office) Daniels

### Nav Points

#### Patrol 1

- 2 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — ahead)
- 4 AA flak guns

#### Lille

- 2 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — right, behind, below)
- 1 AA machine gun
- 3 A7V tanks
- 4 artillery pieces
- 2 tents

### Kills Possible

4

### Mission Success

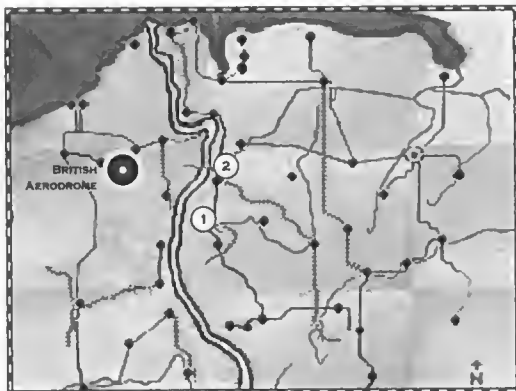
Destroy artillery pieces and tents at Lille.

### Analysis

- Tanks do not count towards mission success, but they're fun to take out anyway.
- Go in low at Lille and let your wingmen distract the machine gun. Then you can take out the artillery and a tent or two.
- Bombs are useful on the guns. Be careful about going after the tents — doing so puts you directly into the AA gun's line of fire.

## Map 7

1. Patrol 1
2. Lille



Mission

7

## Mission 7a

*(If you talked to Lisette)*

<b>Mission Type</b>	Bomb Ground Targets
<b>Wingmen</b>	Dearing, Hallock, Replacement
<b>Available Aircraft</b>	Pup
<b>Best Conversation Path</b>	Pre-mission (Office) Daniels; (Common Room) Oliver, Ned, Lisette Post-mission (Hangar) Harry; (Common Room) Oliver, Walter; (Office) Daniels

### Nav Points

#### Patrol 1

- 4 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — ahead)
- 7 AA flak guns

#### Lille

- 4 Albatros D.IIIs (blue — behind, below)
- 1 AA machine gun
- 3 A7V tanks
- 4 artillery pieces
- 2 tents

### Kills Possible

8

### Mission Success

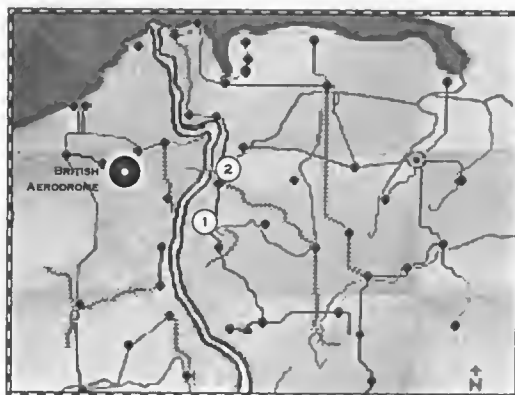
Destroy all artillery pieces and tents at Lille.

### Analysis

- Tanks do not count towards mission success, but they're fun to take out anyway.
- Go in low at Lille and let your wingmen distract the machine gun. Then you can take out the artillery and a tent or two.
- Bombs are useful on the guns. Be careful about going after the tents — doing so puts you directly into the AA gun's line of fire.

## Map 7a

1. Patrol 1
2. Lille



May 15th, 0815 Hours  
(Post-Mission 7)

Harry was waiting at the door of the hangar as I rolled her in. "Ear you had a bit more to worry about than the ground targets over at Lille," he said conversationally.

"Apparently the Huns figured their little party would draw gate crashers, Harry. Ran into heavy air coverage, I'm afraid."

He began his usually propeller-to-tail overview of the plane. "Tell me, sir. Were ye tryin' to get yerself killed off, just in case ye had to pay off yer bet to Lieutenant Hallock?"

"No, of course not, Harry. Why would you suggest such a thing?"

"I dunno, sir," he scowled. "But lookin' at yer plane makes a man wonder if ye and Dearing weren't trying to see who could get killed first. Ye kin tell the cook to send dinner out to me tonight — it's gonna take all night to make this bus flyable for yer next mission."

"Good show! You made it back!" Walter greeted me as I came in from the field.

"Another rough one, Walter," I replied as I slid into a chair.

"Got just the thing to cheer you up, lad. Poured it when I heard your engine," he said, sliding a glass across to me. "Course you might want to hold off until you have a look at the kill board ...."

"Oh, don't be so droll, Sergeant-Major," Oliver said, coming up behind me. "No need to rub salt into the wound. I'll have your bottle for you this evening, Yank. Now, if you'll excuse me ...." he stalked out the door.

"Doesn't take losing very gracefully, does he, Walter?" I asked, giving my drink a little shake and watching it swirl around in the glass.

"Puts on airs, that one does." Walter clucked. "Tries to be gentry like Lieutenant Dearing, but he'll always be the son of a London butcher, no matter how hard he tries. Anyway, Lisette will be pleased to learn that you're back in one piece. I think she's taken a fancy to you. She asked after you when she came by earlier."

"She's not here, then?" I sounded much more eager than I'd intended.

"Afraid not, sir. She said she had to get back to town."

June 2, 2118 Hours  
(Pre-Mission 8)

"No dawn patrol, sir?" I asked, scarcely believing my ears.

"Don't look too hopeful. I want you up at dawn as usual, but I'm giving you a roving commission. I hope you like the coast at this time of year, Lieutenant. Take Shikes to the area just north of Dunkirk. HQ has reports of a Zeppelin making regular crossings. You are to do whatever it takes to keep that Zeppelin from bombing England again ...."

"Anything, sir?" I asked, and instantly regretted it as I saw the Old Man's eyes light up.

"Do use some discretion, please. Even if you care so little for your own life, try to remember how many thousands of pounds that aeroplane costs the British government. I do believe you have been in the company of Lt. Dearing too long ... Dismissed."



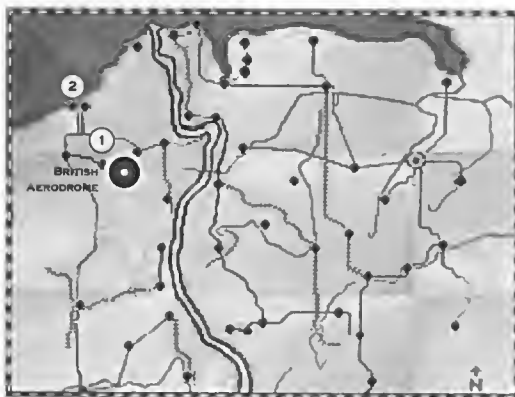
Mission  
7a

## Mission 8

<i>Mission Type</i>	Destroy Zeppelin
<i>Wingman</i>	Shikes
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Pup
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Daniels Post-mission (leading to 9) (Office) Daniels Post-mission (leading to 9a) (Hangar) Lisette, Lisette; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> • 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead) <u>Zeppelin over Water</u> • 2 Albatros D.IIIs (green — ahead) • 1 Zeppelin
<i>Kills Possible</i>	7
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy the Zeppelin.
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>When your rockets are from your right wing, be sure to aim your plane slightly to the left of your target.</i></li> <li>• <i>Remember, while it is interesting to watch a burning Zeppelin, if it falls on you, you'll be dead before you hit the ground.</i></li> </ul>

## Map 8

1. Hidden C.S.
2. Zeppelin



### June 3, 0900 Hours (Post-Mission 8)

I found Charles and, of all people, Lisette, in the hangar as I landed. "Just showing Lisette around a bit. Hope you don't mind," Charles grinned.

"Of course not ..." I said, trying not to let on how annoyed I was.

"You could always join us," Lisette said, and I was quite sure her eyes lit up when she saw me. "I'm sure Charles would not mind."

"Of course not ...." Charles growled, shooting me daggers.

We were saved from further social complications by the Major's entry into the hangar.

"It certainly is a surprise seeing you here, sir," Charles greeted him.



Mission  
8

"Why, Lieutenant? Did you forget that I was a pilot before HQ stuck me with this abominable command?"

"I don't believe that Charles meant to be insolent, sir," I tried to interpose.

"No. It does seem to be a natural talent," he said, and I knew he wasn't seriously angry. "I came out to inform you that Albert Ball was killed in a crash. Thought you chaps would like to know." He turned smartly on his heel and left the hangar without another word.

"Albert Ball?" Lisette asked. "The famous British ace?"

"The very same one, dash it all," Charles said, looking grim. "Over forty victories to his name, last I heard. Damned little information McBride gave us. A crash indeed — please be good enough to show Lisette around. I'm going in to see if I can find out what really happened."

"Are they always like that? Charles and the Major?" Lisette asked as Charles stalked out of the hangar.

"Charles' father was a professor at Eton," I explained, trotting out a private theory of mine. "When the war started, Charles left the university and enlisted for the adventure of it all. His father never forgave him. McBride's family has been military for generations. He never really had a choice in what he was going to do in life. I think the Major is a little jealous of Charles."

"He should not be so 'ard on you, just for being Charles' friend. Non? But now that I am 'ere, I would very much like to see what eet ees that you do. Charles said that eet might be possible to take me up in one of your avions ..." She looked up at me eagerly, her eyes sparkling with excitement. I couldn't help but smile.

"Let's go find Harry. I think we could work something out."

*June 20th, 0320 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 9)*

"Dearing tells me that you've had word of your cousin?" Walter asked. He was referring to a young relation of mine with aspirations of being a pilot.

"I'm afraid he's had a bit of a setback, Walter."

"I thought he was almost finished with flight school at Stockbridge."

"It seems as if he managed to get on the bad side of the commander there."

"That's not good. What happened?"

"He and a bunch of lads were celebrating graduation by shooting off rockets round about some old out-building near the aerodrome," I began, trying to keep a straight face.

"So? Make 'em pay for the damage and send 'em on their way to the Front."

"They would have ... but one of the buildings they shot up turned out to be the commander's privy — with him in it!"

"I hear tell there's a big Hun build-up in Maubeuge Sector," Ned confided one morning.

"Did you hear how big?"

"I'll wager that the Major will send up both flights this morning."

"What are you willing to bet?"

"I knew you'd bite — how about my pass into town?"

I cocked an eyebrow at him. "Must be big if you're willing to bet that, but you're on."

A few minutes later Walter stepped into the room wearing his "official business" face. "Attention, please, gentlemen. The Major would like a few words with you."

"Thank you, Sergeant-Major," the Old Man said as he entered the room. "I know this is terribly short notice fellows, but there's been a change in orders for A Flight this morning." Ned looked at me significantly.

"Don't tell us, a Brass Hat back at HQ needs a lift to pick up a new uniform in Paris ..." Charles remarked.

"Dearing, really!" Walter exclaimed, trying not to crack a smile.

To the amazement of all, the Major let it slide. "Leave him be, Sergeant-Major. He is partially correct. These orders do come from HQ, and they have something to do with a uniform — a German uniform, to be exact."

"Ned, you'll be in charge of A Flight. I know you'll do splendidly. With that little stunt at Douai, Dearing and our American have proven themselves uniquely qualified for a special mission."

"Special ... how so?" I asked, and immediately regretted it. The Major's answer, however, was straightforward. Almost eager.

"One of the Kaiser's generals will be inspecting troops on the front line today. HQ would like the two of you to give him a warm welcome."



"And how will we recognize this esteemed gentleman?" Charles asked. I noticed a hungry light in his eye, very much like the look in the Major's.

"Aim for the staff car ...." the Major said.

"Do you think he'll ever let us live Douai down, Charles?" I asked as the squadron meeting broke up.

"I doubt it. We got too much recognition from it. Made him look bad."

"We never told anyone that the Major didn't order the attack."

"Didn't have to. The worst part is that he knows it."

Ned had a sheepish grin on his face. "Well, I was wrong. Guess I won't be going into town tonight, after all."

"Tough luck, old fellow. But hand over the pass, just the same."

"You wouldn't mind if I just held onto it until you get back, would you?"

"Afraid I might not make it back, Ned?"

"It's not that ..." Ned was the worst liar in the squadron, and I could see he felt genuinely horrible at having been caught out like that.

"It's okay, Ned," I said, clapping him on the shoulder. "I wouldn't want it blowing out of the cockpit or anything. You keep it warm for me until I get back."

## **Mission 9**

*(If you didn't talk to Lisette after Mission 8)*

**Mission Type** Destroy German Staff Car

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter, Ned, Charles  
Post-mission (Hangar) Charles, Harry, Charles; (Common Room) Walter, Oliver; (Office) Daniels

### **Nav Points**

#### Arras

- Clear skies

#### 1st Hidden Combat Sphere

- 3 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead, high)
- 1 AA flak gun

#### Maubeuge

- 2 Albatros D.IIIIs (blue — ahead)
- Staff car
- 3 AA flak guns
- AA machine gun

#### 2nd Hidden Combat Sphere

- 2 Albatros D.Vs (red — right, high)
- 2 AA machine guns

**Kills Possible**

7

**Mission Success**

Destroy the staff car.

**Analysis**

- You can accomplish your mission objective at Maubeuge without any risky dogfights if you just go directly and quickly to the staff car, destroy it and autopilot away.



## Mission 9a

*(If you talked to Lisette after Mission 8)*

**Mission Type** Destroy German Staff Car

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter, Ned, Charles  
Post-mission (Hangar) Charles, Harry, Charles; (Common Room) Walter, Oliver; (Office) Daniels

**Nav Points** Arras

- Clear skies

1st Hidden Combat Sphere

- Wave 1 — 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead, high)
- Wave 2 — 4 Albatros D.Vs (red)

Maubeuge

- 2 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead, high)
- Staff car
- 4 AA flak guns
- 2 armored cars

2nd Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — right, high)
- 2 AA machine guns

**Mission Success** Destroy the staff car at Maubeuge.

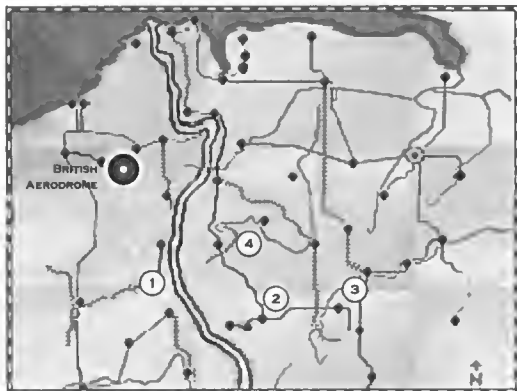
**Kills Possible** 14

**Analysis**

- *The autopilot trick described in Mission 9's analysis doesn't work as well in this mission. Besides which, this is a great opportunity to rack up kills.*

## Map 9/9a

1. Arras
2. 1st Hidden C.S.
3. Maubeuge
4. 2nd Hidden C.S.



Mission  
9/9a

*June 20th, 0850 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 9)*

"Don't bother givin' me any of yer stories, Lt. Dearing. Save yer breath," Harry said, surveying Charles' plane.

"You cut me to the very bone, Harry," Charles retorted.

"An' don't go givin' me any more ideas, either. I've already considered skinnin' ye and tackin' yer 'ide to the struts. Let ye fly like that."

"Might be worth a try, Harry," I put in. "Might scare the Huns away without even a dust up."

"Thanks ever so much, old chap. Fine friend you are," Charles pouted.

"Don't go gettin' yer wind up just yet, Lieutenant. Yer skin's still safe a while."

"To what do I owe this uncommon magnanimity?" Charles asked.

"The sergeant-major said we're to be gettin' a new flight of S.E.5as for ye to bugger up ... sir." With that news, Harry left us to inspect my plane.

"New planes!" I exclaimed. "You mean these pitiful Pups will finally be laid to rest?"

"Not on your life. The RAF will either keep them here for the replacements, or ship them off to some other unfortunate squadron. I wouldn't celebrate the S.E.5a until you're behind the stick of one. They spin like a top from a right-hand roll — liable to kill us quicker than Harry ever could."

"Harry laying into you a lot, old man?" I chuckled.

"You'd think we started this war just to bugger up his life, to hear him talk."

Walter came by and dropped a letter on familiar stationery in front of me. "Mail's in, lad."

"Did the editors leave anything for me to read?" I asked as I opened the envelope.

"It's got a few holes, but yer mum seems to be catching on to the rules. Restricted information and all that."

Between catching up on the news from home, I listened in on the other fellows talking about their mail. "What word from home, Oliver, lad?" Walter asked. "You look lower than a private's puttees. Didn't the editors leave you anything to read?"

"They left me precious little. Da said that Mum wants to go back to Wales to visit her family."

"She hasn't been back since she married Da. Which is why I'm worried. Mum wouldn't go back to Wales unless things were awful bad in London."

"You're worried about the bombings then," Walter said, sympathetically.

"Da's shop is right off Mount Street in Mayfaire. No way to tell how bad they've been hit. The rest got cut."

"I've heard tell that the bombing's nothing more than a nuisance, Oliver. I'm sure your family is fine," I said.

"I just wish I knew for sure. I wish I could be there to protect them now."

"Tell yourself that that's what you're doing now, lad," Walter exhorted. "By stopping the Huns here, we'll keep them off of England's shores."

*June 24th, 1010 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 10)*

"You look like you didn't get any sleep last night," Walter greeted me as I prepared for patrol.

"Bloody little, I'm afraid."

"Don't tell me Charles kept you up drinking again?"

"No. Actually, I spent most of the evening talking with the scholar."

"I thought you didn't much care for Oliver." His tone was nonchalant, but I could tell he was interested. Walter was always eager for his boys to get along.

"Man's worried sick about his folks back home, Walter," I shrugged. "I don't know — somehow that makes him seem a bit more ... human."



### June 30th, 0700 Hours

It must have gotten around the barracks that I was now Olly's confidant, because a few days later Edmond asked me, "Is Hallock still brooding over the London bombings? He looks as grim as a poor bloke on sanitary fatigue duty."

"I don't think that it's the bombings that have the wind up him now, Eddie," I replied.

"It's the riots," added Walter, lingering nearby as always. "After he heard that some of the lot started turning over trams and such, Oliver is convinced his sister has been hurt and the editors have censored it out of his Da's letters."

"You don't suppose that the scholar is thinking about goin' adrift, now do you?" Eddie mused.

"Hard to say what it would take to make a man like that snap," I answered, evasively.

Just then the damn horn sounded. Walter raised his usual war-whoop.

"We've got company, gents! To yer aeroplanes!"

"I haven't even finished my breakfast yet!" Eddie sulked.

"I'll have cook warm it up for you," Walter promised. "Now go!"

## Mission 10

*Mission Type* Aerodrome Defense

*Wingmen* Dearing, Shikes, Replacement

*Available Aircraft* Pup, S.E.5a

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter, Edmond  
Post-mission (Hangar) Edmond, Lisette, Lisette; (Office) Daniels

*Targets*

- Wave 1 — 3 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead, high)  
1 Albatros C.III (multi-camouflage — ahead, high)
- Wave 2 — 3 Albatros D.IIIs (blue)  
1 Albatros C.III (multi-camouflage)
- Friendly ammo dump
- 2 friendly hangars
- 2 friendly AA flak guns

*Kills Possible* 8

*Mission Success* Protect your aerodrome by shooting down all attacking planes. If only one or two ground objects remain, the mission is a failure.

*Analysis*

- *This mission marks the debut of the S.E.5a. This plane is faster than the Pup, so you may want to use it whenever you have a choice between it and a Pup. A Lewis gun is mounted on the top wing for use on balloons and Zeppelins, but it is also very effective on planes if you can learn how to use it in a dogfight.*
- *Go after the fighters first.*
- *Attack the bomber if it approaches you, but chase it until all the fighters are eliminated.*
- *Each of the enemy C.IIIs has four 20-lb. bombs in this mission.*



Mission  
10

*June 30th, 0915 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 10)*

"I thought I was a land owner for sure. Thanks for pulling that Hun off my tail," Edmond said as we left the hangar.

"I just gave him something else to think about for a minute — you did the rest."

"I'm not so sure I want breakfast anymore," Eddie shuddered.

A moment later I unexpectedly found my arms filled with a warm bundle of Lisette. "Oh, eet was terrible! Are you all right?" She sobbed charmingly.

"Course I'm fine, Lisette," I said, trying to sound heroic.

"I was so afraid for you! I was on my way to the aerodrome when those Boche avions began dropping bombs!"

"Uh, excuse me," muttered Eddie, whose existence had quite slipped my mind. "I think I'll just go back and see to the rest of my breakfast. Carry on."

*August 12th, 1715 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 11)*

"Now listen up, men," the Major said, addressing the assembled squadron. "I don't want to repeat myself. All standing orders for tomorrow are off. HQ wants us up at dawn tomorrow — in full squadron strength — to support a push at Passchendale."

"Might I point out that we're not at full squadron strength, sir?" I noted in my usual helpful way.

"I have informed HQ of that fact. You can expect replacements in time for machine gun check."

Edmond said what we were all thinking. "They're sending replacements for a major battle?! Not a one will make it back!"

"I'm no happier about this than you are, Lieutenant," the Major replied.

"Orders are that all available pilots are to be sent across the line. That includes the replacements."

Charles spoke up. "Does that include you as well, sir? You are a pilot." Sometimes Charles could be a beast. The old man kept his cool, as usual. "As this squadron's commander, I am forbidden to engage in any missions as a pilot — but I'd trade laces with you in an instant, Dearing. Interested?" Charles just frowned.

"I thought not," the major said. "Wrap it up early tonight, gentlemen. It's going to be a long day tomorrow."

"You're a bit hard on the Major, aren't you, Charles?" Ned asked as the meeting broke up.

"No harder than he is on the boys he sends up to be killed," Charles replied icily and stalked out of the room.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Lisette enter the barracks. I barely heard Ned speak to me.

"Those two could butt horns for the duration. Like two bucks trying for the same doe. Think I'll go out and help Harry with the buses. Care to come along?"

"You go on ahead, Ned. I'll catch up ..." I said absently.

"Another mission tonight?" Lisette asked with the most charming pout.

"No, not tonight. But a very early one tomorrow that we have to get ready for. I'm afraid the Major has put a sour cap on the evening, Lisette."

"Eet ees all right. I could not stay long tonight in any case. Eet ees more important that you are prepared and rested for tomorrow. I would not wish to interfere."

"You don't interfere, Lisette. It's nice to have you here. It reminds us of other things than the war."

"Perhaps when you return tomorrow, eef you went to your commander alone, the Major might allow you to come to town. N'est-ce pas? Then perhaps I could help you forget about the war for a petite moment. But for now, I shall only say adieu." With a tender touch on my hand she slipped out of the room.

A little later I caught up to Charles in the common room. "What's the matter, Charles? You look as surly as a wet cat."

"Damn McBride anyway! I'm tired of him treating me like I shouldn't be here!"

"None of us should have to be here, Charles. It's a damn shame we are." It was the best I could do for him.

"Been listening to the wireless," Edmond reported. "The casualty rates from the Passchendale are pretty grim."

"So's our loss ratio, Eddie." The elation of Lisette's promise was wearing off and my mood was turning morose.

"I know, and I'm afraid it's only going to get worse," Edmond said ruefully, and returned to his radio.

## Mission 11

*(If you didn't talk to Lisette)*

**Mission Type** Attack Enemy Bombers

**Wingmen** Dearing, Lifeson, Replacement

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Common Room) Daniels, Edmond  
Post-mission (Common Room) Edmond, Oliver, Daniels

**Nav Points** Patrol 1

- 2 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — right)
- 2 Gotha G.IVs (blue camouflage — right)
- 2 Allied AA flak guns
- 1 factory

Patrol 2

- 2 Albatros D.IIIIs (green and yellow — ahead)
- 1 Staaken R6 (brown — ahead, below)
- 2 Allied AA flak guns
- 1 AA machine gun

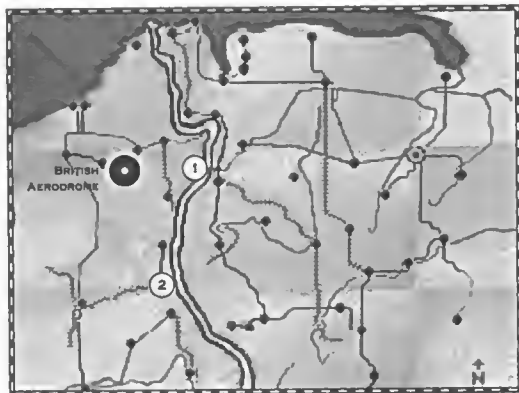
**Kills Possible** 7

**Mission Success** Shoot down all three bombers.

- Analysis**
- *A useful tactic on this mission (if you're flying the S.E.5a) is to fly under the bombers and take them out with your Lewis gun. This saves ammo for your front-mounted gun and keeps you out of the bomber's sights.*
  - *In both patrols, the fighters will be between you and the bombers. You can either engage the fighters right away, or let your wingmen take them while you go after the bombers.*
  - *The bombers will be heading for the city.*

## Map 11

1. Patrol 1
2. Patrol 2



Mission

11

## Mission 11a

*(If you talked to Lisette)*

<b>Mission Type</b>	Attack Enemy Bombers
<b>Wingmen</b>	Dearing, Lifeson, Replacement
<b>Available Aircraft</b>	Pup, S.E.5a
<b>Best Conversation Path</b>	Pre-mission (Common Room) Daniels, Edmond, Lisette Post-mission (Common Room) Edmond, Oliver, Daniels

### Nav Points

#### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 2 Albatros D.Vs (red — behind)

#### Patrol 1

- 2 Gotha G.IVs (blue-camouflage — right)
- 2 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — right)
- 2 Allied AA flak guns

#### Patrol 2

- 1 Staaken R6 (brown — ahead)
- 3 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead)
- 2 Allied AA flak guns
- 1 AA machine gun

**Kills Possible** 10

**Mission Success** Destroy the two bombers at Patrol 1.

### Analysis

- *The two Albatroses ambush you from directly behind as soon as you come out of autopilot. You'll have to turn as fast as you can or they'll take you down quick. They start off at your height, and you'll probably lose altitude as you turn.*
- *A useful tactic on this mission (if you're flying the S.E.5a) is to fly under the bombers and take them out with your Lewis gun. This saves ammo for your front-mounted gun and keeps you out of the bomber's sights.*
- *In both patrols, the fighters will be between you and the bombers. You can either engage the fighters right away, or let your wingmen take them while you go after the bombers.*
- *The bombers will be heading for the city.*

## Map 11a

1. Hidden C.S.
2. Patrol 1
3. Patrol 2



*August 13th, 1500 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 11)*

"What did the Old Man say about going into town?" Edmond asked me.

"Something's put his nose out of joint, Eddie. He says we're all confined to the aerodrome."

"Son of a Henry! And I had some cushy buckshee all lined up, too."

"Is that how you've been getting those chickens and geese?" Oliver interrupted.

"I'll never tell," Eddie chuckled. "Wonder what Charles has done to bugger him off this time? Last time he put orange preserves in the Major's field boots."

Oliver refused to be put off. "It's not buckshee, Edmond. It's stealing!"

"Oh, button up, Oliver!" Eddie retorted. "I don't keep them for myself. I certainly don't see you turning it down at dinner. And it's not stealing unless you get caught!"

I saw Lisette coming across the field, and I could feel my heart start to pound. "I thought you were coming to town tonight. Did you not want to see me?" The sad look in her eyes made me feel like a callous brute for not keeping our date, though there was nothing I could have done short of desertion.

"I was hoping to see you tonight, but the Major has confined everyone to the aerodrome."

"But why? Were you not successful today?"

"We did what we set out to do. But I'm afraid the offensive isn't going well."

Our conversation was interrupted by the Old Man himself. "Miss Beauregard, I shall have to ask you to leave. Nothing personal, ma'am, but I would prefer it if they knew they were being punished, and I'm afraid your fine company is anything but punishment. Perhaps another evening."

"Ah me. So sad, n'est-ce pas?" she sighed, prettily. "But such are the fortunes of war. Just do not keep them confined too long, Major. St. Marie Cappel relies on them for much of its remaining commerce. Au revoir." She started back towards the village.

I was, of course, outraged. "That was bloody uncivil of you, Major!" I muttered.

"One more word and you're on report!" he snapped, with a good deal more heat than I had expected. "The issue is closed!"

Inside, just to make my day even more complete, I was greeted by Olly's dulcet tones. "I say, don't you think that Lisette has been hanging about quite a bit of late?"

"I think those fancy sideslips of your have addled your brains, Oliver — she's sweet on the Yank." Edmond explained helpfully. "Lucky sod," he added.

I could feel my cheeks start to burn, and that was the unkindest cut of all. "Ease up a bit, lads. She's a sweet girl," I snapped.

"Never said she wasn't. You needn't be so touchy." With that, mercifully and uncharacteristically, Olly let the matter drop.

*August 22nd, 0430 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 12)*

"Sorry to call you in at the last minute," the Major told me, "but HQ just rang up with a target for your patrol this morning. The Germans have more observation balloons up in the Douai Sector. Bring them down."

"Any word on the Archie, Sir?" I asked.

"Afraid not. In their usual fashion, HQ failed to indicate the strength of the artillery in the area. Assume that they are being heavily guarded and act accordingly. And ... even though I know you're still angry with me, good luck."



Mission  
**11a**



## Mission 12

*(If you didn't talk to Lisette)*

**Mission Type** Balloon Busting

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Common Room) Daniels, Edmond; (Hangar) Daniels  
Post-mission (leading to 13) (Hangar) Charles, Daniels  
Post-mission (leading to 13a) (Hangar) Charles, Lisette, Daniels

**Nav Points**

### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 1 Albatros C.III (multi-camouflage — ahead)
- 2 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead)

### Vimy

- Clear skies

### Target Area

- 3 Drachen balloons
- 1 Pfalz D.III — Werner Keitel (green, ahead)
- 1 Albatros D.V (red — ahead)
- 2 AA flak guns
- 4 AA machine guns

**Kills Possible**

8

**Mission Success**

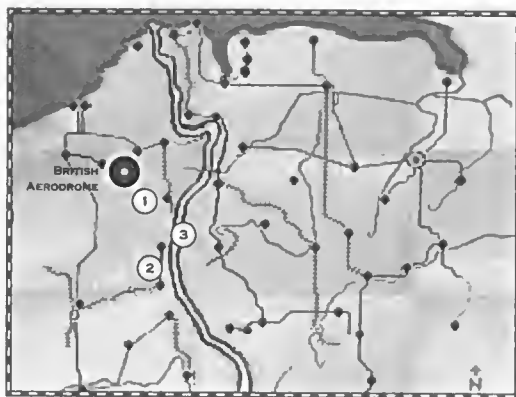
Destroy all 3 balloons in the target area.

**Analysis**

- *In the hidden combat sphere, go after the Albatross C.III first.*
- *Keitel is tough, so engage him first. Let your wingmen take care of his escort.*
- *Remember that your Lewis gun can be used while you're turning to face a target that's just passed you.*

## Map 12/12a

1. Hidden C.S.
2. Vimy
3. Target Area



## Mission 12a

*(If you talked to Lisette)*

**Mission Type** Balloon Busting

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Common Room) Daniels, Edmond; (Hangar) Lisette, Daniels  
Post-mission (leading to 13) (Hangar) Charles, Daniels  
Post-mission (leading to 13a) (Hangar) Charles, Lisette, Daniels

**Nav Points** Hidden Combat Sphere

- Wave 1 — 2 Albatros C.IIIs (multi-camouflage — ahead)  
2 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead, high)
- Wave 2 — 2 Albatros D.Vs (red)

Vimy

- 4 Fokker Dr.Is (red and green — rear, left, high)

Target Area

- 3 Drachen balloons
- 1 Fokker Dr.I (red and green — ahead)
- 1 Pfalz D.III — Werner Keitel (green — ahead)
- 4 AA flak guns
- 3 AA machine guns

**Kills Possible** 15

**Mission Success** Destroy all 3 balloons in the target area.

**Analysis** • See Mission 12's *Analysis*.

**August 22nd, 1445 Hours**  
*(Post-Mission 12)*

"There's someone here to see you, old man ..." Charles said softly. Lisette slid into the room behind him.

"Listen, old man, take my advice. You know that I don't give a cat's whisker about what the Major says or does, but he's on a tear right now — so have a chat with the lovely lady and send her on her way. If the Major finds her here right now, you could find yourself flying a rifle in the trenches." Then he made his exit.

"It's nice to see you, belle mademoiselle," I said, fancying I sounded quite suave.

"Your French ees improving. I am pleased. I know that the Major has still forbidden visitors and passes into town, so I shall not stay long. I have no wish to get you een more trouble with him. I just wished to know that you were all right."

"I'm as fine as any man can be in the middle of a war, Lisette. Of course — it helps a great deal to see someone free of the taint of all this mess."

"No one ees free of taint een this land. I wish that our meeting had been under other circumstances." There was a strange sadness in her voice that I would too soon come to understand.

I took her hand and looked into her lovely eyes. "This war can't last forever, Lisette. We have to hold out hope for the future, or this is all for nothing."

"For some of us, the war has already lasted forever, and hope ees a fragile thread, mon ami. Now I must bid you adieu. You are a brave man. Eef my country has any hope, eet ees you. Stay well, my kind American friend." Her fingers caressed my cheek, and she was gone.



*September 1st, 0520 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 13)*

The Major entered and began the briefing. "Remember, rendezvous with the bombers at Dunkirk. Provide them a safe escort to and from the munitions factory in Brussels. Any questions?"

I raised my hand. "About the Handley-Pages, sir. How high can they fly? I mean, will we fly above or below them?"

"You'll fly above them, just like the Huns that sit waiting for someone to come after their balloons."

"Believe it or not, the Archie will be shooting at you, not the bombers," Walter pointed out.

The Major nodded. "That's right. Apparently they view fighters to be more of a threat. Go out and prove that they're right. Have a good flight."

"Just got off the horn with Forward Ops," Walter confided as we filed out. "You've got a bit of ground fog across the lines, but nothing too bad. Looks like it's a go."

## **Mission 13**

*(If you didn't talk to Lisette after Mission 12)*

*Mission Type*                      Bomber Escort

*Wingman*                              Shikes

*Available Aircraft*                Pup, S.E.5a

*Best Conversation Path*      Pre-mission (Common Room) Daniels, Walter  
Post-mission (Hangar) Harry; (Office) Daniels

*Nav Points*

### Dunkirk

- Pick up Handley Page 0/400 (left)

### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 2 Albatros D.IIIIs (blue — ahead)
- 1 AA flak gun

### Target Area

- 3 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — one on right, two behind)
- 2 factories
- 2 AA flak guns
- 1 AA machine gun

### Dunkirk

- Handley Page lands on return

*Kills Possible*                      5

*Mission Success*                Successfully bomb the factories, then return the bomber safely to Dunkirk.

*Analysis*

- *The factories are the large red buildings, one located in the center of town, the other on the outskirts.*
- *If you're in a hurry, you can leave Shikes to deal with the fighter planes, run past the bomber and shoot out the factory yourself.*



## Mission 13a

(If you talked to Lisette after Mission 12)

**Mission Type** Bomber Escort

**Wingman** Shikes

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Nav Points** Dunkirk

- Pick up Handley Page 0/400 (left)

Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Fokker Dr.Is (red and green — ahead)

Target Area

- Wave 1 — 4 Pfalz D.III's (green — ahead)
- Wave 2 — 4 Pfalz D.III's (green)
- 2 factories
- 1 AA flak gun
- 1 AA machine gun

Dunkirk

- Handley Page lands on return

**Kills Possible** 12

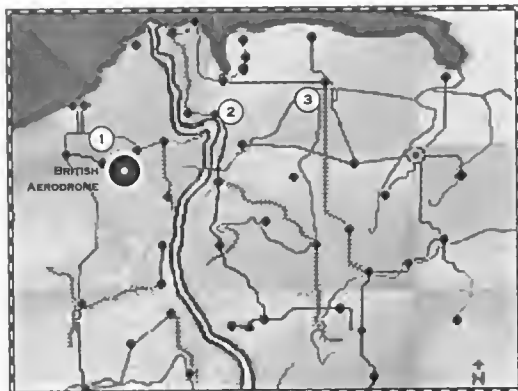
**Mission Success** Successfully bomb the factories, then return the bomber safely to Dunkirk.

**Analysis**

- *The factories are the large red buildings, one located in the center of town, the other on the outskirts.*
- *If you're in a hurry, you can leave Shikes to deal with the fighter planes, run past the bomber and shoot out the factory yourself. However, because of the number of defenders, this is a risky tactic.*

## Map 13/13a

1. Dunkirk
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Target Area



Mission  
**13/13a**

*September 1st, 0800 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 13)*

"By 'enry! You did it! I never thought I'd see you again!" Harry greeted me.

"Your confidence overwhelms me, Harry. I'm touched."

"I'd say ye were, flyin' around in this 'ere beat-up bus. I may fix 'em, but ye sure wouldn't find me up in one, no sir. Before I forget, the Major wanted to see you in 'is office first thing when you got back."

"What's stuck in his craw now, Harry?"

Abruptly his tone vanished and his face clouded over strangely. "Not my place to ask. Not my place to say."

"You wanted to see me, sir?" I asked the Major.

His face was even more sober than usual. "I'd say welcome back, but I'm not sure that you'll feel that way after you've heard my news."

"I understand, sir. Is it ... uh, news from home, sir?" I was thinking about my mother.

"No, it isn't. Best to tell it straight-out, I suppose ... HQ had a disagreeable task this morning while you were in Brussels. Lisette Beauregard has been shot as a German spy."

For what seemed a very long time, my mind refused to attach any meaning at all to his words. It was as though he'd said, "Lisette Beauregard pickle jumping foursquare cow" or some equally nonsensical gibberish. At last it sank in enough for me to gasp out, "No! I don't believe it!" To this day, I have no idea whether I was speaking of Lisette being a spy or of her death. Probably both equally.

"I didn't want to believe it either, lad," he said with as much kindness as I'd ever heard him muster, "even after the Provost Marshall presented me with papers from my very own desk. Papers taken from her vegetable basket." As always when bewildered, I yammered. "But why, sir? Why would she give information to the Huns?"

"As it was my duty to represent our squadron at the proceedings, I can only repeat what she said before the firing squad." He selected a page from his desk.

"Nearly a year ago a Boche officer came to my father's farm. He said that St. Marie Cappel would soon fall, but he promised my family safety in return for small bits of information. At first it was nothing more than the names of the Allied commanders nearby. But soon he wished to know troop locations and battle plans. When I protested ... he told me it would be easy for a Boche shell to fall on my family's home. And what would be my fate, if people learned that I had given him information? What could I do? I had gambled my life, my honor, for those I loved. My fear ensnared those I have come to know and admire, so I chose to be caught. I pray God is merciful. I do not ask your forgiveness. But I ask that you aim true, that I may have some dignity in death."

"No members of this squadron are being viewed as accomplices. Lisette made it clear that she acted alone."

I cannot explain my next question, except perhaps as the only premonition I have ever experienced. "Did she ever name this ... Boche officer?"

"Yes, for what it's worth. Oberleutnant Ulrich Gertmann."

*September 16th, 1705 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 14)*

Following the news of Lisette's death I threw myself into my duties with renewed vigor, irrationally seeking to take vengeance on the Germans for my loss. One day the Major called Ned, Oliver and me into his office.

"HQ has been pleased with the effectiveness of our roving commissions, so you three are to patrol the Lys Sector in the morning."

"That's the sector where I spotted that new flier the other day," Ned mentioned. "Had to be an Ace by the way his bus was painted."

"And just how much gin did you have to ginger you up, Ned?" Olly asked.

"Not enough for me to be seeing things, if that's what you're getting at!"

"That's quite enough, both of you!" the Major interposed.

"It's okay, Ned," I said. "We'll shoot down any snipes we find."

Ned looked bewildered. "Snipes? I don't ...."

I was saved from an explanation by the Old Man's curt, "Get out!"

For the rest of the day, we made Ned's claim of encountering some mysterious enemy ace a bit of a sport.

"How much longer are we going to keep after Ned?" Oliver whispered in my ear as Ned stalked off from a particularly heated session of ragging. "I think he's getting a bit hot about it."

"I think we should lay it to rest before we go up."

"In case he doesn't make it back? Clean slate, and all that?"

"Because he's a bloody good shot, and I wouldn't want to give him a reason to get me in his sights."

"Damn it! Why won't you believe I saw a new Hun ace in the Lys Sector?" Ned was nearly shouting.

"We do believe you, Ned," I said, deciding it was time to let him off the hook.

"Then why are you pestering the hell out of me?!"

"Because it's fun, and we can't often get you to rise to the bait." I clapped him on the shoulder and headed out to my plane.

## Mission 14

**Mission Type** Dawn Patrol

**Wingmen** Hallock, Lifeson, Replacement

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels, Oliver, Ned  
Post-mission (Hangar) Harry; (Common Room) Oliver, Ned; (Office) Daniels

**Nav Points**

### Patrol 1

- 1 Albatros D.V — Ulrich Gertmann (red — ahead, right)
- 3 Albatros D.IIIs (green and yellow — ahead, right)
- 1 AA flak gun
- 2 AA machine guns

### Patrol 2

- Clear skies

### Patrol 3

- 4 Fokker Dr.Is (red and green — ahead)
- 2 AA flak guns

**Kills Possible** 7

**Mission Success** Destroy all the enemies you encounter (except Ulrich, who's uncatchable).

**Analysis**

- *This is the first time you encounter Ulrich, but he doesn't hang around and he's too fast to catch. You can expect to take at least some damage if you try to engage him.*

## Map 14

1. Patrol 1
2. Patrol 2
3. Patrol 3



Mission  
**14**

*September 17th, 1900 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 14)*

"Have you noticed that Oliver has gotten a bit ... well, odd?" Ned asked me after we landed.  
"A bit?! He's gotten as superstitious as an old woman!"  
Ned shook his head. "He's like a man who's seen his ghost flying beside him ...."

"I tell you that Hun flew like the very devil!" Oliver exclaimed later that night as we reviewed our mission.  
"I very much doubt the devil flies an aeroplane on the Western Front, Oliver," Ned interposed mildly. "I'm sure he's far too busy pulling the Kaiser's strings."  
"Perhaps you're right, Ned. Maybe I was wrong ...."

"What?" I exclaimed, "Oliver wrong?! Never!"

"Be charitable ...." Ned remonstrated.

"Maybe all Huns are demons!" Oliver blurted. "Perhaps ...." he was trying to act like it was all a big joke, but there was something distinctly unpleasant and unwholesome lurking behind his smile and deep in his eyes.

I couldn't bear to go on talking to him while he was like that. "Oh, spare me, Oliver! That Hun was a top-notch flier, the way he shook us off. Certainly an Ace, but he'll die like any of us if someone can stick on his tail long enough."

*October 6th, 0600 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 15)*

"Whose idea was it to have champagne with Scotch chasers?" Charles moaned.

"Yours," I reminded him. "Don't you remember?"

"Not a bloody thing — until Walter roused me out from under the table this morning."

"Good morning, gentlemen," the Old Man greeted us.

"Not from the inside of my eyes, it isn't, Major," Charles intoned.

"A bit too much to drink last night, Dearing?" the old man asked, sympathetically.

A bit too sympathetically. I decided to try to defuse the situation. "He'll be all right, Major. He just needs a hair of the dog that bit him."

Surprisingly, the Major let me get away with it. I do believe the Old Man was growing fond of me. "Sometimes I forget that you're American, until you pop off with one of your odd comments," he mused. Then, in a crisper tone, "Down to business. Our gibberish-spouting American is in charge of B Flight today. You're to do the actual bombing of the sub pens at Zeebrugge. Charles will take A Flight and suppress any fighter coverage the Huns have there — unless you don't feel up to it, that is, Charles."

"Of course I'm up to it!" Charles growled. "I've flown when I felt worse ...."

"Just remember, Dearing, that you're responsible for getting all your men back — even the replacements."

It was an unfortunate choice of words, and I could see the clouds gathering on Charles' brow. Again I jumped in. "You can't hold Charles responsible like that, Major! He can't fly all their planes for them."

The Major refused to back down. "We can't afford to lose any men to his grandstanding."

That was, of course, the last straw. "I don't grandstand, Major!" Charles exclaimed. "And you know it! I can tell those boys to stay on my tail and do exactly as I do, all I want. The truth of the matter is that they can't! None of the boys that we're getting know how to do a loop, Major, or even a proper sideslip. And it's too late to teach them over enemy lines! I go up to get the job done, and do my best to mother-hen our replacements. Call HQ the murderer, Major. Not me!"

## Mission 15

<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomb Zeebrugge Sub Pens
<i>Wingmen</i>	Hallock, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	<i>Pup</i> , S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Charles, Daniels Post-mission (Common Room) Walter; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — 2 to right, 2 to left)</li> </ul> <u>Ostend</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 AA flak gun</li> </ul> <u>Zeebrugge</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Junkers D.Is (purple — ahead, high)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> <li>• 5 sub pens</li> </ul> <u>Roulers</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 AA machine gun</li> </ul>

*Kills Possible* 8

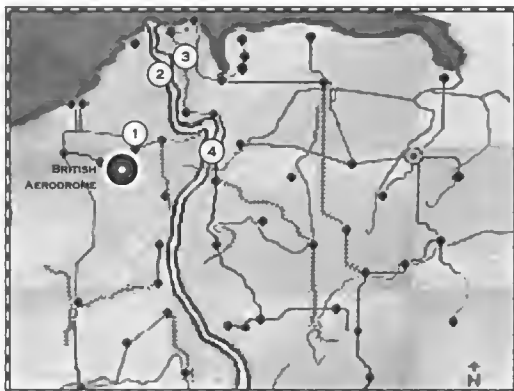
*Mission Success* Destroy 4 of the 5 sub pens.

*Analysis*

- Follow the coast on your approach to the sub pens. This will allow you to take out the pens one right after the other as you fly over in a straight line.
- Be careful — your bombs can be damaged or destroyed while on your wing, making it harder to complete the mission.
- As in most bombing missions, you can leave your wingmen to deal with the enemy fighters while you go straight after the target. This tactic is particularly attractive in this mission, because it minimizes the chance of bomb loss or damage.

## Map 15

1. Hidden C.S.
2. Ostend
3. Zeebrugge
4. Roulers



Mission  
15



*October 6th, 0900 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 15)*

"Hear you muddied up the waters at Zeebrugge quite a bit, lad. Good for you!" Walter greeted me, handing me my usual dram.

"Don't know about the mud, Walter, But I'll say that things are quite a mess over there right now."

"Maybe they won't be able to play such havoc with the shipping back home now. Rotten assassins! They go after civilian ships as quick as military, too. Horrible way for a bloke to die, out in all that water."

"Only one way worse that I can think of, Walter — burning." It was a thought that had occupied entirely too much of my time of late.

"Lor' save us! Don't even mention it!" Walter visibly shuddered.

*October 22nd, 0600 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 16)*

When I entered the Common Room, Walter and the Major were the only ones there. "Have you seen Charles this morning, Walter?" I asked.

"Believe it or not, he's already out at his plane. Said something about adjusting his machine gun."

"Will wonders never cease? There's a first time for everything, I suppose," the Old Man quipped idly.

I decided it was time to speak up. "You don't have to ride Charles so hard, Major. He may not be the best candidate for the military, but he's a damn fine pilot."

I fully expected him to tell me to keep my impertinent tongue in my face, but he just met my gaze levelly. "I do have to ride him hard, though, to keep him from throwing his life away uselessly. As long as he thinks he can spite me, as long as he's angry with me, he'll do anything to keep coming back. Just to prove he's better than me. I'd throw his arse out of a peace-time army, but I couldn't ask for a better man while we're at war. I just have to keep his death wish unfulfilled."

"Wouldn't it be easier just to tell him the truth, Major?" I asked. I was very young.

"Excuse me, sirs, but it's that time," Walter interposed.

"Remember, Mister," the commander added, "after Zeebrugge, the sub pens at Bruges will likely be heavily guarded, so keep a sharp watch up in the sun. Good luck."

## **Mission 16**

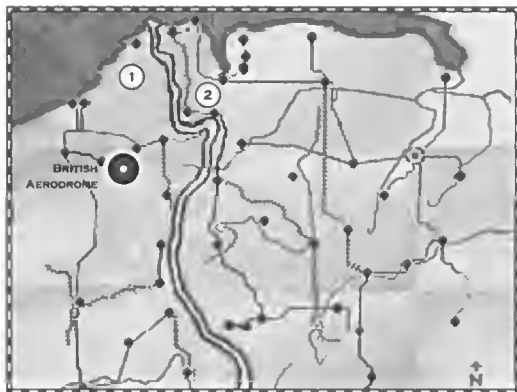
<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomb Bruges Sub Pens
<i>Wingmen</i>	Dearing, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	<i>Pup</i> , S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter, Daniels Post-mission (Common Room) Edmond; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Patrol 1</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 4 Fokker Dr.Is (green and red — 2 behind and above, 2 ahead and below)</li></ul> <u>Bruges</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 4 sub pens</li><li>• 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — behind, right)</li><li>• 4 AA flak guns</li></ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	8
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy all 4 sub pens.

## Analysis

- These pens are better guarded than the ones at Zeebrugge, so it will be harder to get to the target without first engaging the enemy fighters.

## Map 16

1. Patrol 1
2. Bruges



### October 22nd, 1100 Hours (Post-Mission 16)

"Now that Fokker Dr.I is a bus to set your sights on!" Edmond proclaimed to the room at large. "I'd give anything to bag one of those Huns for me mum!"

"Then I wish you luck, Eddie old man," I retorted. "The way the new Hun plane climbs and maneuvers, your mum has more of a chance losing her son than we do of bagging one of those sons of a Henry."

"You lads had better find a way to bring down those new aeroplanes," The Major called from across the room. "Those bloody bastards have cost us three buses and their pilots in the last week!"

"I'm sorry about the kid, sir," I told the Major. "He broke off after that Hun even after I told him to stick to me."

"I know it's not our fault, damn it," he said, staring out the window. "But I knew his parents — and he was their only child."

### November 12th, 1300 Hours (Pre-Mission 17)

"You wanted to see me, sir?" I asked the Major.

"Ah yes. Do come in." As usual, he wasted no time on pleasantries. "Forward observers in the Ghent Sector have sighted Zeppelin L71, which appears to be headed for England."

"I thought the Huns had given that up, Major."

"Only London. They're concentrating on industrial centers in northern England now."

"I understand. So you want B Flight to persuade this sausage that tonight isn't a good night to fly to England?"

"Tonight — or any other night. dismissed."



Mission  
16

## Mission 17

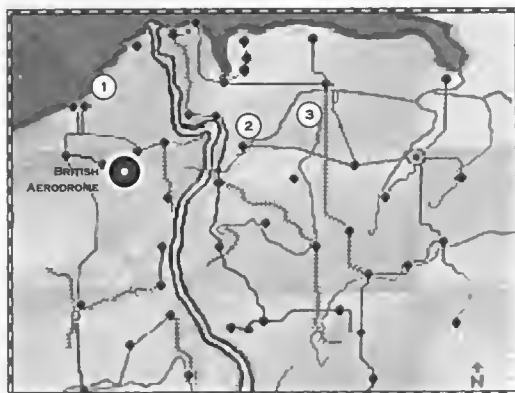
<i>Mission Type</i>	Zeppelin Hunt
<i>Wingmen</i>	Shikes, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Pup, S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Daniels Post-mission (Common Room) Ned; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<p><u>Course Intercept</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Clear skies</li> </ul> <p><u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — 2 over Zeppelin, 2 under Zeppelin)</li> <li>• 1 Zeppelin (ahead)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> </ul> <p><u>Ghent</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 AA flak gun</li> </ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	5
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy the Zeppelin.

### Analysis

- The best way to kill the Zeppelin is to come at it from just a little bit lower and take it out with your Lewis gun (or, if you're flying a Pup, approach from behind and use rockets).
- Don't let yourself get too much lower than the Zeppelin, however — it will be hard to get your altitude back in time.

## Map 17

1. Course Intercept
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Ghent



- If you find you're starting to lose altitude in your dogfights, leave the escorts to your wingmen and go straight after the Zep.
- If you're flying under the Zeppelin when you destroy it, you'll have to get out of the way or it will fall on you and kill you.

### November 12th, 2015 Hours (Post-Mission 17)

"I hear Haig still thinks the Ypres offensive should continue pushing forward," I told Ned. "How that man can consider 700 yards a strategic gain, is beyond me! You can't push forward when you're waist deep in mud!"

"Could be because Haig's not up to his waist in mud, Ned."

"Then he should be! They're losing entire field guns to the bog out there!"

"Perhaps we'll get lucky, old man. Perhaps Haig and his Brass Hats will decide to take a tour of the front — and we'll lose them, too."

"Here's to hope! Might shorten the war by as much as a year or two."

November 28th, 1530 Hours  
(Pre-Mission 18)

"Sorry to interrupt, chaps," the Major put in.

"Sorry, sir," Eddie said, a bit sheepishly. "Didn't see you come up."

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to switch orders on you, Lieutenant," he told me. "You'll have to take over A Flight in the morning. Hallock's down with the flux."

"Right then." It was unwelcome news, but there was nothing I could do to escape it.

## Mission 18

**Mission Type** Defend Allied Balloons

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Common Room) Edmond, Daniels, Edmond  
Post-mission (Common Room) Edmond; (Office) Daniels

**Nav Points** Hidden Combat Sphere  
• 4 Fokker Dr.Is (green and red — behind, right)

• 1 AA machine gun

Target Area

• 3 Caquot balloons

• Wave 1 — 4 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — left, behind)

• Wave 2 — 3 Junkers D.Is (purple and blue)

**Kills Possible** 11

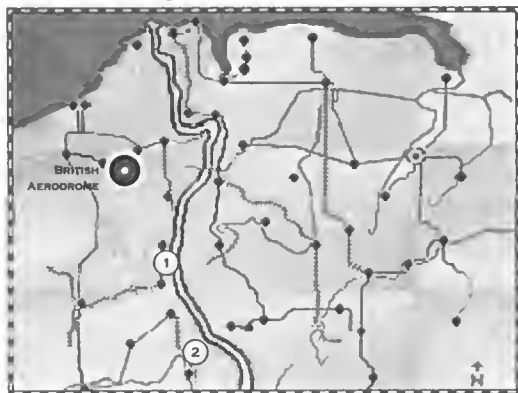
**Mission Success** Save at least 2 of the 3 Caquot balloons from destruction.

**Analysis**

- *Don't shoot down your own balloon!*
- *This mission is all speed. The objective is to intercept and destroy the enemy planes as quickly as possible, before they can reach and shoot down your three very vulnerable observation balloons. There are no special tricks, you just have to take out the enemy fast.*
- *Your greatest danger will be from the second wave, when you and your wingmen will be all spread out from the battle with the first wave.*
- *You'll have to stay between the enemy and the balloons and draw fire, making evasive maneuvers all-important.*

## Map 18

1. Hidden C.S.
2. Target Area



Missions  
**17 & 18**

*November 29th, 2110 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 18)*

"Can you believe it!" Edmond marveled. "Haig finally did something right!"

"Don't give all the credit to Haig, Eddie," I pointed out. "General Elles was the one in the lead tank, not Haig."

"True enough ... but imagine! A 4,000-yard hole in the bloody Hindenburg Line. Through barbed wire and all."

"I'm amazed we didn't lose all three hundred-eighty tanks in the ooze out there," I agreed.

"Suppose the ground finally froze over. I don't think you could really lose something that big, do you?"

"I wouldn't be surprised, Eddie. I certainly do feel sorry for those poor blokes in the trenches right now."

"Between the cold and the tanks, I'd give up double quick, if I were those Huns," Eddie chuckled grimly.

*December 9th, 0730 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 19)*

"The winds are awful stiff out there today, It's going to be one devil of a time staying on course."

"No choice," he replied grimly. "It's our job to take the Berchem St. Agathe Zeppelin hangars out of commission immediately."

"It's not like they're that much of a threat, sir." I suppose I was in contrary mood.

"I know it, and you know it, but I think that the Home Office is putting pressure on HQ. They need something to make the folks back in England feel safer. HQ thinks bombing those hangars will do the trick."

"Yes, sir." I said. Then, under the prodding of some perverse imp, added, "Oh, and sir?"

"Yes?"

"When you write that letter to my mother, sir — everyone calls her Maggie, not Margaret."

## **Mission 19**

*(If you destroyed the Zeppelin in Mission 17)*

*Mission Type* Bomb Zeppelin Hangars

*Wingmen* Dearing, 2 Replacements

*Available Aircraft* Pup, S.E.5a

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Office) Daniels  
Post-mission (Common Room) Walter; (Office) Daniels

*Nav Points*

### 1st Hidden Combat Sphere

- 2 Fokker Dr.Is (green and red — ahead)
- 3 Drachen balloons (two to the right, one ahead)
- 1 AA flak gun
- 4 AA machine guns

### 2nd Hidden Combat Sphere

- 2 Fokker Dr.Is (red and green — ahead)

### Berchem

- 2 Halberstadts CL.IVs (multi-colored camouflage — ahead)
- 2 Zeppelin hangars
- 4 AA flak guns

*Kills Possible* 9

*Mission Success* Destroy all the Zeppelin hangars.

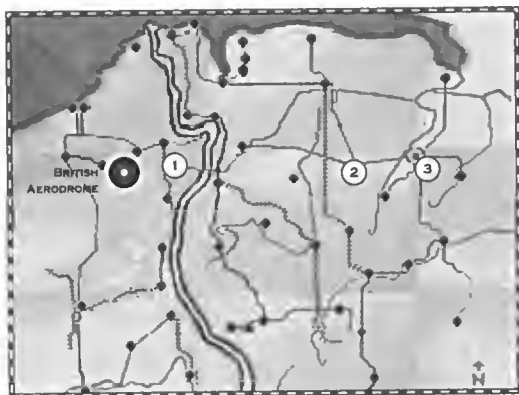


## Analysis

- In the first hidden combat sphere, on the first pass the enemy usually won't fire as they approach, so try to get at least one as they go by.
- Be careful using the Lewis gun at a low altitude — you could easily end up on the ground.
- Stay at least 1,000 feet up when you bomb the hangars, so you don't get caught in the blast.

## Map 19/19a

1. 1st Hidden C.S.
2. 2nd Hidden C.S.
2. Berchem



## Mission 19a

(If you did not destroy the Zeppelin in Mission 17)

**Mission Type** Bomb Zeppelin Hangars

**Wingmen** Dearing, 2 Replacements

**Available Aircraft** Pup, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels  
Post-mission (Common Room) Walter; (Office) Daniels

**Nav Points** 1st Hidden Combat Sphere  
• 2 Fokker Dr.Is (green and red — ahead)

2nd Hidden Combat Sphere  
• 3 Drachen balloons (right)  
• 2 Fokker Dr.Is (red — ahead)  
• 6 AA flak guns

Berchem  
• 1 Zeppelin (ahead)  
• 2 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead)  
• 2 Zeppelin hangars  
• 4 AA flak guns

**Kills Possible** 10

**Mission Success** Destroy all the Zeppelin hangars.

**Analysis**  
• If you didn't kill the Zeppelin in Mission 17, it shows up again in this mission.  
• See Mission 19's Analysis.



*December 9, 1845 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 19)*

"Heard that you made quite an impression on the Huns today," Walter congratulated me.

"Impression, explosion — guess that's close enough for the RAF, wouldn't you say, Walter?" I grinned.

"Watched one of their sausages burn just after I got over here," he recollected. "Went up like a Veri shot. Must be the hydrogen."

"They do blow up nicely. But are the Huns really still using hydrogen, Walter?"

"You bet your flying jacket, they are! They haven't got a speck of helium, and the Allies are going to keep it that way."

"Makes my job more exciting, at least," I said, fondly recalling the warm red glow.

*December 15th, 1130 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 20)*

"Join us for a drink, Ned?" I asked.

"Nah. I'm on me way back out to the hangar."

"You've got quite a way with those buses."

"It's not so hard, more like a puzzle." Then, as he headed out the door he threw over his shoulder with a crooked grin, "Better than plowing or milking cows any day."

"How's Dearing holding up?" the Major asked me, quietly.

"Shaky, Major — but I think he'll pull out of it."

He shook his head. "Makes you wonder how something this small could rattle him, after all the damn fool stunts he's pulled."

"Ned 'elped me figure out why your engine caught fire this morning, Lt. Dearing," Harry was telling Charles as I walked up.

"Bloody good of you, Ned, old man. What was it, Harry — and can you fix it?"

"It happened when you blipped the motor, Charles," Ned explained. "Apparently there was a leak in the cowl where the engine meets the canvas."

Harry took up the account. "When you let up on the button and the engine took 'old, a spark caught the built-up oil and ...."

"And I set a speed record getting out of that bloody cockpit!" Charles laughed. I was relieved to see he could again.

"Be glad you were on the ground, Charles. It's a long fall from 3,000 feet," the major said, not unkindly. Then, addressing the group he added, "Time to head out. Forward Ops just rang up. They've sighted smoke from the train, so it will be in reach by the time you get over the line."

"Will it have any fighter escort, Major?" I asked.

"I doubt it. Those railway car guns should be problem enough by themselves. But you never know."

"Why are we bothering with a train?" Harry grumbled.

"The Huns are moving up more men and munitions, Harry," Charles explained.

"If they do that, the Battle of Cambrai will have been useless," Ned added. "Let's go, Yank. Let's not keep the Huns waiting."

## **Mission 20**

*Mission Type* Bomb Troop Train

*Wingmen* Dearing, 2 Replacements

*Available Aircraft* Pup, S.E.5a

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Common Room) Ned, Charles, Daniels  
Post-mission (Common Room) Daniels



### Nav Points

#### Track 1

- Empty, with clear skies

#### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 1 engine (heading north)
- 11 railroad cars (2 with AA guns)
- 4 Pfalz D.III's (green — three to the right, one behind)

#### Track 2

- 4 Fokker Dr.I's (red and green — two to the right, two to the left)

### Kills Possible

8

### Mission Success

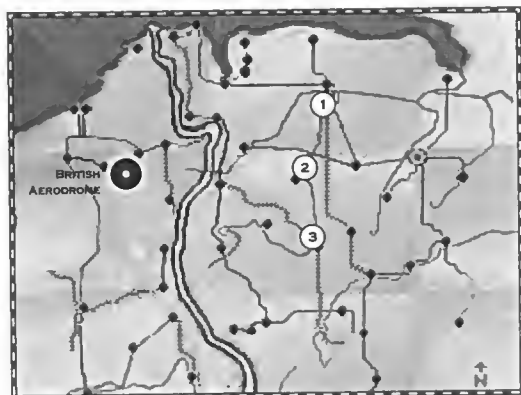
Destroy 9 of 19 points. Engine is worth 8 points, each train car is worth 1 point.

### Analysis

- *You have a choice here. You can shoot down the enemy fighters first, or you can take out the train. If you go after the train, your wingmen will keep the other fighters busy. Then you can help mop up. On the other hand, you'll get fewer kills to put on the board.*

## Map 20

1. Track 1
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Track 2



Dec. 15, 1630 Hours

(Post-Mission 20)

"Good show. Welcome back," the Major greeted me as I entered his office.

"Thank you, sir."

"Listen, I won't keep you long. I know that you'll be wanting to join the other chaps at dinner. I just wanted you to know that I've put you in for a promotion, and HQ approved my request for your very own new *Camel*."

"Why thank you, sir. I'm honored."

"No sense in you sharing a bus at this point. Now go on and have some dinner. You've earned a good meal."

January 7th, 1918, 0730 Hours

(Pre-Mission 21)

"No roving commission for you this morning, I'm afraid," Walter told me. "HQ just rang up with a target."

I wasn't used to getting my assignments from Walter. "No offense meant, Sergeant-Major, but where's the Commander?"

"None taken, lad. Seems HQ wanted a word in private with the Major. I think it's about our loss ratio. Speaking of which — the replacements should be here any time now."

I shook my head. "There's nothing he can do, Walter! There's nothing any of us can do if they don't send us experienced pilots!"

"It's what's expected, lad. Chain of command and all. You just take A Flight up after those sausages in the Vimy Sector. Let the Major worry about the rest. Everything will turn out fine."



Mission

20

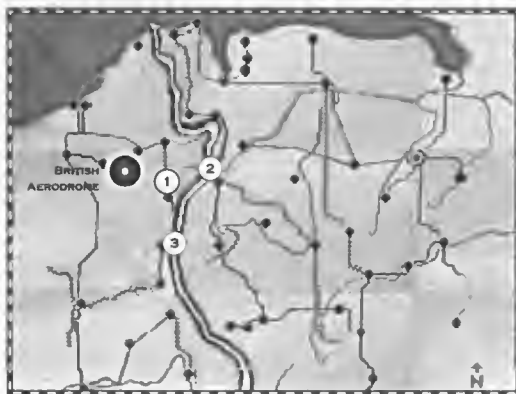


## Mission 21

<i>Mission Type</i>	Balloon Busting
<i>Wingmen</i>	Hallock, Lifeson, Replacement
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Walter Post-mission (Hangar) Harry; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 Albatros D.V — Ulrich Gertmann (red — behind)</li> <li>• 3 Pfalz D.IIIs (green — behind, above)</li> </ul> <u>1st Target</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Fokker Dr.Is (red — 2 ahead, left, 2 ahead, right)</li> <li>• 2 Drachen balloons</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> </ul> <u>2nd Target</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 Drachen balloon (ahead)</li> <li>• 3 Pfalz D.IIIs (green — above, right)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> </ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	14
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy all three balloons.

## Map 21

1. Hidden C.S.
2. 1st Target
3. 2nd Target



### Analysis

- Yes, it's Ulrich again. You can't catch him. With speed like that don't even try. Just pound his buddies until there aren't any left, then go after the balloons.
- Enjoy the Camel — with two guns, every shot gives you twice the damage.

### January 7th, 1030 Hours (Post-Mission 21)

Harry was cheerful as ever when I returned to the hangar. "Well, look what the cat dragged in! Why they waste good aeroplanes on ye all, I'll never know. Should put ye all back in Sopwith Pups."

"Who put your field boots in the latrine, Harry? Besides, I thought they discontinued the Pups."

"They did. An' it would serve ye right if ye had to walk! Ruinin' a man's work with yer ham-handedness. A light dawned. "What did Charles do this time?"

"Could 'ave 'eard that engine of his all the way back to the Kaiser's bedroom! And after I stayed up all bloody night puttin' the thing back together, too! Well, I'll not do it again tonight. Mark my words! I'll put 'im in a Pup an' let the Huns 'ave 'is worthless 'ide."

January 18th, 1600 Hours  
(Pre-Mission 22)

"We've got another escort mission in the morning," the Major said.

"Handley-Pages again, sir?"

"Not bombers this time, something a bit different. You're to rendezvous at Doullens. You'll take a Bristol F2B in tow. Your flight is to protect them while they recon the Valenciennes Sector. They'll be tempting targets no doubt, so you'll need to stay alert."

## Mission 22

**Mission Type** Escort Recon Plane

**Wingman** Shikes

**Available Aircraft** Camel, S.E.5a

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Daniels  
Post-mission (Common Room) Walter; (Office) Daniels

**Nav Points** Doullens  
• Pick up Bristol F2B recon plane (below, behind)

### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 3 Albatros D.Vs (red — above, right)

### Valenciennes

- 2 Halberstadt CL.IVs (multi-camouflage — left)
- 2 AA flak guns
- 6 trucks

### Doullens

- Bristol F2B lands on return

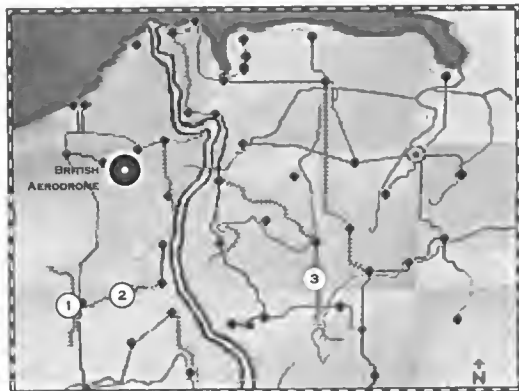
**Kills Possible** 5

**Mission Success** Return the recon plane safely to Doullens after it visits Valenciennes.

**Analysis** • *This is another escort run. Don't lose sight of your Bristol, and don't leave it for very long.*

## Map 22

1. Doullens
2. Hidden C.S.
2. Valenciennes



*January 19th, 1900 Hours*  
(Post-Mission 22)

"Heard you met up with that demonic Hun Ace again," Walter commented.

"Oliver talks too much, Walter. Surely you have better things to do than listen to him rave," I said.

"It's hard to stop up yer ears when yer hands are busy. Besides, I like to keep track of what my lads are up to."

"I'm beginning to think that I'm chasing snipes, Water. Maybe this Hun is simply the product of Charles' champagne toasts at breakfast."

"I don't know about champagne at breakfast, lad. But I'll buy you a drink now. Seems your President Wilson has finally bullied you Yanks into the war. Took him two hours and fourteen reasons to do it, but the Kaiser is about to get more than he bargained for!"

I mulled the news over in my head. "I'm not sure that I'm happy to hear that, Walter. Just seems like it's more good men to die in the mud."

"Maybe. But maybe the Kaiser's men will give up when they see you Yanks comin'." He slid me a glass and raised his own. "Here's to making the world safe for democracy ... or at least monarchy!"

*February 24th, 1500 Hours*  
(Pre-Mission 23)

"Well, Walter old man, what's the word?" Charles asked.

"It's not good, I'm afraid. I just got off the horn — the fog hasn't reached Lille yet. The flight is still on."

"What's the use?! The fog will be thick in Lille Sector by the time we get in the air!" I complained.

"Tough luck, old fellow," Charles commiserated. "Come on. Walter, pour the lad a strong one for the road."

"I don't want a drink, damn it! I want HQ to stop throwing our lives away!" I was in one of my black moods.

"Orders are orders. You know the rules, son," Walter admonished me.

"I know that not a damned one of the Brass Hats care how many of us die, as long as they have their precious numbers to fondle and trot out for the papers!" I snarled and stalked off.

Charles caught up with me. "What's put a bind in your breeches, old man?"

"I'm sick of killing! I'm sick of coming back to a decimated squadron! I'm tired of being treated as if I have no more soul than my plane!"

"Old friend, we turned in our souls when we enlisted. We'll kill who we're told to, and die when we're told to."

"That may be so, but I don't have to bloody well like it!"

## **Mission 23**

<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomb Convoy
<i>Wingmen</i>	Dearing, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter, Charles Post-mission (Common Room) Charles; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Tournai</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 4 Pfalz D.III's (green — ahead)</li><li>• 1 AA flak gun</li><li>• 1 AA machine gun</li></ul>

### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Fokker Dr.Is (red — ahead, heading away)

### Soignies

- 2 AA flak guns
- 1 AA machine gun
- 6 trucks

### *Kills Possible*

8

### *Mission Success*

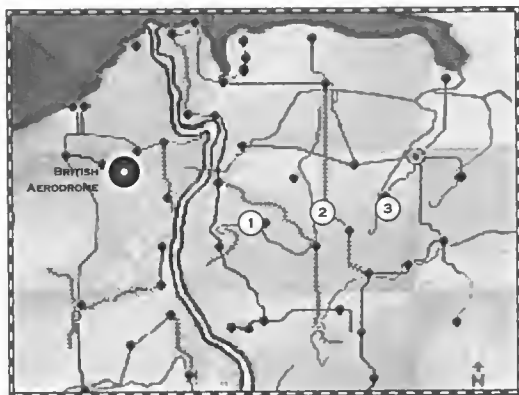
Destroy all six German trucks.

### *Analysis*

- *You can try your hand at bombing, but unless you have limited ammo on you will be better off strafing the trucks.*
- *A height of around 100 feet is best for strafing — since you will be past the areas with enemies fighters, so you won't be using any maneuvers that will run you into the ground.*

## Map 23

1. Tournai
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Soignies



*February 24th, 2115 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 23)*

"Congratulations, old man," Charles said. "You found your Hun — was it the one you wanted?"

I shook my head. "No, Charles. I thought it was. I hoped it was ...."

"Don't you think that you're a bit obsessed with this Hun, old man?"

I leaned closer. "Shikes watched that Hun follow one of our replacements down. Watched him blast that helpless boy crawling out of the burning wreckage. Tell me that he isn't worth hunting down!"

"I'll agree he's worth hunting down," Charles said gently, "but he's not worth upbraiding your friends. We're all the friends you've got over here. So think on that for a bit ...."



Mission  
23

*March 14th, 1510 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 24)*

"Why such a long expression, lad?" Walter inquired. "It can't be that bad."

"Don't tell me — McBride's being a bear again," Charles added languidly.

"Not a harsh word from him, Charles. It's not that ...." I paused.

"If it's a mission you'd rather not fly, lad," Walter said quietly, "perhaps I can have a word with 'im. We'll see if you can't trade off into the other flight tomorrow."

"It's not that I don't want to fly it ...."

"Another dawn patrol, right? Talk to Eddie," Charles suggested, "he'll shift about with you, I'm sure. He doesn't mind mornings all that much."

"It's not the mornings I hate, Charles. It's the monotony. There's no adventure any more, no challenge. I feel more like a hired killer than a pilot. Go kill this. Go kill that."

"I'd like to tell you different, lad, but it's a feeling that'll follow you all the rest of yer days," and Walter's eyes held who knows what memories of long-dead Cubans and Red Indians.

"You need to snap out of this mood you're in, old man," Charles told me.

"Why? What's changed, Charles? What good will it do?"

He replied in a serious tone I'd seldom heard. I somehow knew that that was the way his father sounded all the time. "The other lads aren't half the pilot that you are. They look to you for your strength and leadership. You're damn well infecting everyone around you. Get out if you haven't the stomach for it anymore, but don't tell us we're dead before we are!"

## **Mission 24**

<i>Mission Type</i>	Dawn Patrol
<i>Wingmen</i>	Dearing, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter, Charles Post-mission (Common Room) Edmond, Oliver; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Patrol 1</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Clear skies</li></ul>

### Hidden Combat Sphere

- Wave 1 — 4 Junkers D.Is (blue and purple — ahead, above)
- Wave 2 — 4 Albatros D.Vs (red)
- Wave 3 — 4 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — close to ground)
- 4 AA flak guns

### Patrol 2

- 1 Fokker Dr.I (Erich Loewenhardt) (red and green — ahead, high, right)
- 1 Albatros D.V

*Kills Possible* 14

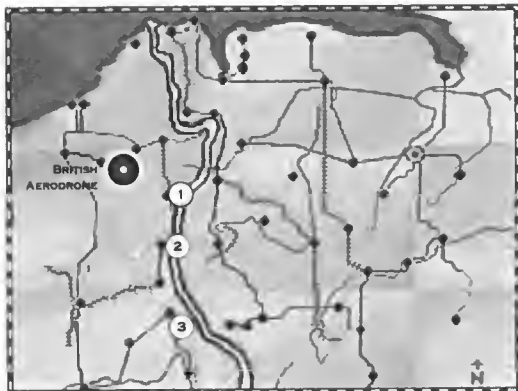
*Mission Success* Down Erich, the ace flying the Fokker Dr.I.

## Analysis

- *The hidden combat sphere is straightforward dogfighting.*
- *Patrol 2, though, has Erich. He's tough. The entire trick with him is not to get into a passing fight. You want to get on his tail. That means using your throttle to control your speed, and turning to get behind him. If you keep turning to intercept him, you're going to get torn up. Turn to get behind him.*

## Map 24

1. Patrol 1
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Patrol 2



### March 15th, 1650 Hours (Post-Mission 24)

"Artillery in Peronne Sector confirmed your kill!" Edmond cried. "It was an Ace!"

"An ace. Do they know who?" I asked.

"Erich Loewenhardt. Fifty-three kills, and you got him!"

I suddenly realized that of all the men I'd killed, this was the first one whose name I'd ever learned. "Fifty-three — wonder what they'll tell the Hun that gets me?"

### March 21st, 1650 Hours (Pre-Mission 25)

"Dearing," the Major said, "since you've been champing at the bit to have some fun, you've got a roving commission in the morning."

"Why, Major, I didn't know you cared," Charles smiled.

"Cause as much mayhem in Courtrai Sector as you can," the Old Man went on. "Hopefully it will drive the Huns out of the area. HQ thinks they've become too great a nuisance, and wants them pummeled. Our American, here, will take the remainder of A Flight and bomb the enemy aerodrome. B Flight will give them more of the same treatment in the afternoon."

"That should make them sit up and take notice, I should think," I chipped in. My pall of gloom was starting to lift.

The Major nodded. "That's what we hope. Dismissed."

### March 22nd, 0600 Hours

"I wanted to say thank you, Charles," I told him the next morning.

"What in heaven's name for?"

"For pulling me out of the spin I've been in lately."

"Oh that — I just kicked you in the rudders when you needed it, old man."

"Thanks all the same."

"That's what friends are for, me lad."



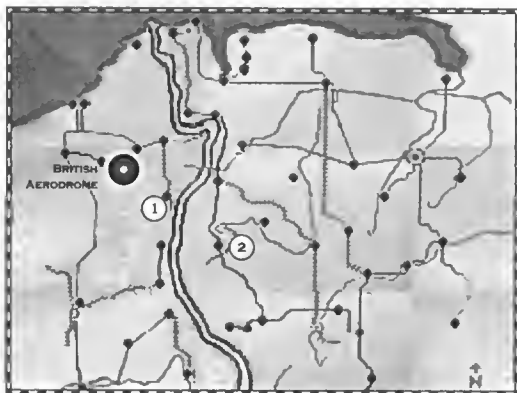
Mission  
24

## Mission 25

<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomb the enemy aerodrome
<i>Wingmen</i>	Lifeson, Hallock, Replacement
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Charles, Daniels Post-mission (Common Room) Walter; (Office) Daniels
<i>New Points</i>	<u>Nueve Chappelle</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 2 Fokker Dr.Is (red — above, right)</li> </ul> <u>Target</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Wave 1 — 4 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead)</li> <li>• Wave 2 — 4 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — close to ground)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> <li>• 2 Fokker Dr.VIIIs (on ground)</li> <li>• 2 hangars</li> <li>• 1 ammo dump</li> <li>• 1 barracks</li> </ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	10
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy at least 6 of 10 points worth of ground targets. Buildings and the dump are 2 points each, AA guns are 1 point each.
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>You have two choices again. Take out the planes first, or take out the hangars. With the first you get more kills, with the second you get a shorter mission.</i></li> </ul>

## Map 25

1. Nueve Chapelle
2. Target



*March 22nd, 0910 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 25)*

I returned from the mission with an odd elation in my heart. "A brandy. A brandy. My kingdom for a brandy!" I called out. "Be a decent chap, Walter, and pour this parched man a drink."

"It will have to be a small one for right now, lad. The Major wants to see you in his office as soon as possible," I barely noticed how oddly quiet his voice was.

"No rest for the wicked, is there, Walter? Forget the small glass. Pour me two large glasses. I'll need them after I see the Major."

"When you come back I'll give you the whole bloody bottle!"

"Now there's a true sergeant-major, always looking after his lads! By the bye — when Charles comes in, tell him I beat him back. So he owes me dinner tonight." Out of the corner of my eye, Walter seemed to wince.

"Reporting as requested, sir. Another dawn patrol tomorrow?"

"No. It's another funeral, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I'm sorry ...," I stammered, wondering which of those poor raw boys had been lost, and feeling vaguely guilty for my own high spirits.

"Captain Dearing was shot down in Courtrai Sector today. He went down just inside our lines and was killed on impact. He'll be buried with full honors in the morning. We'll all miss him."

This time there was no momentary eternity of confusion, as there had been with Lisette's death. In fact, I was quite amazed at my own quietude. "Any word on what happened, sir?" I finally said in a voice quite normal.

"He was ambushed. He fought off three of the four, but he simply couldn't shake the Ace. I'm sorry."

*March 23rd, 0930 Hours*

I was expected to speak at the funeral. "Charles lived every moment as if it was his last. He reminded us how to laugh — no matter how great our pain. No finer, braver man have I ever had the pleasure to call my friend. He will be sorely missed." It was all I could think to say.

The Major took up the slack — he'd had entirely too much experience at this sort of thing. "Britain had no finer son to offer on the altar of freedom than Captain Charles Dearing. He bravely offered his life in hopes that this slaughter should soon be ended. We shall not forget his friendship, his gallantry or the price he paid. I salute our brave dead!" Then we heard the engines of the Fokker, and everybody scattered.

For a moment it looked like it was going to try to land at full speed — or crash — but instead it made a low pass over the open grave. Something arched out of the cockpit and landed in the grass, and the Fokker roared away. For a moment we all stood still, stunned. Then Edmond ran and picked up what had landed in the grass. It was a note, tied to a pair of broken and scorched goggles: Charles' goggles. The note was in English — a taunt requesting "a real man" to fly against next time.

A feeling of deep calm descended over me on that cold spring day. I considered how much trouble it had cost him to stage this theatric. It was an enormous amount of work for a simple gesture of contempt. I reflected for an eternal instant on the contemptuous way he had engineered the death of Lisette and the disgrace of her family. In that moment I knew the kind of man he was — as clearly as though I had known him all my life. He had destroyed Lisette and mocked Charles' death. He was arrogant and cruel, as intelligent as he was bored. That was fine. Just as clearly, I saw the man I was. I was the man who would kill Ulrich.



Mission  
25



*April 9th, 0830 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 26)*

"What should I tell the Major, lad?" Walter asked, almost pleading.

"I don't care, Walter. Tell the Major what you like — tell him I've gone adrift. Sans Fairy Ann."

"But it does matter! You could be court-martialed!"

"What's life without a little risk and adventure, Walter?" I can only imagine the expression that must have been on my face, but if it mirrored even a tenth part of what was in my soul I could well understand Walter's look of horror. "That bastard Ulrich killed my best friend in the whole world — but what's worse, he didn't just kill Charles, he mocked him! I'm going to spread that Hun's ashes across all of France for it!"

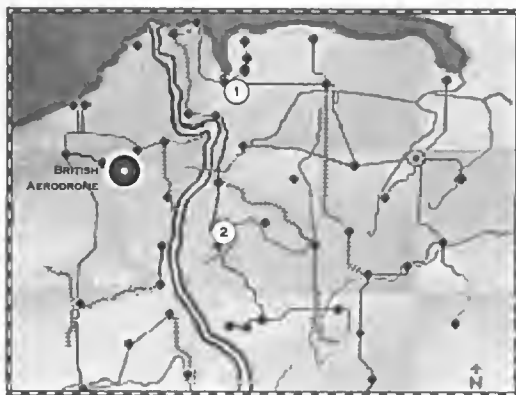
## **Mission 26**

<i>Mission Type</i>	Dawn Patrol
<i>Wingmen</i>	None
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, S.E.5a
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Common Room) Walter Post-mission (Common Room) Walter; (Office) Daniels
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Patrol 1</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 2 AA flak guns</li></ul> <u>Patrol 2</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 1 Fokker D.VII — Ulrich Gertmann (red — right)</li><li>• 4 Fokker D.VIIIs (blue — right)</li><li>• 1 AA flak gun</li></ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	4
<i>Mission Success</i>	Meet Ulrich.
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Forget about the red plane at Patrol 2. It's Ulrich and he's impossible to catch.</li><li>• Be careful when you're lining up his wingmen in your sights, though. They're trained to line up on you when you get on someone else's tail. In other words, don't stay behind anyone too long. They'll shoot you down if they can figure out what your plan is.</li></ul>

*April 9th, 1050 Hours*

## **Map 26**

1. Patrol 1
2. Patrol 2



*(Post-Mission 26)*

"Any luck finding that bastard?" Walter asked.

"I found him all right. But I couldn't catch him. He tried to do the same thing to me that he did to Charles. So how much trouble am I in, Walter?" My emotions were still oddly disengaged.

"The Major isn't very happy. But he hasn't put you on report yet. He does want to see you — now."

"Thanks. If he does decide to court-martial me, it's been a pleasure serving with you, Walter."

"I don't think that it'll come to that, but it's been a pleasure serving with you as well."

"What you did today counts as gross insubordination," the Major observed, without rancor.

"I'm aware of that fact, Major," I replied, with equal equanimity. "And, beggin' your pardon, I'd do it again."

"There are several ways I can handle this. If reported properly, you could be court-martialed. In any case, your flying days with the RAF would end."

"I understand, sir."

"However, in light of your exemplary service, I could accord this to battle fatigue — meaning a mental review and mandatory Rest and Recuperation. It is unlikely that you would be reassigned to this squadron."

"Yes, sir." At that moment, the thought of a medical discharge seemed absolutely no more or less attractive to me than that of a court-martial.

"Or," the Major continued, "I could arrange to have you transferred. Say, to an American squadron near Verdun — where an ambitious German Ace has just been transferred."

A cold fire kindled in my gut. "A certain German Ace that tried to make me a landowner like Charles today? But how did you find out?"

"My position as commander of this squadron prevents me from doing exactly what you did today. But I do have sources in HQ who owe me certain favors," he said, not meeting my gaze.

"Then, Major, I regret to inform you that I wish to be transferred to an American aero wing."

"I understand," he replied coolly. "We shall hate to lose you, but it has been a pleasure serving with you."

"The pleasure has been all mine, sir. And Major?" I waited until his eyes met mine. "I'll unload a coil into that bastard for you — when I catch him."

*April 13th, 0800 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 27)*

I was grateful to the Major for transferring me to the American wing, but as I waved good-bye, I felt a sharp pang of regret over leaving. I felt closer to those men than to any friends I had ever had in my life. They were family. As I climbed into the transport vehicle, a thought flashed through my mind: "Wait, I forgot to say bye to Charles." It was a strange feeling, to know he was dead — yet feel he might walk out of the Common Room any moment.

It was a similar feeling to know those boys I had just shaken hands with a moment ago might die that afternoon. It was such a messed-up war. At that moment, the only reason I didn't go adrift was because I wanted to see that bastard Ulrich burn.



Mission  
26

*Near Rembercourt, France*  
*96th Aero Squadron, U.S.AEF*  
*April 16th, 1800 Hours*

At the American aerodrome, I unpacked my things and looked around for the commander. The first person I met was a short man shaped like a bullet.

"A pleasure meeting you," he said, sticking out a meaty hand and lifting his chin aggressively. "My name's Earl Glover."

"You sound like a New Yorker, Sergeant."

"And you sound like a Tommie swell to me. Call me Earl." His handshake was like a vise, and he knew it. "I'm America's meanest son yet to hit this soil — and I'll be the one keepin' yer butt in the air."

The lean man who walked up next to him turned out to be the commander, Major Kenneth Logan. I was relieved to discover he was an informal, friendly guy — he reminded me of the older brother I always wanted to have.

"Says here you've downed quite a number of men. Very impressive," he murmured, looking over my papers.

"Not impressive, sir. Lucky." I shrugged it off. If Charles' death had taught me anything, it was that staying alive was nothing but chance.

"You've been in the show for how long? A year now?" He said it as though it weren't a lifetime.

"Fifteen months ...."

"So, what's it like being on the front?" The major sat on a bunk. "We're kinda new at this."

"Long periods of tedium, broken only by a few mad moments," I replied.

"Mad, as in angry? Or mad, as in insane?" Earl crossed his arms over his chest as he asked.

"Sorry, Sergeant," I smiled. "Too long among the Tommies, I guess. A mad moment is that rush of adrenaline that comes when a Hun drops out of the sun onto your tail. Or when you rush the enemy with your bayonet."

"Sounds pretty much like what we've been doing already," nodded the major. "I'll introduce you around. We'll have you speaking American again in no time."

It wasn't long before we all gathered together to hear our next mission assignment.

"The French High Command has finally found something for us to do, boys. Reckon they don't trust us to do much yet. All they want is for us to go pop a few of Jerry's balloons in Gercourt Sector." Some of the men groaned in boredom. I gathered they'd never been given a balloon bust before.

"I wouldn't take it as such an insult, Major Logan," I remarked. "It's not a cushy job. The Huns guard their sausages heavily."

"Well, maybe the French aren't giving us their garbage detail then," said a guy named Jimmie Shaffer.

"We'll find out."

"Since you're an old hand at this sort of thing," the major said, pointing at me, "you'll be patrol leader. Take Shaffer and Turvey up and show them how it's done."

Outside, Shaffer and Turvey stopped me.

"What brings you back to an American unit, Tommie?" Shaffer raised an eyebrow. "Tired of kissing British backsides?"

"I'm looking to kill a man, Lieutenant Shaffer — I don't suppose you'd like to volunteer." Already, this guy reminded me of Oliver. Just what I needed.

"No need to get hostile — Jeez!" He held up his hands in mock surrender, then headed for the mess.

Turvey watched him go, then asked, sincerely, "Any wisdom to pass on to us greenhorns?"

"I don't know where to start, Lieutenant Turvey."

"Who?" He looked startled. "Oh, you're talking to me. Guess I haven't gotten used to this 'rank' thing."

"Keep an eye on your tail," I told him, "and you'll live long enough to get used to it."



## Mission 27

<i>Mission Type</i>	Balloon Busting
<i>Wingmen</i>	Shaffer, Turvey
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD XIII
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Barracks) Earl, Ken; (Office) Ken, Jimmie Post-mission (Barracks) Wilson, Jimmie; (Office) Ken

<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Etain</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 2 Drachen balloons (ahead)</li> <li>• 2 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — right)</li> <li>• 3 AA flak guns</li> <li>• 1 AA machine gun</li> </ul> <u>Gercourt</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 Drachen balloon (ahead)</li> <li>• 4 Fokker D.VIIIs (blue — ahead, high)</li> </ul>
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*Kills Possible* 9

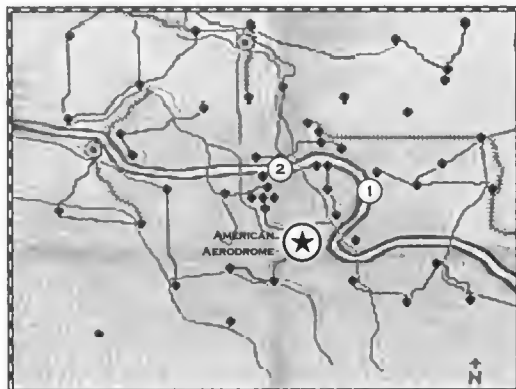
*Mission Success* Destroy all three balloons.

*Analysis*

- *There are some top-notch pilots defending the Etain balloons, so you'd better take the planes out first.*
- *At Gercourt, though, the enemy planes start off far away and high above you. Go ahead and take out the balloons. By the time you're finished — or sooner — the enemy will be closer to your level.*

## Map 27

1. Etain
2. Gercourt



Mission  
27

*April 23rd, 1045 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 27)*

As the weeks went by with my new American friends, I discovered their individual characteristics. Jimmie, for example, wasn't at all like Oliver Hallock. He was irritating, but in a naive manner.

"I envy you — you downed at least —"

"Don't envy me, Jimmie," I cut him off. "It's just a measure of how long I've been a hired murderer."

"You aren't a murderer. You're a patriot. The Jerrys are the motherless murderers. I can't wait 'til we bomb the heart of Germany, just like they've been bombing London!"

"Save your energy for the Huns at the Somme. You'll get your chance soon enough."

"You sure made us look like babes in the woods today. I wish I could fly as well as you can." Wilson was in an insecure mood, not realizing that surviving this long was indeed an accomplishment.

"You fly very credibly, Wilson," I assured him. "Certainly better than the 23rd's replacements."

"But I can't do half the things that you can do. I don't know the Jerry's tricks like you do."

"All it takes is practice. With the Huns pushing in from the Somme, you'll get plenty of that, I'm afraid."

*May 5th, 1820 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 28)*

"Settle down now!" The Major squinted menacingly toward the back of the room. "Quiet over there! The Poilus have thrown us another bone. Tomorrow morning we've got a dawn patrol of Craonne Sector. That means that one of you will be Jerry's stalking goat while the others wait to drop down from above."

"We can use Turvey — he's better on his feet than in a plane." Jimmie smiled smugly at Wilson.

"Jimmie," Earl growled, "I warned you to stop tormenting Wilson. Keep it up and I'll paint a bullseye under your rump for the Jerrys to shoot at."

"Earl, Jimmie, play with it outside — later! Our new pilot will act as the bait, if that's all right with him." The commander looked at me questioningly.

"Not a problem. I'm used to it ...."

I was just topping of my drink when Earl came over. "How come I never see you drinking tea? I thought all Tommies drank tea," he asked.

"Only when there are ladies present, and not during a war." I took a sip. "Besides, I am not a Tommie, Earl. I'm as American as you are."

"Now there's where you're wrong, Tommie swell." He pointed a meaty finger at me. "No Chicago sissy-boy could ever be as American as a native New Yorker."

"Are you looking for a fight?" I sighed and put down my drink.

"A New Yorker never looks for a fight. He just finishes them." Satisfied, he swaggered off.

*May 6th, 0530 Hours*

As we prepared for flight, Jimmie was looking for the map boards through bleary eyes. "I thought I was done with this early morning business when I left the farm." He yawned.

"From a farming family, Jimmie?"

"So what if I am? I can fly as good as any man —"

"Never said otherwise, old man. But you may as well resign yourself to the dawn patrols. They're a part of life in this line of work, I'm afraid."

"I really hate it when you're in a dive and the frame starts groaning. It's like you're going to lose your wings." By now I was used to Wilson's steady stream of questions. To my mind it seemed a healthy curiosity.

"There's another way to do it," I informed him, "if you don't mind flying upside down for a bit. Flip your bird over and pull back on the stick. When you level off you'll be at a lower altitude, facing the other direction."

"Neat trick! What's it called?"

"A Split-S. And it's kinder to your bird than a dive, any day."

## Mission 28

<i>Mission Type</i>	Train Bombing
<i>Wingmen</i>	Shaffer, Turvey, Replacement
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Barracks) Ken, Earl, Jimmie, Wilson Post-mission (Barracks) Ken

<i>Nav Points</i>	<p><u>Damvillers</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 AA flak gun</li> </ul> <p><u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 3 Albatros D.Vs (red — ahead)</li> <li>• 1 train engine</li> <li>• 14 train cars (3 with AA guns)</li> </ul> <p><u>Thionville</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Pfalz D.IIIIs (green — right)</li> </ul>
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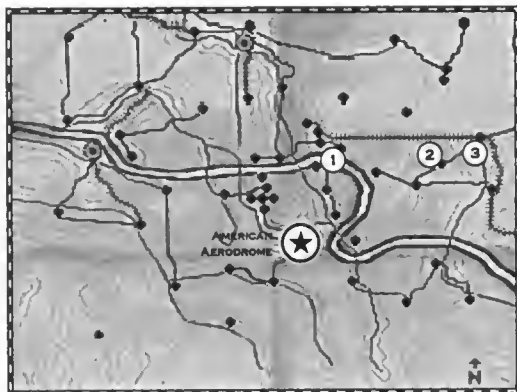
*Kills Possible* 7

*Mission Success* Destroy 10 of the 14 train cars.

- Analysis*
- *You'll enter the combat sphere directly over the track with three planes dead ahead.*
  - *Go ahead and try to tag a plane as they pass over you, but keep in mind you don't really want to fly directly over the train. It carries its own AA guns and can be annoying at the least. It'll rip you up if you don't do anything about it.*
  - *Don't make it easy for them to peg you. Come at the train from a low angle and take out the engine. If you can get that, the rest of the train derails and explodes.*

## Map 28

1. Damvillers
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Thionville



Mission  
28

*May 6th, 0930 hours*  
*(Post-Mission 28)*

Major Logan was in a good mood today. "The Jerrys haven't gotten the decisive edge they wanted. Our doughboys are sitting right where they hoped to be. Leundendorff has got to be getting desperate, don't you think?"

"They may not have the edge, Major," I cautioned, "but they do have veteran troops."

He snorted. "Veteran — dog-tired, thinly-spread and under-supplied — facing fresh, concentrated, well-supplied troops."

"I wouldn't underestimate the Huns. They have a funny way of coming up with more men, right when you least expect it. And the terrain around Lys isn't favorable to either army."

*May 11, 0350 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 29)*

The Major came to see us off on our morning mission. It was a nice gesture for him to get out of a nice warm bed when he didn't have to. He waved good morning.

"Mercy! It sure is early, isn't it?"

"Absolutely indecent, Major. But then the Huns seem to like getting up early."

"You still talk like a Tommy." He smiled, then rubbed his chin. "Sorry we haven't had word of that Jerry you're after."

"The Brass Hats back up north assured me Ulrich was transferred to Voisiers. He'll turn up sooner or later."

"Let's hope it's later. We don't need him in on things this morning. According to Forward Observation, you've got clear sailing to Sedan. Take out the bridge so that Jerry can't pull up any more reinforcements, and be back in time for lunch."

"I hope it's that easy, Major."

## **Mission 29**

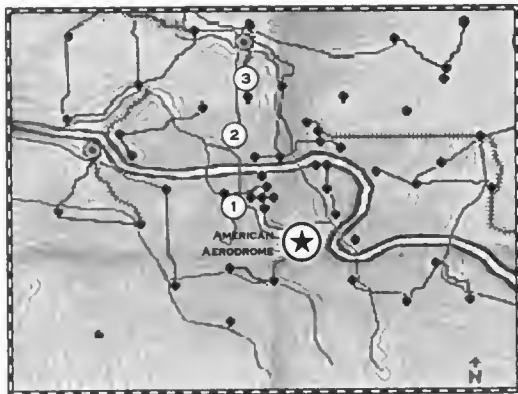
<i>Mission Type</i>	Bridge Bombing
<i>Wingmen</i>	Brooks, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Ken Post-mission (Barracks) Ken
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>St. Menechould</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Clear skies</li></ul> <u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 4 Fokker D.VIIs (red — behind)</li><li>• 1 AA flak gun</li></ul> <u>Target</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Wave 1 — 4 Fokker D.VIIs (blue — ahead)</li><li>• Wave 2 — 4 Junkers D.Is (purple — east)</li><li>• 2 bridges</li></ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	12
<i>Mission Success</i>	At the third nav point, destroy the bridge closest to town. (There are two.)



- Analysis*
- Ignore the bridge at St. Menehould.
  - Remember, Camels turn faster when they turn to the right. If you're playing with realism on, always turn to the right.
  - Try to keep your altitude up — it's always useful to be high when the second wave comes.
  - Don't be afraid to use time burst when you're headed for something far away.
  - Lastly, it's usually more effective to attack bridges from a low altitude, not a dive.

## Map 29

1. St. Menehould
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Target



*May 11th, 0645*

*(Post-Mission 29)*

"Damned good work," Major Logan greeted us like lost sheep. "Welcome back."

"Thank you, sir."

He frowned, and fell into step beside me. "Just got off the horn with Headquarters. They want you for something special."

I was too exhausted to notice the grin on Ken's face. "That's not really fair, sir. I've flown for over —"

"Don't go interrupting me, kid. It's not polite. As I was saying, Headquarters would like to award you the Distinguished Service Order. I took the liberty of telling them you wouldn't mind." I didn't mind at all, in fact.

*June 10th, 0330 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 30)*

"Well, after the bridge at Sedan, I won't say a mission will be easy again." We all nodded in agreement with Major Logan.

"Then you're a wiser man than most Brass Hats, sir," I added.

"Brass Hats?" drawled Henry Brooks. "Don't you mean Brass Butts? That's all they ever use."

"That's enough, Henry," chided the Major. "I know you're sore that Mary dumped you —"

"It's worse than that, Ken. She gave my name to her best friend's cousin! Now I have Cecilia Everest writing me overly-perfumed letters! I tell you, Mary is a heartless woman!"

"I should be so unlucky!" I complained.

"You'll get over it, Henry," consoled the Major. "You always do. After you two escort those Handley-Page bombers over to Noyon-Montdidier ... you can come back and foist Cousin Cecilia off on Jimmie."

"Now you're talkin'!" Henry leapt to his feet. "Come on, let's go! The sooner I get back, the sooner Jimmie has a new girlfriend!"

"What if all those girls you're courting find out about each other?" I couldn't help it. I had to ask.

"Then I find a gallant way to die — before they get their hands on me." He gave a very contented grin.

"Don't you think that it's wrong to lead them on?"

"I'm not leading them on exactly. I'll marry one of them if I live through this war. I just can't seem to make up my mind which girl would suit me. 'Til death us do part is a long time with just one woman, my friend."



Mission

29



## Mission 30

<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomber Escort
<i>Wingman</i>	Brooks
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Barracks) Ken, Henry Post-mission (Barracks) Henry; (Office) Ken
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Chalons</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Meet Handley-Page 0/400 (ahead, right, below)</li> </ul> <u>Rheims</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• none</li> </ul> <u>Vervins</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Wave 1 — 2 Fokker D.VIIs (blue — right)</li> <li>• Wave 2 — 4 Fokker D.VIIs (blue)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> <li>• 2 factories</li> <li>• 3 trucks</li> </ul> <u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Fokker D.VIIs (red — left)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> </ul> <u>Chalons</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Bomber lands on return</li> </ul>

*Kills Possible* 10

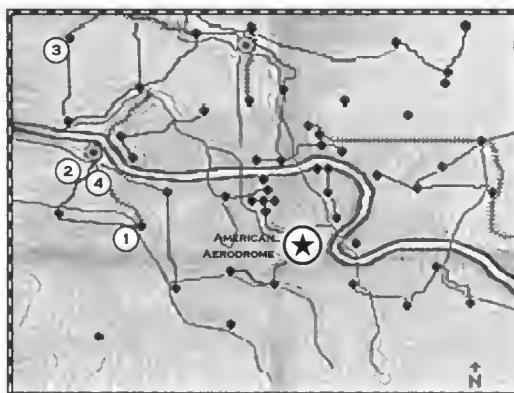
*Mission Success* Destroy a factory.

*Analysis*

- If you take out all the fighters and still can't autopilot from the area, feel free to strafe the factory. Depending on how quickly you take out all the enemies, you may have quite a while to wait for the bomber to get to its task.
- Always remember to use the "friendly target" feature to mark your bomber so you can more easily keep your eye on it. Don't leave it alone for very long at all.

## Map 30

1. Chalons
2. Rhiems
3. Vervins
4. Hidden C.S.



*June 10th, 0730 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 30)*

As soon as I was cleaned up, I went to find our Don Juan.

"Well, Henry, have you talked to Jimmie yet?"

"You bet! He took Cousin Cecilia's letter and ran like a shot. Good thing his family used to raise hogs ...," he said speculatively.

My jaw dropped. "That's not a very polite thing to say, Henry."

"What kind of cad do you take me for?" Henry looked shocked, then gave the broad smile that must have won the hearts of the dozens of women on his list. "I was talking about that woman's perfume. Darn near strong as mustard gas! Enough about my love life. What about that new Fokker we saw today?"

"As far as I could tell, I think those were Fokker Dr.VIIs. And unless I miss my guess, they've got even more lifting power than the D.R.I."

"It must be heaven to fly, the way she maneuvered. No shakes, no stalls. Yes sir, that's one fine plane. Almost hate to have to shoot 'em down."

*June 12, 1610 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 31)*

"Got some bad news for you boys," the Major announced. "Headquarters just phoned. The Jerrys have balloons up in Dieulouard Sector directing the artillery fire. We've got to bring them down. Our doughboys are being slaughtered."

"It's okay, Major," I volunteered. "We sometimes flew three times a day in the 23rd. As long as Earl has something patched up that will fly, I'll go up."

"Count me in too, sir," added Wilson. "I still owe the Jerrys a lick or two for Frank."

"What persuaded you to join the great cause, Wilson?" I asked.

"I dunno exactly. It just seemed the thing to do. My brother Frank joined the Foreign Legion right off the bat. My younger brother, Lewis, is in the Navy."

"Have you heard from them since you got here?"

"Frank was killed in the trenches just before I got to Rembercourt, and I think that Lewis is somewhere off the coast of Italy." He looked away, somewhere in the direction of the war.



Mission  
30



## Mission 31

<i>Mission Type</i>	Balloon Busting
<i>Wingman</i>	Turvey
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Barracks) Wilson, Ken Post-mission (Barracks) Earl, Jimmie, Ken

### *Nav Points*

#### Hidden Combat Sphere

- 3 Fokker D.VIIIs (blue — behind, right)

#### 1st Target Area

- 3 Fokker D.VIIIs (red — ahead, high)
- 1 Halberstadt CL.IV (multi-camouflage — ahead)
- 3 Drachen balloons (ahead)
- 2 AA flak guns
- 4 artillery pieces

#### 2nd Target Area

- 2 Fokker D.VIIIs (blue — ahead)
- 2 Drachen balloons (ahead)
- 1 AA flak gun
- 3 artillery pieces

### *Kills Possible*

14

### *Mission Success*

Destroy all 5 balloons.

### *Analysis*

- *Take a few shots at the planes as they pass overhead, then circle to get altitude. You know the routine by now.*
- *Also, you'll probably rediscover that Turvey is an abysmal balloon popper.*

## Map 31

1. Hidden C.S.
2. 1st Target
3. 2nd Target



*June 13th, 1815 Hours*  
(Post-Mission 31)

"I think that Leudendorff is some kind of magician. It's like he pulled a rabbit out of his hat." The Major shook his head.

"That's one ugly rabbit, Ken," rumbled Earl.

"You'd think that we woulda killed 'em all off in three years!" Jimmie acted almost indignant. "How could they double their numbers overnight without us knowing about it?"

"Europe's a big place, Jimmie," the Major reminded him.

"Charles once hid a crate full of canned hams in plain view for a week," I mentioned.

"Buckshee from the major's mess?" Earl nodded sagely.

"No, from the general's." Earl's eyes widened.

"Why couldn't they find it if it was out in plain sight?" Jimmie was confused. "I don't understand!"

"Put a doily and a lamp on it and call it a table, right?" The Major was getting the idea.

"Close," I smiled. "Paint it khaki, glue on a set of handles and call it a footlocker."

Earl's eyes lit up. "That's what we need! A Trojan horse ...." Everyone just stared at him.

Even from outside the hangar, you could hear Earl complain. "Mother McCree! I'm tired. Fixin' birds all night long — don't those Jerrys ever sleep?"

I poked my head in the hangar. "Are you admitting that a New Yorker isn't as tough as a Jerry?"

"Not on yer life, Tommie swell!" He bristled at the idea. "But even God rested on the seventh day!"

I left before he could throw something at me.

"Did you hear that Leudendorff brought more reinforcements?" Jimmie kept us up to date on the latest radio announcements.

"Yes, dammit," I ran my fingers through my hair in frustration. "Means months more fighting."

"Means that I get to spill more of the Fatherland's blood!" countered Jimmie.

"You make me sick with those kinds of ideas, Jimmie." Sometimes, he sounded like Oliver with an American accent.

"Maybe you are a sissy-boy, after all, Chicago Tommie."

"Think of me as you will. I've seen enough death to last me several lifetimes. War is such a waste ...."

*July 18th, 1630 hours*  
(Pre-Mission 32)

"Reporting as requested, Major." I saluted.

"At ease, son," smiled the Major. "We're not all that formal here. Jerry bombers are hitting the First Army Aisne-Marne counter-offensive — and the bombers are being escorted by some hotshot Jerry Ace."

"Any word on what kind of plane?" I had begun to doubt he would show.

"Fraid not. It's pretty hot out there. But it sounds like it could be the one you're after."

"Don't wait dinner on me, sir." It was time to fly.

"Getting yourself killed trying to take this Jerry down won't honor your friend." He was worried, but I didn't have time to wait.

"Living will," I told him, and ran to change into my flight clothes.



Mission  
31

## Mission 32

*Mission Type* Hunting Enemy Bombers

*Wingmen* Brooks, 2 Replacements

*Available Aircraft* Camel, SPAD

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Office) Ken  
Post-mission (Office) Ken

*Nav Points* St. Menehould

- 1 Staaken R.VI (brown — ahead, low)
- 2 Fokker D.VIIIs (red — ahead)

Hidden Combat Sphere

- Wave 1 — 1 Fokker Dr.I (unnamed Ace) (green and red — behind)  
2 Fokker Dr. VIIIs (blue — behind)
- Wave 2 — 3 Fokker Dr.VIIIs (blue)

St. Dizier

- 2 Fokker D.VIIIs (red — right)
- 1 Gotha G.IV (multi-camouflage — right)
- 2 factories

*Kills Possible* 12

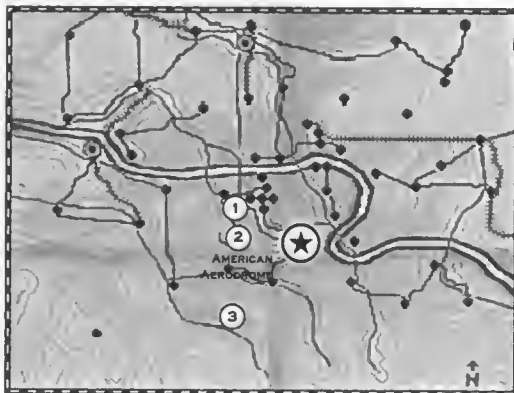
*Mission Success* Shoot down both bombers (Staaken and Gotha).

*Analysis*

- *At St. Menehould, first nail the fighters, then take the bomber down.*
- *Alternatively, if you're getting hammered by the bomber, go ahead and take it out.*
- *The Gotha's gunners are deadly, so the best way is to approach it from beneath and pour as much lead in it as you can.*
- *Always remove the most dangerous enemy first. That applies equally to the Ace in the hidden combat sphere and the Gotha at St. Dizier.*

## Map 32

1. St. Menehould
2. Hidden C.S.
3. St. Dizier



*July 18th, 1945 Hours*  
(Post-Mission 32)

The Major was the first man to meet me. "Any sign of that Jerry of yours?"

"The bombers had support, all right, but not a one was Ulrich." The letdown was so intense, it felt like nausea.

"Keep a stiff upper lip." He eyed me for a response to his British slang.

"Very funny."

"He'll turn up if he's in this area — if someone else hasn't shot him down already."

"We can only hope."

*July 27th, 0345 Hours*  
(Pre-Mission 33)

"I've braced the support strut on that right wheel as best I could, but take care that you set this bird down as easy as you can when you get back, otherwise you'll be walkin'." Earl pointed out his handiwork.

"Thanks, Earl. This poor old bus has been taking quite a beating. It's a wonder it still flies."

"Thanks, huh? That's all I ever get around here. Ain't you slobs ever heard of tipping?" He rubbed his thumb and index finger together, then poked me in the chest. "Just bring yourself back, you Tommie swell. You owe me dinner at the Waldorf when we get back home."

"Do you ever get used to these kind of hours?" The Major was holding his cup of coffee like a security blanket.

"Sure. In fact, I find myself waking up at dawn even if I don't have to go up."

"Heaven forbid." Our commander shuddered. "Drop a few eggs on those Jerry convoys for me, will you? Teach 'em not to interrupt a man's beauty sleep."

"Tell you what, Major. When I blow them back out of Craonne Sector, I'll tell them not to come back without calling ahead first."

"Sounds swell to me. Good luck."



Mission  
32



## Mission 33

<i>Mission Type</i>	Convoy Bombing Mission
<i>Wingmen</i>	Shaffer, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Hangar) Earl, Ken, Jimmie Post-mission (Barracks) Wilson; (Office) Ken
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Patrol 1</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Clear skies</li> </ul> <u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 2 Fokker D.VIIs (blue — ahead, right)</li> <li>• Convoy (6 trucks, 2 armored cars, 2 staff cars)</li> </ul> <u>Craonne</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 1 Fokker Dr. VIII (Ernst Moeller) — (blue — right)</li> <li>• 1 Junkers D.I (blue and purple — right)</li> <li>• 1 AA flak gun</li> </ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	4
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy 6 of 10 ground vehicles in the convoy.
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Ignore the D.VIIs and take out the convoy. Your wingmen can handle or distract the planes. Then you don't have to worry about watching where the trucks are headed.</li> <li>• The real challenge this mission comes when you're jumped by German Ace Ernst Moeller on the way home. Let your wingmen deal with the Junkers while you take on the Ace.</li> </ul>

## Map 33

1. Patrol 1
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Craonne



*July 18th, 0645 Hours  
(Post-Mission 33)*

"The Jerrys sure are pushing us hard. I think I could sleep through a barrage." Wilson had been awake for thirty-two hours straight.

"They've stepped up their patrols all right — but I can't figure out if it's to cover an advance or a retreat," I remarked.

"Let's hope it's a retreat. We can't keep up this kind of flying for long. With the rate we've been losing men, we'll all have to fly around the clock just to take up the slack."

"Never thought I'd hear myself say it, but I hope we get some replacements soon."

*August 5th, 1840 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 34)*

The commander had that look in his eye. "Let me guess," I said. "Another dawn patrol, right?"

"You're too good at this. Got it right the first try."

"Where to now, Maj ... uh, Ken?"

"You're learning," he commented. "I'm turning you loose in the Warmerville Sector tomorrow morning.

Chase those Jerrys all the way back to Vesle. Any target you like — just be sure that you bring back the plane in flying condition."

## Mission 34

*Mission Type* Strafe/Bomb Retreating Convoy

*Wingmen* Turvey, 2 Replacements

*Available Aircraft* Camel, SPAD

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Office) Ken  
 Post-mission (Hangar) Earl; (Office) Ken

*Nav Points* Hidden Combat Sphere  
 • 4 Junkers D.Is (blue and purple — left)

Vervins

- 4 Halberstadt CL.IVs (multi-camouflage — above, right)
- 1 AA machine gun

Craonne

- 3 Fokker D.VIIIs (blue — behind)
- 2 A7V tanks
- 6 trucks

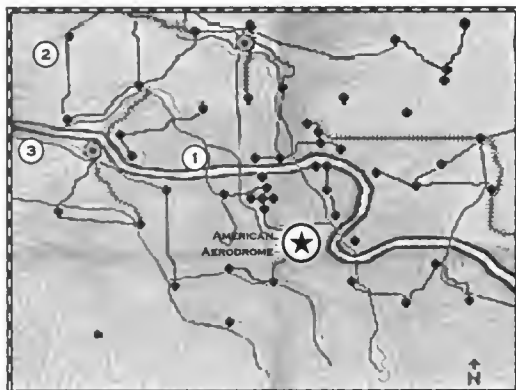
*Kills Possible* 11

*Mission Success* Destroy 5 of the 8 trucks and tanks at Craonne.

*Analysis* • *This mission couldn't be more straightforward. Take out the planes, take out the trucks. Be ruthless.*

## Map 34

1. Hidden C.S.
2. Vervins
3. Craonne





*August 6th, 0630 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 34)*

"Are you always this hard on your birds?" Earl moaned a little as he put his hand through a hole in my wing.

"Harry used to threaten me regularly, Earl. So don't feel privileged."

"Did it do any good?"

"Not once." I shook my head sadly. "So unless you'd care to ride along with me, and tell the Jerrys not to shoot at me, you'll just have to make do."

"No, sir!" he barked. "Not me! I just read about that new Vickers Vimy. I sure wouldn't want to be up in the air with that monster." He gave a mock shudder.

"Thanks for the comforting information, Earl."

"Any time, you big-tipping, Tommie swell." He headed for his repair bench.

*August 10th, 1900 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 35)*

"No use settin' your sights on just one Jerry," cautioned Jimmie, "not when you got a whole country just crawlin' with 'em."

"Ulrich isn't just another Jerry. He's a mad dog who takes pleasure in chasing down helpless boys."

"This friend of yours — Charlie. Doesn't sound like he was helpless," he countered.

"Charles wasn't. But I saw Ulrich dive on our replacements — boys so green they barely knew what a rudder was — and unload his entire coil on their downed planes. He wasn't satisfied with just shooting them down. He wanted to watch them burn!"

Ken broke in. "Maybe you'll get your chance at him tomorrow, because I'm making you a loose cannon in Etain Sector again. Your official instructions are to assist in pushing Jerry back to the Aisne, but I won't cry if you want to look up an old friend — and kill him. Just remember ...."

"I know — bring back the plane."

## **Mission 35**

<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomb Enemy Aerodrome
<i>Wingmen</i>	Shaffer, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	SPAD, Camel
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Barracks) Jimmie, Ken Post-mission (Barracks) Henry, Wilson; (Office) Ken
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Beaumont</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 2 AA machine guns</li></ul> <u>1st Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 4 Fokker D.VIIIs (red — 2 ahead, high, 2 ahead, low)</li></ul> <u>Base</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 3 Fokker D.VIIIs (red — ahead)</li><li>• 1 AA flak gun</li><li>• 2 AA machine guns</li><li>• 3 hangars</li><li>• 1 ammo dump</li><li>• 1 barracks</li></ul>





### 2nd Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Fokker D.VIIIs (blue and green camouflage — behind)
- 1 AA flak gun
- 1 AA machine gun

### *Kills Possible*

11

### *Mission Success*

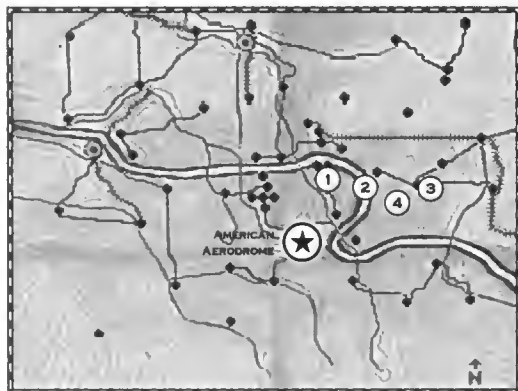
Destroy 5 points worth of buildings at the base. Hangars are 2 points each, barracks and ammo dump are 1 point apiece.

### *Analysis*

- *At the 1st Hidden Combat Sphere, go after the two above you first — they pose more of a threat.*
- *At the enemy base, take out the three Fokker D.VIIIs coming at you before going after the buildings.*
- *One good method is to stay below and to the left of the lowest enemy plane and try to take him out in a head-on pass.*
- *Don't get directly in his path or he will damage you badly or run into you.*
- *On the way back to your aerodrome, you encounter 4 Fokker D.VIIIs that start behind you. You have time to turn around quickly and avoid being shot from behind.*
- *The rest is just standard dogfighting.*

## **Map 35**

1. Beaumont
2. 1st Hidden C.S.
3. Base
4. 1st Hidden C.S.



Mission

35

*August 11, 1300 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 35)*

"Where's Jimmie?" I looked around. "I thought he was coming in for a drink."

"He was, but Earl found a few chores for him to do first." Henry sipped at his drink.

"And Jimmie's doing them?"

"You would too if Earl was standing over you with one of those big wrenches." Henry did an imitation of Earl's threatening stance.

"What's Earl sore at Jimmie for? Did he mess up his plane chasing those retreating Jerrys?"

Henry shook his head. "Strictly a civilian matter. Earl has this thing about Jimmie picking on Wilson. Jimmie keeps egging Earl on. He never learns."

When I found Wilson, I asked him about it. "What's Jimmie got against you anyway, Wilson?"

"When Jimmie found out that I ran track for Cornell, he decided I was a sissy."

"You ran for Big Red and he thinks you're a sissy?" I was confused. "There's a flaw in his logic somewhere."

"Jimmie thinks that anyone who runs is a coward — like the Jerrys running for the Aisne." Wilson shrugged.

"Running for a college is different than running for your life." The analogy didn't make sense.

"College, or a different world view — if Jimmie doesn't understand it, it must be wrong."

*September 16th, 0445 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 36)*

I shook my head in disbelief. "You were a majordomo?!"

"That's The majordomo, to you, Tommie swell. At the Waldorf ... the finest hotel in all the 48 states!" Earl pointed a wrench at me. "I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Now you've done it — gone and got 'im started ...." Ken winced, then opened his eyes as the klaxon went off.

"Oh hell," he said as he scanned the sky. "Who invited the Jerrys for breakfast?"

"Well, don't just stand there, Tommie swell." Earl started shoving me at the newly repaired planes. "Go bounce these goons!"

## **Mission 36**

*Mission Type* Aerodrome Defense

*Wingmen* Shaffer, 2 Replacements

*Available Aircraft* Camel, SPAD

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Barracks) Earl  
Post-mission (Barracks) Jimmie, Gerhard, Ken

*Nav Points* Aerodrome

- Wave 1 — 4 Fokker D.VIIs (green and red — ahead, left)
- Wave 2 — 2 Fokker D.VIIs (blue)
- 2 Fokker D.VIIs (red)
- Wave 3 — 4 Junkers D.Is (blue and purple)

*Kills Possible* 12

*Mission Success* Destroy all enemy aircraft. If aerodrome is destroyed, mission is failed.

*Analysis*

- *Note that all enemy planes each have four 20-lb. bombs in this mission.*
- *The SPAD is good for this mission because you have to fight a lot of enemies and the SPAD can withstand a lot of damage.*



*September 16th, 0800 Hours*  
(Post-Mission 36)

"See!" Jimmy was euphoric. "I told you that I got one of those murdering Jerrys!"

"Quit yelling in my ear, Jimmie. I see." What I saw was a badly battered young man sitting weakly in a chair.

"I'm gonna take out his front teeth and send 'em to my momma." Jimmy was almost grinding his teeth.

"You are going to do no such thing, Jimmie," Ken cautioned him sharply. "So settle down, or I'll have you confined to quarters. The oberleutnant is our guest until Headquarters can pick him up."

"But that's how they treat their prisoners, everyone knows that." Jimmie was overcome with the injustice of courtesy.

"Zhen everyone ist mistaken, Herr Lieutenant," spoke the German. "Vee of my squadron have never treated our Allied prisoners ill. However, I must admit that I do not speak for all of mein countrymen — but atrocities exist on both sides, I am sure."

"Oh yeah? Well, I'm not gonna stand here and take that —"

"Then leave! Now!" The Major's eyes were icy. "Don't bother coming back for dinner. I'll have the cook bring yours round to your tent."

"Var should be left to those young enough to feel such passion, nict war, Major? Eet is no longer for a civilized man."

"Oberleutnant ...." I began.

"Bitte, call me Gerhard. For me, the var ist over." He touched the bandage on his head.

"Gerhard," I asked, "do you know of a German flier by the name of Ulrich Gertmann? Is he flying in this area?"

"Ja, he ist nearby somewhere." Gerhard looked around, as though he might be just outside the walls.

"Thankfully not een mein squadron. He has no honor and discredits the German uniform. I have fought well for my land and maintained my honor, though we have no hope of winning — but Gertmann ist without principle. He will give his opponents no quarter. Mercy has no part een his world .... Eet ist not a world I wish to be a part of."

"Let's drink to a world without war. A civilized world far away from here." Ken poured drinks for all of us.

Later, he approached me. "Did you get a look at the Jerry's bird?"

"Yeah." I nodded appreciatively. "Never thought to see one that close, at least on the ground."

"Did it look like it could ever fly again?"

"Maybe with a lot of work. Why?"

"Because Earl's crowing that he can fix it." The Major looked skeptical. "Make it a secret weapon or something."

*September 29th, 0505 Hours*  
(Pre-Mission 37)

"Just got word that the weather's clear all the way across the front for once. Not a bad morning to go train hunting, wouldn't you say?" Ken seemed distracted. I wondered if he were ill.

"I'd say that Jerry's going to miss those reinforcements at the Argonne-Meuse," I agreed.

"Sorry not to see you off at the hangar. I'm afraid the ... uh, paperwork has finally caught up with me." He sighed and looked into the sky.

"Condolence letters, Ken?" I asked softly.

"Sorry work. A damned rotten shame. More of America's blood poured on this forsaken land. Good luck." He looked at me with ancient eyes. "Don't go giving me another letter to write."

"Don't worry about me, Ken," I replied. "Worry about the Jerry commanders, because I'm going to give them a few more letters of their own to write."



Mission  
36

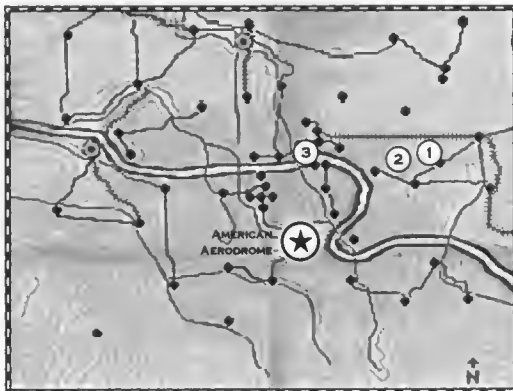


## Mission 37

<i>Mission Type</i>	Train Bombing
<i>Wingmen</i>	Brooks, 2 Replacements
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Office) Ken Post-mission (Barracks) Ken
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Thionville</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Clear skies</li> </ul> <u>Hidden Combat Sphere</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Fokker D.VIII's (green camouflage — ahead)</li> <li>• 1 engine</li> <li>• 12 various train cars (three with AA gun)</li> </ul> <u>Patrol 1</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4 Fokker D.VII's (blue — behind)</li> <li>• 2 AA flak guns</li> <li>• 1 British truck</li> </ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	8
<i>Mission Success</i>	Destroy 10 of 12 train cars.
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>At the hidden combat sphere between Thionville and Patrol 1, go after the D.VIII's first.</i></li> <li>• <i>It is usually easier to strafe the train engine rather than bombing it.</i></li> <li>• <i>Autopilot to Patrol 1 and you encounter four more Fokker D.VIII's coming up behind you. Turn around quickly and stay just below the lowest D.VIII, trying to take him out in the head-on pass.</i></li> <li>• <i>After that it's standard dogfighting.</i></li> </ul>

## Map 37

1. Thionville
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Patrol 1



*September 29th, 1030 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 37)*

"Any word about Gerhard, Ken?" He'd left while I was in the air. I'd liked him, and regretted not saying good-bye.

"The medics say that he'll be fine, but he'll limp for the rest of his life. Headquarters said that he will be taken to an internment camp south of Paris."

"Glad to hear it. He was a fine chap — for a German. Hope he has a home to go back to after this is all over." It was hard to imagine the farmland of Europe now as anything but a vast mud field.

"I thought you had it in for all the Jerrys," Ken remarked.

"No, sir. Only one in particular." I shook that thought away. "Wish they weren't so damned determined to make us beat them back to Germany."

"Have you heard the statistics out of the Argonne alone? Nearly eighty percent casualties. Bound to make some of our boys vengeful."

"We'd all be better off if they just put down their weapons peacefully. I'm afraid we're still months away from the end." And what would happen if it ended before I had shot Ulrich down, I wondered?

Ken broke into my black musings. "Oh, before I forget, Captain, since you've been doing such a nice job lately, HQ has decided to give you a promotion. How does 'Major' sound to you?"

"Sounds just fine, sir," I stammered.

"Oh, and don't forget you've got another medal coming for your work at St. Mihiel."

*October 12th, 1630 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 38)*

"Thought I'd find you out here." Ken walked into the hangar.

"The Tommy's got a keen eye for trouble spots on these birds." Earl looked up from his work.

"Comes from trusting my aching backside to them for so long," I told them.

"Be sure to give yours a good going-over tonight — I've got to put you up again in the morning," he cautioned apologetically.

"Well, Earl, hope you like sleeping in here ...." I joked.

"Headquarters wants our fliers up to supervise the Allied advance on the Meuse," the Major continued. "Any enemy target is viable."

"But, Ken, this guy just got back down!" Earl protested.

"Don't go whining at me, Earl," Ken admonished him. "There's not a damn thing I can do. We've lost nearly half of our squadron in the past month. Until the Top Brass can wrangle some more pilots our way, we're going to have to do double duty." With a half-wave, half-salute, Ken left the hangar.

"How's the work coming on that Fokker, Earl?" I'd been waiting all day to ask.

"You know that Ken told me to forget it." He kept his voice innocent, but a sly look crept across his face.

"Sure. That's why I didn't ask in front of him. So ... how's it going?"

"Well, between you, me and the wall, I should have it flyable soon."

"Good." I rubbed my hands together. "Because I think we've got that Trojan horse you wanted."

"Kinda my thought, too."



Mission  
37

## Mission 38

<i>Mission Type</i>	Bomber Hunt
<i>Wingman</i>	Turvey
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Camel, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Hangar) Earl; (Barracks) Ken Post-mission (Barracks) Henry, Jimmie

### *Nav Points*

#### Patrol 1

- 1 Gotha G.IV (purple camouflage — ahead, left)
- 2 Fokker D.VIIs (blue — left)
- 3 AA flak guns
- 2 AA machine guns

#### Patrol 2

- 1 Staaken R.VI (brown — ahead, right)
- 2 Fokker D.VIIIs (green — ahead, right)
- 2 AA flak guns
- 2 AA machine guns

#### Patrol 3

- Clear skies

*Kills Possible* 6

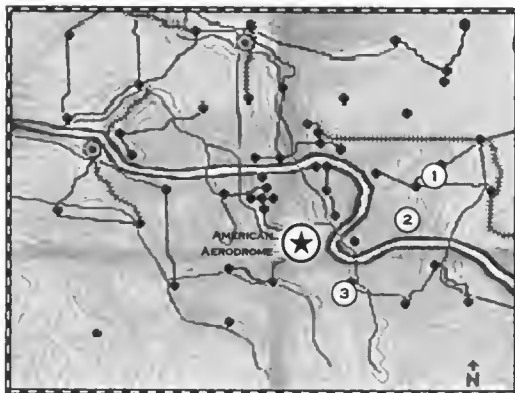
*Mission Success* Destroy both bombers.

### *Analysis*

- *At Patrol 1, go after the Gotha first. You can cut your throttle, dive on him and lead him slightly to the left.*
- *If you don't take him out in the first pass, dive past him, pull back up and fire into his belly.*
- *Once you take out the D.VIIs, autopilot to Patrol 2.*
- *Try to stay below the Staaken and fire into its belly.*
- *Take out the D.VIIIs after you've shot down the bomber.*

## Map 38

1. Patrol 1
2. Patrol 2
3. Patrol 3



*October 12th, 2200 Hours*  
*(Post-Mission 38)*

"Dispatches say that our boys can see the Meuse River from their positions." Henry had out his map and was pointing at various locations. "You reckon that that means we can go home soon?"

"You in that big a hurry, Henry?" I mocked surprise. "I thought you were still sorting out what girl you had made what promise to."

"What one of us doesn't want to go home?" He gave me a look of all innocence. "Besides, I think I've narrowed the list for the prospective Mrs. Brooks quite a bit. Only five left in the running. You can still change your mind on picking one of the rejects. Not a bad lot ...."

"Still can't get over you drinkin' with a Jerry, after one of them killed your friend Charlie." Jimmie was consistent, you could say that for him.

I tried to explain for the twentieth time. "Charles died in the line of duty, Jimmie. And Gerhard didn't kill him."

"It doesn't matter! He's still a stinkin' Jerry!" He seemed amazed that I couldn't see the validity of his argument.

"It does matter, Jimmie, because if Gerhard had been the victor of that dogfight, he would have given Charles some dignity in death." I said again, slowly and clearly. "The reason why I'm going to hunt down Ulrich Gertmann, and send him flaming to hell, isn't because he killed my friend. It's because he took away Charles' dignity, and that's the only thing you take down with you to Charon when you die. Someday, maybe, you'll understand that."

*October 22nd, 0600 Hours*  
*(Pre-Mission 39)*

"I don't like it! I think it's a hair-brained stunt that will get you killed." Ken was cornered and unhappy about it.

"The Top Brass want that munitions factory taken out, Ken, and I think I can do it without risking the entire squadron!" I kept my excitement out of my voice.

"But what if you're wrong?!" Ken kept fighting.

"Then I'll be a landowner here ... in good company."

"The Jerrys are finished," he pointed out. "All we have to do is wait for them to bleed to death."

"Hundreds of boys die every moment we sit and wait, Ken. The Brussels munitions factory is Jerry's only hope of continuing the war. Without it, they'll have to surrender ... now, not later."

"It's suicide! One man to blow up a factory that far over enemy lines ...."

I shook my head. "Not since Earl fixed Gerhard's Fokker. One man, in a German plane, has more chance than an entire Allied squadron. They won't know until our Trojan Horse is in too far for them to stop. Let me try it, Ken! If I'm wrong, send the rest of the squadron up tomorrow. It won't change anything." I shut up and watched him. He struggled, then sighed.

"What choice have I got? You'd go anyway, even if I said no. Wouldn't you? But your death will haunt me to my dying day ...." He clenched his jaw for a moment, then left.



Mission  
**38**



## Mission 39

(With SPAD)

*Mission Type* Bomb Brussels Factory

*Wingmen* None

*Available Aircraft* Fokker Dr.I, SPAD

*Best Conversation Path* Pre-mission (Office) Ken  
Post-mission (Barracks) Ken

*Nav Points* Verdun

- Clear skies

Hidden Combat Sphere

- 4 Fokker D.VIIIs (green — behind)

Target Area

- Wave 1 — 4 Fokker D.VIIs (blue — 2 behind, left, close, 1 ahead, very close, 1 ahead, above, right, close)
- Wave 2 — 4 Fokker D.VIIIs (green)
- 3 AA flak guns
- 1 AA machine gun
- 1 factory

*Kills Possible* 12

*Mission Success* Destroy the factory.

*Analysis*

- *This is a hard mission to fly in the SPAD, but it can be done. You don't have time to play around. Shoot to kill, and try to maintain your altitude. Good luck.*

## Map 39

1. Verdun
2. Hidden C.S.
3. Target



## Mission 39a

(With Fokker Dr.1)

**Mission Type** Bomb Brussels Factory

**Wingmen** None

**Available Aircraft** Fokker Dr.I, SPAD

**Best Conversation Path** Pre-mission (Office) Ken  
Post-mission (Barracks) Ken

**Nav Points** Verdun

- Clear skies

Target Area

- 4 Fokker D.VIIs (blue — ahead)
- 4 AA flak guns
- 1 factory
- 1 hangar
- 3 Fokker D.VIIs (on ground)

**Kills Possible** 4

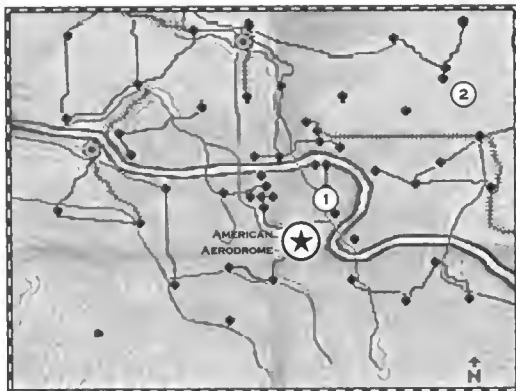
**Mission Success** Destroy the factory.

**Analysis**

- *This mission is much easier when you are in the cockpit of the Fokker Dr.I.*
- *You can fly right past the D.VIIIs, so the first encounter is at Target Area. The Fokkers won't react to you for several minutes because they won't recognize you as an enemy. Avoid firing on them until you're on top of them. The element of surprise makes all the difference.*
- *Go after the Fokkers before going after the factory, because you already have the altitude and the factory is easy pickings once the Fokkers are gone.*

## Map 39a

1. Verdun
2. Target



Mission  
39/39a

*October 22nd, 0815 Hours*

*(Post-Mission 39)*

"You might want to polish up your goggles, because you're going to need them just to look in the mirror." Ken met me as I climbed from my pretty three-winged bird.

"You lost me, Ken. What are you talking about?"

"You single-handedly took out that munitions factory! That makes you a hero — and Headquarters loves to give heroes medals ... and promotions. Our boys have you to thank for putting the nail in the Kaiser's coffin."

"But it's not over yet," I reminded him.

"It will be — just wait and see."

"You're wrong, Ken. It won't be over for me until I know Gertmann is dead."

*November 10th, 0700 Hours*

*(Pre-Mission 40)*

Henry met me with a strange smile on his face. "Hey! Your Jerry-friend flew over earlier and dropped a note for you."

My heart stopped. "Where is it? What did it say?"

"I don't know what it said." He gestured in a general way. "Wilson saw it, not me. Ken tore it up. Said he didn't want you haring off on a private war."

"We'll see about that." Ken tried to protect us a little too much.

It took me five minutes to track Wilson down.

"Wilson, did you get a look at the note Ulrich dropped?" I nearly grabbed him in my excitement.

"I shouldn't say anything ...," he mumbled cautiously. This time I did grab him, and gave him a shake.

"If you know what it said, spit it out!"

"All right, damn it! It's your death!" He coughed and closed his eyes, remembering. "It said: For us this war shall not end until we battle alone, man to man. I shall await you near St. Mihiel at dawn tomorrow. It was signed 'Ulrich.'"

"You're all set," Earl said when I ran to the hangar. "Enough fuel to get you there and back, plus enough for a dogfight. Just like you asked."

"Thanks, Earl. Here ...." I put a bill on his work-bench.

"A tip!" He laughed. "Just don't think this lets you out of that dinner you owe me, Tommie swell."

"I wouldn't dream of it. See you later, Sergeant."

"See you 'round."

Wilson had overheard us and come in. "Why aren't you going up with a full tank?" At least he didn't try to slow me down.

"Because, Wilson, Ulrich likes to watch his enemies burn. I'll not give him that satisfaction, even if he does shoot me down." At any rate, I'd make it harder.

"But what if it's a trap? What if he's not alone?"

"Then you'll have to buy Earl that dinner for me." Wilson looked horrified.

"Oh, no you don't, Tommie swell. You're not getting out of your debts so easy. You bring your tattered rump back here, and pay up like a man."

"Whatever you say, Earl. After all, you are the majordomo." He nodded seriously.

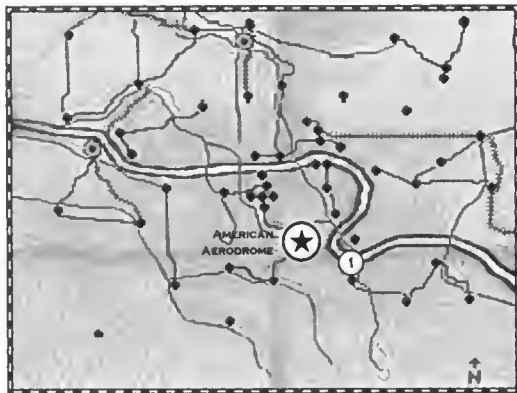
"Take care — and good luck," Wilson said as I climbed into the cockpit.

## Mission 40

<i>Mission Type</i>	Kill Ulrich
<i>Wingmen</i>	None
<i>Available Aircraft</i>	Fokker Dr.I, SPAD
<i>Best Conversation Path</i>	Pre-mission (Barracks) Henry; (Hangar) Earl, Jimmie Post-mission (Barracks) Ken
<i>Nav Points</i>	<u>Dogfight</u> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• 1 AA flak gun</li><li>• 1 Fokker D.VII — Ulrich Gertmann (red — right on your tail and firing)</li></ul>
<i>Kills Possible</i>	1
<i>Mission Success</i>	FINAL MISSION!!
<i>Analysis</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Meet Ulrich at the Dogfight area. When you come out of autopilot, immediately dive and cut hard right. Ulrich starts right behind you — and he's not going to waste any time.</li><li>• He will hit you a couple of times before you can escape his first blast, but once you have him off your tail you can dogfight him.</li><li>• If you are having a hard time avoiding him, try using time burst when you dive and cut.</li></ul>

## Map 40

### 1. Dogfight



### November 10th, 1400 Hours (Post-Mission 40)

I hadn't been on the ground for more than ten minutes when Ken came running up. He grabbed me by the shoulders, and burst out, "Pack up your kit! We've done our part to save the world — now we can go home!"

"I'm all packed, Ken. I packed before I went up to meet Ulrich — but there's still one thing I have to do ...."

### November 16th, 1745 Hours

It took me six days to get back to Charles' graveside. Transportation was chaotic. I finally gave up on the usual means and traveled by turnip-cart. The thought that everyone could simply go home without filling Charles in on all the details was awful. When I got there, I draped my medal around the cross that marked his site.

"Feels rotten leaving you here like this, old man. But maybe you're having your greatest adventure yet. I sure hope so. You took a wet-behind-the-ears Yank and made him a damned good pilot. What you taught me got me through this alive. I wanted you to have this, Charles. It should have been yours."

"Just remember to save me a bunk — wherever you are."



Mission  
40



## Transcript from the Trial of Etienne Beauregard

*Ghent, Jan. 7, 1918*

**Prosecutor:** You claim, M. Beauregard, that you had no idea that your daughter was a spy for the Germans?

**Beauregard:** I knew that Gertmann came to Lisette for information. I didn't know he was forcing her to steal secrets.

**P:** I see. You thought your daughter was giving only non-secret information to the Germans. Tell me, though, monsieur, what exactly the Germans were seeking to find out, if not military secrets? Local gossip, perhaps? Fashion advice?

**B:** No. I mean ... I don't know. At first, all Gertmann wanted to know was the number of planes at the aerodrome, the names of the pilots, troop movements through town, things everybody in the village knew. We knew that if we didn't tell him that kind of thing somebody else would. It wasn't secrets ... we didn't know any secrets.

**P:** But you did know that the information you were giving the Germans was militarily sensitive?

**B:** Yes. But it was the sort of thing he could have heard anywhere.

**P:** And you claim you had no idea that your daughter was stealing secrets from the British.

**B:** None at all. I would have never allowed such a thing!

**P:** But you did know that your daughter was a frequent visitor to the aerodrome.

**B:** I don't ... I suppose ... she went there to sell vegetables.

**P:** So the answer is "yes, you did know that Lisette was a frequent visitor to the Aerodrome"?



# AND THEN WHAT ...?



B: Yes.

P: And did you know that she was going there to spy for the Germans?

B: I didn't know that she was stealing secrets!

P: Please answer the question which I asked you, M. Beaugerard. Did you know that your daughter was going to the aerodrome to gather intelligence for the Germans?

B: I knew ... yes. I thought she was going to talk to the pilots, be nice to them, let them tell her about missions and such.

P: Ah. So you knew that Lisette was there to worm information out of the pilots, but you didn't know she was stealing documents?

B: Yes.

P: You considered the former a morally acceptable means of killing our allies, but not the latter?

**Defense Attorney:** Objection!

P: I withdraw the question.

P: M. Beaugerard, you said that your Lisette went to the Aerodrome to make friends with the pilots there. Tell me, monsieur, exactly how "friendly" did your daughter become to obtain this information?

D: Again I object! Your honor, Lisette Beaugerard is dead. She has paid for her crimes. The quality of her character is not the issue before this court.

**Judge:** Sustained. Please confine your questions to the actions of the defendant, not those of his daughter.

P: Yes, your honor.

*(Etienne Beaugerard was acquitted of capital charges of treason and espionage, but found guilty and sentenced to five years imprisonment for the crime of offering comfort to the enemy. His wife, Marie, was sentenced to three years on the same charge.)*

**From the Desk of Professor Nigel Dearing,  
St. James Chair of English History, Eaton  
College**

To: Mrs. Elisabeth Pickerel

Nishapur, India

25 December, 1918

Dear Sister,

Received your letter of 22 August only yesterday. I trust that with this cursed war at last behind us, you shall receive this reply in a more timely fashion.



Perhaps, though, the delay was all to the good. I confess that for several months after Charles' death I was utterly unable to speak or write about it to anyone. In the past few weeks, however, I have achieved a bit more composure.

More than sorrow over Charles passing, I was wracked with guilt that our last meeting had been so needlessly acrimonious. Ah, what a prideful fool I was! No, not so much a fool as a coward. I feared so desperately that I would lose Charles that I could not even pretend to bless his going.

Charles, I think, always somehow knew that he would die young, and that premonition was always the core of his astounding courage. I believe I shared something of the premonition, but if only Charles could have given me some of his courage as well!

And so I sat, paralyzed by grief, shame and anger. Would it shock you, dear sister, were I to confess that there were times I hated poor Charles for having died and left me behind? I went about my duties in a mechanical fashion, but I could not bring myself to face in any way any genuine human emotion, either others' or my own. I feared if I let any feeling at all penetrate my facade I should be overcome and go quite starkly mad with grief. Perhaps I was right.

It was the end of the war (combined, I suppose, with the natural healing properties of time itself) which caused me to wake up and realize how unforgivably selfish I was. There are so many who have lost just as much as I, and they have not allowed themselves to yield to despair. I could not go back in time and tell Charles how much I repented my own cowardice, but I could honor his memory by throwing off the chains of fear and resuming life among the living. I was luckier than some, in that I still had my 'Liza (though I fear she has still not fully forgiven me for my treatment of her brother).

He was a grand, brave boy and now he's gone. I shall always regret his loss, and even moreso my own failure to ever tell him how proud he truly made me. I will no longer, however, compound my sin by continuing to huddle in the nadir of the pit of my own cowardice. I am a sadder, though perhaps wiser, man than I was when Charles was alive, but regardless I resolve to live out the years that remain to me as a man lives, just as Charles lived out the too-short span he was allotted.

I think this is enough, for now, though I promise to write again early in the new year, with more news and more cheerful thoughts. All my love to the Major and to the children.

Your affectionate brother,

Nigel

## Harry Thompson, 11 April, 1891 to 24 Feb., 1923

*From the London Times, 25 Feb., 1923*

Harry Thompson, age 32, was killed yesterday in an accident at the Thompson Transport Company in London. Thompson was co-owner of the company along with his father, Liam Thompson.

According to police, Thompson was working under a lorry at about 2:30 p.m. when a jack gave out, causing him to be crushed to death beneath the vehicle. Although rushed to hospital, he was pronounced dead at 3:17 p.m.

Thompson attended Engford Middle School from '06 to '10, where he distinguished himself on the rugby squad. After graduation, he obtained his mechanic's certification and went to work for his father. During the war, he served as a mechanic for the RFC in Belgium, attaining the rank of Sergeant. Upon his return, he was taken into partnership in the family business. He married Laura Davies in 1920.

Thompson is survived by his father, mother Edna, wife and son, Harry, age 2. Services will be held tomorrow at noon at St. Benedict's.



## Excerpt from *Glorious Destiny*, a Novel

By Oliver Hallock, published 1927 by Fahrquhar and Sons, London

Slowly and painfully, Hadley pulled himself from the twisted, smoking wreckage of his SPAD. For a moment he stood, sadly gazing at the pitiful remains. "Farewell, noble steed," he said at last, throwing a last melancholy salute at the once-proud aeroplane. Then, as silent as a shadow, he vanished into the brooding forest.

After putting several miles between himself and the remains of his aeroplane, Hadley began to realize the extent of his exhaustion. "I shall rest for the remainder of the day," he thought to himself, "and make my way back across the enemy line under cover of darkness." He then proceeded to match deed to thought, taking refuge in the loft of an abandoned barn he happened upon. Shortly thereafter he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke his eyes were greeted by the uncertain light of the setting sun seeping through the cracks in the ancient structure's roof. Some odd noise had aroused his cat-like instincts. Instantly Hadley sprang silently to his feet, his hand darting to his pistol where it hung at his side.





He crouched on the crumbling edge of the loft, peering down into the gloom below. There below him he could make out the movements of a tall figure — a figure in uniform! Swift as judgment, Hadley launched himself down upon the enemy below!

The figure staggered and fell under the weight of Hadley's body, and the brave young flier began to rain down upon his foe the quality of fisticuffs which had yielded him the undergraduate boxing trophy five terms running at Cambridge. Incredibly, however, the foe did not stay down, but rose to stand toe-to-toe with Hadley, smashing him with blows that were, perhaps not so precise as Hadley's own, but if anything even more forceful!

For some time the two stout combatants stood at loggerheads, each refusing to yield a single inch. Then the mysterious giant spoke through split and bleeding lips, in a peculiar drawl that Hadley recognized instantly. "Dadburn ya, ya dadburn Boche polecat, why don't you *fall*."

Hadley was so perplexed by hearing this voice that he dropped his guard for a minute instant, allowing the foe to plant a crashing blow on his chin that actually lifted him off his feet and threw him back several feet. Before the opponent could again spring upon him, however, Hadley also spoke. "Tex! Good heavens, man, is that really you?"

The attacker froze for a moment, as though dumbfounded, and then Hadley found himself swept up in a crushing embrace nigh as punishing as the former blows! "Roddy!" the big American exclaimed (for indeed it was he), "You're alive, dadburn it! I might have known that none of them sissy Boche could stand up to a man of Texas as long as you did!"

Laughing, Hadley extracted himself from his friend's overly enthusiastic welcome. "Lucky for you I did, old man." He patted his holster suggestively. "If I had chosen to risk a shot, we might not have had the opportunity to ascertain one another's identity before it was too late."

"And maybe things wouldn't have gone so well for you if you had," his friend responded, caressing the matched set of pearl-handed Colt revolvers that hung at his sides.

"Anyway, Tex, thank blessed providence you're all right," Hadley exclaimed, reverently. "When I saw your plane go down, I was sure you were a goner!"

"I watched your plane go down from the ground," the American grinned, "And I sure as shootin' thought the same about you!" Abruptly, however, the grin faded and the spirit seemed to drain out of the Texan.

"But Roddy, what are we going to do now? We're at least 40 miles behind enemy lines, and both our planes are so much matchwood. Dadburn it, we might as well march up to the Boche and turn ourselves in as prisoners of war right now."

"None of that, old man," Hadley exclaimed, his steel-gray eyes glimmering dangerously in the fading light. "We're going back to headquarters, and if we have to fight our way through the whole German army to get there, why I wager two free men are equal to that task."

"Dadburn it, Roddy, you're right," the Texan responded, his massive hands curling defiantly into fighting fists. "Why, just let those dogs try to stand in our way!"

"Stout fellow," his friend replied, clapping him on the shoulder. "Now why don't you take a little rest while I keep watch. We must be away from here no later than midnight!"



## From the *Hollywood Tattler*, September, 1931

The latest heart-throb out of tinsel town is Caravan Studio's dashing cowboy star Harry Brooks, he of the raven curls and Valentino eyes. Harry made his debut just a few months ago as a supporting player in *Guns Beyond the Pecos*, and his first starring role, in *The Desperado*, is in theaters now.

In a *Tattler* exclusive, the studio revealed that Brooks' life has been almost as exciting as one of his derring-do films. Born on a Montana ranch, he learned to ride, rope and shoot almost before he could walk. Despite his wild and woolly upbringing, he attended university, where he made good grades and played several varsity sports, graduating just in time for the Great War.

He enlisted and was sent overseas where he quickly established a reputation as one of America's most dashing aces, shooting down almost a score of German planes single-handed, and earning many medals for his valiant flying.

After the war he returned to the life of a cowboy, competing in rodeos and quickly becoming one of the nation's top-ranked cowboys. Eventually he got a position as the star of a Wild West show touring all over the central U.S. and even Europe and China. From there he moved to Hollywood, where he got work as a stunt man, then quickly moved into feature roles.

Despite his smashing success on screen, Harry still likes to live dangerously. He's been seen around town squiring some of the most dangerous beauties in the movie biz. Names like Stella Delore, Mitzi Carstairs, Helena Anderson and of course his lovely co-star in *The Desperado*, Dawn Farley, have all be linked with Brooks' in the gossip columns.

Brooks expresses the utmost admiration for all his fair co-stars and companions, but says he has no intention of settling down any time soon. "I'm a prairie wind," he told the *Tattler*, "I just can't stay penned up in one place for long."

Hopefully he'll stay penned up in Hollywood long enough to finish his next picture (and many more as well). This as-yet-untitled epic is said to be a big budget war film which will allow Brooks to make full use of his hours in the air. The *Tattler* can't spill all the beans just yet, but expect one of the world's most respected directors to sign onto the project any day now.



## Excerpt from *Serengeti Argosy*

*By Michael Hurstwood, Chicago, 1934*

My first task in organizing my proposed African adventure (and indeed the first concern of any large safari) was to find a good white hunter. The office of the white hunter involves far more than the name implies. He must indeed be a crack shot and a skilled tracker, but his chief function is to assemble and supervise the "safari string." A safari string is a skilled and dependable crew of natives that forms the bulk of the safari's complement, from the chief bearer right down to the cook's boy. It is the sole task of the white hunter to hire this crew, see to its pay and general welfare, maintain discipline and ensure the honesty and loyalty of the Africans.



I found my man in the person of Walter Newberry, a retired soldier and proprietor of a land-grant farm. Like many who chose that hard life, he was willing to supplement his income (and sate his appetite for adventure) by accepting a commission as a white hunter.

Walter was a man of uncommon affability, and I liked him from the moment I met him, even though at the time I had no idea that he would save my life multiple times and become one of my dearest lifelong friends. Though well into his middle years, he was still vigorous and spry and entirely up to the formidable physical challenges posed by his office.

Born in the Scottish Highlands, Walter emigrated young to America, where he enlisted in the U.S. Cavalry. As a cavalryman he fought Indians on the prairies, and later charged up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt. When World War I began to threaten his homeland, however, Walter left the U.S. Army and enlisted in Her Majesty's, where he was assigned to the post of chief sergeant in a British fighter squadron stationed in Belgium. After the war he accepted his government's grateful offer of an African land grant and established his farm. He had been in Africa just short of a decade when I met him.

My discovery of Walter proved to be providential, for in no time at all he had assembled a crack string of experienced bearers, and had them snapping to with very nearly the same degree of alacrity he must have demanded from his men in America and Europe ...



## Mystery Corpse Identified as War Hero

From the *Clay County Gazette*, October 11, 1937

The frozen body of a hobo found near Parker Creek last Monday has been identified as that of Wilson Turvey, 37, a former Ivy League track star and decorated war hero fallen on hard times.

Turvey's corpse was found by Jim Allen, a local boy. Apparently Turvey tried to last out the winter night with only a threadbare coat for protection against the elements, and succumbed to the cold.

According to the Clay County Sheriff's Department, Turvey was the son of a well-to-do New York family. He was a track star in prep school, and lettered his Freshman year at Yale in the 100-yard dash. During the war he served as a fighter pilot in France, receiving several medals and commendations for bravery and service. After the war he worked for a New York brokerage house, but after the crash of '29 the firm went out of business, and Turvey dropped out of sight.

The *Gazette* was able to reach Turvey's brother, Lewis, via telephone. Lewis Turvey is an engineer for the Ford Motor Company in Detroit.

"Will was always the smartest and most sensitive member of the family," Turvey said. "After the war he was never quite the same. Our brother Frank died in the trenches, and that hit him hard, and I think he saw some things himself over there that he never wanted to talk about."

"After the war Dad sort of pushed him to finish college, and got him a job, but I always had the feeling his heart just wasn't in it. By the time the Crash came Dad was dead, and when Wilson's firm went under he just kind of gave up. For awhile he lived in New York, taking whatever odd jobs he could find, but he couldn't keep that up for long.

"After the last of his money ran out, he came to live with me and my wife for awhile, but after a few months he left to look for work in Texas or California. He didn't have to go. We're doing pretty well, all things considered, but Will always hated to be dependent on anybody else. He didn't find work, and I guess he must have gone on the bum. He visited a couple of times early on, and sent us a few letters, but we hadn't heard a word from him in almost three years.

"I wish he'd tried to get some word to me. I could have helped him."

"It's a real tragedy," Clay County Sheriff G. C. Dugan told the *Gazette*. "A man like that deserves better. There's just too many men like that out there on the road these days."

Turvey's body is being returned to his brother in Detroit at Clay County expense. Lewis Turvey told the *Gazette* he intends to reimburse the county for its expenses, and to see his brother buried with full military honors.



## Letter from Edmond Shikes to Oliver Hallock

Moscow, July 22, 1938

Dear Olly,

It's all come a horrible cropper here. This "worker's paradise" has turned into a veritable inferno. I do believe that Stalin is quite mad, or perhaps the whole country is mad. At any rate my life is in deadly danger. I fear you were right about the Bolsheviks from the very start, Olly. I should have listened.



The police are everywhere. Dozens of my friends and associates have already been arrested on the most preposterous of charges, and they're taking more and more every day. They particularly hate intellectuals, which means that those of us at the university are at especial risk. It doesn't matter how good a Communist you've been — the most dedicated comrades are at the gravest risk, because Stalin and his toadies see them as the greatest threat.

It has not been forgotten that I achieved my position here under the patronage of Bukharin, and there are those who have always been jealous of me for it. Now that Bukharin is dead, the sadistic logic of the current regime makes it only reasonable that his killers should come for me next. I imagine they shall retrieve some of my early papers as evidence of "Trotskyite sympathies." When I wrote them, they were regarded as quite daringly critical of Trotsky's policies, of course, but in the current climate nothing short of the absolute demonization of Trotsky will do.

I'm going to try to get home. I have a little money saved and the beginnings of a plan worked out. If we're ever to meet again, old man, I imagine I shall probably see you before this letter reaches you (assuming it ever reaches you at all). If this letter arrives before I do, assume I am dead or taken.

Ever your friend,

Edmond

*(Edmond Shikes never returned to England, although his letter finally reached Oliver Hallock almost a year after it was dated. Vague reports, from the late '50s, of an elderly English prisoner in a Siberian gulag, who matched Shikes' general description, could not be confirmed.)*



## Letter to the London Times, 22 Nov., 1939

I am afraid I must take strong exception to the opinions expressed by Col. Ewins in the 6 November number of *The Times*. I fear that the dismissal of military air power by Col. Ewins and those of like mind to him is not only short sighted, but dangerous to the cause of England in any international conflict which may be forthcoming.

I shall not bother to refute the Colonel's unwarranted disregard of the importance of air power in the Great War (though as a former commander of an aerial unit over France and Belgium I could easily do so). Instead, I shall content myself to point out that this war is not the last war. Modern aeroplanes can reach much further and deliver infinitely more quantities of ordinance than could the air craft of the last war.

The channel has stood as England's bastion against the world for millennia, but to an aeroplane it is merely an insignificant puddle. When the enemy comes he will come first not in ships, but in bomber aeroplanes, ready to rain down destruction on England and its defenders.

In one point only Ewins is correct, and that is the absolutely essential nature of a strong coastal anti-aircraft defense. He is sadly deluded, however, in his belief that such emplacements will be sufficient in and of themselves. Ground- and sea-based anti-aircraft artillery can be an effective defense only if combined with a strong force of fast and well-armed fighter planes which can engage and eliminate enemy bombers in their own element.

I quite confidently predict that England's next war will be won or lost in the skies, will or nil the approval of Col. Ewins and his ilk. England shall only prevail if she is prepared to meet the foe head to head in his own element. If we neglect the defense of our skies, we open a door through which any tyrant who wishes may enter and establish himself in our beloved country.

Signed,

- Brigadier Daniel McBride, RFC (Ret.)



## Confession of Gerhard Hoffstatter

Having been assured by the officials in charge of my arrest that by making a full and written confession, I may forestall further official harassment of certain innocent friends and relations, I, Gerhard Hoffstatter, do hereby freely confess to the crime of harboring Jews secretly in my home from the authorities of the Third Reich. I further confess that I did so in full knowledge of the laws concerning the Jewish race, and of the illegality of my actions. Finally, I solemnly swear and affirm upon my honor as a German officer that my actions were undertaken entirely under my own authority and financed entirely with my own funds, and that I received no help, support or intelligence whatsoever from any outside persons or organizations in my illegal activities.



For my actions I am prepared to face death or imprisonment, as the authorities may decide. I offer no apologies or justifications for my deeds. What I did I did for no other reason than that my conscience compelled my actions.

I am a proud citizen of the German nation, from an ancient line of warriors in the defense of the Fatherland. Always have I subordinated my own desires and opinions to my duty to the state. In the last Great War, however, I first learned that for all our pride and virtue, there remains in the German people a distinct streak of barbarism — a small but shameful minority of moral incompetents, incapable of even the most fundamental exercise of honor or decency.

I have regretfully come to feel that in the present National Socialist regime, this barbaric minority has at last (for a time) overcome the morally advanced German civilization for which I fought in the last war. I would not — could not — take up arms against the German government for any reason whatsoever, but neither could I let its cruelties and savageries pass entirely unopposed. I regard myself not as a traitor to the German people, but as their defender, standing firm for the principles of German honor and enlightenment against the depredations of the current barbaric administration.

— Given by my own hand this 13th day of March, 1943

— Gerhard Hoffstatter

Dear Willi:

Thank you for sending along the latest batch of confessions. I assure you that we can make good use of them. I expect the bit from that Belgian black marketer will come in especially handy.

I am, however, returning the attached piece with the recommendation that you destroy it. I don't think it would be a wise choice for propaganda purposes, even if re-written extensively as you suggest.

The problem, I think, is the character of the late Herr Hoffstatter himself. I checked into the man's records, and discovered he was a good soldier in the last war — a pilot, and a bit of a hero as well. He was well on his way to making Ace when he was shot down and taken prisoner by the Americans. Between that war and this, as you probably know, his life has been one of perfect respectability, until he conceived his mad ideas about the Jews.



The point, Wili, is that I do not wish to put the Reich in the position of having to explain why a man like Hoffstatter should turn against his country and its Führer. You and I, of course, understand the dangers of allowing irrational sentimentality to overcome patriotism and pragmatism, but such subtleties might be too sophisticated for certain civilian elements. In short, I do not want to run the risk, however slight, of Hoffstatter becoming any sort of martyr to the Jewish cause. Far better he should just quietly vanish.

Despite this, I repeat that I have found the vast majority of your communiqués exceedingly valuable, and in fact I have spoken to Herr Goebbels several times about the value of your cooperation to our mission. I look forward to the next batch with eager anticipation.

### **Letter from Kenneth Logan to 1st Lieutenant Steven Logan, USMC, June 30, 1943**

Dear Steve,

Just got the word that you'd been given your own command. Congratulations, son! I'm sure you'll do us all proud.

I'm just dying to know where you are and when you're shipping out, but I understand that the Marines have to be careful about that kind of thing. "Loose lips sink ships" and all that. I know you'll tell us all about it when you're back home.

Your mom is worried, of course, but she tries not to show it. She's a real brick, and really very, very proud of you, Steve. Of course, she's been through this all before, when I was over in France.

I've been thinking back a lot lately to my time in uniform, particularly when I was in command of the 93rd. I've been trying to come up with some words of wisdom that might make everything easy for you.

Well Steve, command is not easy, and there's nothing I can do to change that. You've got a long, hard row to hoe ahead of you son. I'm sure you'll be up to the task. I know you've received the best military training in the world. Just remember what you were taught and do it. It took me years of painful mistakes to realize just how right my instructors were about some things.

I guess if there's one thing I think you really need to know, it's this. A good commander has to love his men, but he can't let them become his friends. When I took over the 93rd, I tried to be everybody's pal, and it was the biggest mistake I ever made. It got to be that every time I sent a boy up on a mission it was just like somebody jabbed a knife in my gut. I couldn't get over the idea that those kids might never come back, and I felt like I was betraying them, even though we all knew what the risks were. They say that the kids that die out there behind the enemy lines are heroes, and they're right, but dying isn't the hardest thing a soldier has to do. The hardest thing is to send the boys out there to die, while you stay behind, waiting at a desk. Not everybody can do it, Steve. I'm not ashamed to say it almost broke me. Command officers have to be the bravest men the army can find.

Good luck, Son. I know you and your boys will give the Japs hell! Your Mom and I are praying for you.

Love,

Dad





## Waldorf Maitre D' Retires After 56 Years

From the *Uptown Crier*, February, 1944

Whether they come to dine or to lodge, all the guests of the opulent Waldorf Hotel know and love the smiling face of Mr. Earl Glover, the beloved maitre d'hôte of that institution. Longtime friends of the Waldorf were dismayed recently, however, when Earl announced his well-deserved retirement after more than half a century of service.



*The Crier* took a moment to speak to Earl during a recent visit to the hotel.

**Crier:** *Just how long have you been at the Waldorf, Earl?*

**Glover:** Came here in 1888, aged 14. Worked as a bus boy. In '91 I went to the maintenance department — always have been good with my hands — but I didn't relish being a plumber and electrician for the rest of my life, so I made friends with the maitre d'. He took me on in '99, and in '05 he took another job and I became maitre d'.

**Crier:** *A job you've held ever since.*

**Glover:** Yes ma'am, although I did take a few years off during the Great War to go help out over in Europe.

**Crier:** *I've heard you were a flying Ace and a war hero.*

**Glover:** I've heard that too ma'am, but it's not true. (Though maybe I haven't taken as many pains to deny it as I should have.) Fact is, I was a mechanic for an air squadron. I didn't fly the planes but I sure kept them flying high and shooting straight for the boys who did. I can't exactly claim to be any sort of war hero either, though I did come back with a piece of tin or two on my chest.

**Crier:** *And after all your exciting European adventures, you came back here to the Waldorf.*

**Glover:** You bet I did, ma'am, and I was plenty glad to be back, let me tell you. As a general rule, war ain't a very exciting thing, and when all's said and done, it's the parts that are exciting that you'd just as soon avoid.

**Crier:** *I can't help but wonder why a dashing, successful man like yourself has never married, Mr. Glover.*

**Glover:** I guess the Waldorf's always been my lady. Wouldn't be proper for a fellow like me to have two girls.

**Crier:** *Just one more question, if I may. You seem in excellent health and spirits, so why choose now to retire?*

**Glover:** Well, ma'am, I am in good health and spirits, for a fellow of my years, but that's sort of the point right there. See, I've been a hard working man all my life, and that ain't nothing to be ashamed of, but I figure that if I'm going to have to give up this job anyway, someday, I might as well do it while I still have a little fun left in me.

**Crier:** *And I'm sure, Mr. Glover, that we all hope you do enjoy your retirement, in profusion.*

**Glover:** Thanks much, ma'am.



## Excerpt From an Address Given March 11, 1952

By Iowa State Representative James Shaffer,  
Before the Des Moines chapter of the Friends of Democratic Order

I know that it may sometimes seem that the whole world is against you, but believe me friends, there are plenty of us up at the state capitol, and plenty of good folks in Washington, who appreciate the valuable work concerned organizations like the FDO are doing keeping our freedom safe from all enemies, foreign and domestic.

Just as I fought the enemies of Democracy in my Sopwith *Camel* over France in the first Great War, and as my close personal friend Tailgunner Joe McCarthy fought the enemies of Democracy over the South Pacific in the last Great War, and as those brave boys are fighting the enemies of Democracy right now over there in Korea, so it's the duty of fine folk like yourselves to fight the enemies of Democracy right here at home. Right here in Des Moines.

And I'll tell you something else — you folks have a harder job than me or Senator McCarthy did. When we fought the Huns or the Japs, they came blazing down at us out of the sun and it was either them or us. But you, my friends, have a tougher job. You have to seek out the enemies of Democracy in your workplace, your clubs, your churches. Up there in the air we always knew who the enemy was — he was the one shooting his machine gun at us. For you folks, it's not nearly so easy to tell who the enemy is. He could be a co-worker or a business associate, a close friend, maybe even a relative.

I believe you are up to the task of finding the enemy, and when you find him you will weed him out of our community and out of our country, just like we shot him out of the sky in our day. When I fought my battles against the Hun I never fought alone. I always had good, brave men flying right there on my wing to help me out, and you folks don't have to fight your battle alone either. You have me on your side, you have Tailgunner Joe on your side, and you have patriotic people everywhere eager to join in your crusade to make the USA once more "one nation, under God, with liberty and justice" for all its loyal, reverent and patriotic citizens.



## Gertmann, Ulrich

(Excerpt from the *Biographical Encyclopedia of Flying Aces*, by Norman G. B. McClellan, New York, 1973)

B. Aug. 17, 1891, Dortmund. D. Nov. 10 (?), 1918 over Brussels (?), 41 confirmed kills.

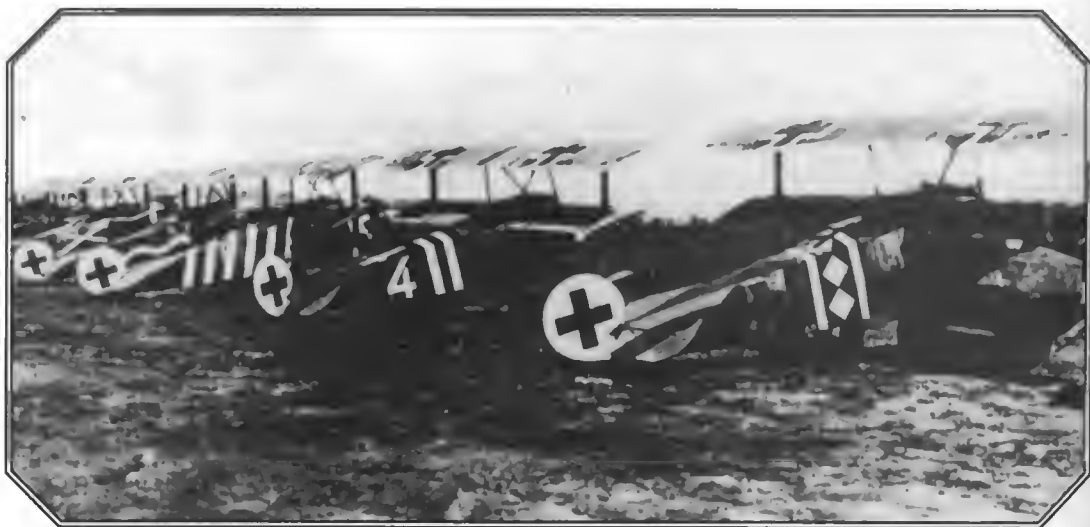
Of all the great German Aces, Ulrich Gertmann probably came closest to the movie-villain image of American popular culture. Cool, deadly, coldly handsome, with a distinct vindictive streak, Gertmann earned a reputation for pitilessness both on and off the ground. Gertmann seemed to possess an almost suicidal lust for danger; when not engaged in combat missions, he often volunteered for extremely dangerous espionage assignments behind the French lines.

According to those who flew with him and against him, Gertmann was not just flying out of a sense of duty and self-preservation. He saw each enemy fighter as a personal enemy, a rival who had to be conquered and destroyed. The better the pilot, the more Gertmann wanted him.

In a four-year flying career that spanned the entire German air war, Gertmann may have killed as many as 75 allied fliers. The discrepancy between this number and his confirmed kills is due to his habit of going up on solo, unauthorized "hunting trips." Although this behavior was tolerated by the German air command, Gertmann often could not produce witnesses to confirm his kills. Oddly, this lack of credit for his accomplishments seems to have bothered him little if any. To Gertmann, the hunt itself was the thing.

One of Gertmann's most notorious habits was his practice of overflying enemies and dropping taunting messages. Usually these notes were challenges or invitations to one-on-one duels, but on at least one occasion he dropped a mocking message at an opponent's funeral. This unchivalrous act dismayed Gertmann's German comrades almost as much as it enraged his Allied enemies.

Gertmann's death is mysterious. On the day *after* the armistice was announced, he took his personal Fokker up in an unauthorized flight. He was found about 100 miles away in the wreckage of the plane. It is usually assumed that he went up to face some Allied Ace in a one-on-one duel, and finally met his match. The identity of the man who finally shot down Gertmann has never been established, although there are several likely candidates.



## Lifeson Clan Assembles for Patriarch's 95th

From the *North Country Herald*, 17 May, 1993

More than 100 members of the Lifeson family of Thirsk have descended on that town this week in celebration of the 95th birthday of Ned Lifeson. Lifesons have come from as far away as California and Hong Kong to attend the celebration.

Residents of Thirsk know Lifeson not only as the patriarch of a large family, but also as a prominent community leader for many decades.

Born in Thirsk in 1898, the seventh of nine children, Lifeson served in the RFC during WWI, where he obtained the rank of Captain and, as a fighter pilot, achieved the title of Ace. After the war he returned home, took over his aging father's farm, and married his childhood sweetheart Emily (Mrs. Lifeson died in 1965), and soon became one of the most respected farmers in the Thirsk region, serving continuously on the local council from 1933 to 1979. He served as chief air-raid warden for the county in WWII.

Lifeson remains alert and in good health, living with his granddaughter Constance Cosgrove and her family. He danced to several tunes at his birthday celebration Wednesday, and confidently predicts "an even bigger party in five years," for his 100th birthday.

He attributes his health to a life of honest labor and the affection of his family. He still smokes and drinks, though he's under doctor's orders to restrict himself to two cigarettes and one shot of whisky or glass of ale per day.

According to the family's estimates, the family gathering consists of three of Lifeson's six children, 19 of his 34 grandchildren, 26 of his 66 great-grandchildren, nine of his 14 great-great-grandchildren, and both of his great-great-great-grandchildren (twins, age 4 months), as well as 43 assorted spouses and an indeterminate number of nieces, nephews and second cousins.

Mr. Lifeson's distinguished descendants include grandson Mitchell Lifeson, 47, a member of parliament from Coventry, granddaughter Nelda Lifeson, 51, the popular novelist, granddaughter Rhoda Silverberg, 39, vice-president for the multi-billion dollar Cho corporation, headquartered in Hong Kong, and great-grandson Evan Richards, 24, star sweeper for Arsenal.





## Warren Spector, Producer



*Q: How do you go about creating a game from scratch?*

WS: *Wings of Glory* started when I was about three years old and saw my first copy of *Air Progress Magazine* — and from that time on I was a total airplane junkie. WWI airplanes have always fascinated me the most. There's something in the idea that guys would go up in planes made of canvas and wire and actually fly around. That they could actually *fight* with each other has always amazed me.

Then, several years ago, I played Damon Slye's *Red Baron* game. I loved that game, but it had been three or four years since *Red Baron* was released, and no one else had done a WWI flying game of note. That was all part of the background.

The next part was that Chris Roberts here at ORIGIN came up with the idea of doing a game called *Strike Commander*. That game had the idea of a virtual cockpit — in other words, a 3-D cockpit you could actually look around. Then they proceeded to take the beautiful virtual cockpit and attach it to a jet game, where you would be all but assured of never having to use it. What's the point of looking around to see where the enemy is when they are so far away you can't see them at all or they are just a little pixel on the screen — and when you can just check your radar and know where the enemy is — and when you can just unleash a guided missile and never even have to see the enemy plane? I thought that was silly.

# MAKING WINGS OF GLORY



The nature of jet combat is, you don't see your enemy. If you see your enemy, you are about to die. There's not a lot of dogfighting in jets. It's all done from far away — with a lot of missile-action that takes out whatever the target is.

I brought the subject up when Chris Roberts and I were on a plane heading for EA's San Mateo office. I said, "Chris, why the heck did you come up with this really cool technology so you could make the prettiest planes in the world and then ensure the player is so far away he never sees them? You've got this wonderful virtual cockpit, but the player never has to look around because he's got guided missiles and radar. Why didn't you just do a WWI game? Without radar or guided missiles, and with the planes moving at 70 - 120 mph, everything will be all up-close and personal. Then people could see how pretty the planes are." And he sort of said, "Well, that's a really good idea," and then I thought, "Hey, why don't I do a World War I game?" So it was a combination of my basic interest in WWI air combat, the knowledge that we had technology that seemed ideally suited to recreating WWI air combat, and the fact that the market segment was completely wide open. It seemed like such a logical thing to do.

When I got back to Austin, the first thing I did was to talk to the VP of ORIGIN Product Development, Dallas Snell. "Hey, I want to do this game, and I can even use a bunch of the *Strike Commander* technology to do it. That'll cut back our development time." I thought it would be a really cool game with a short development period, and he agreed.

*Q: Is that all it takes to get a game started?*

WS: Not quite. Once I got the buy-in from the Product Development end, I had to go get the buy-in from Sales and Marketing. After I talked to them, they were all pretty psyched about it. *Strike Commander* was a huge hit for us. Continuing that style of game seemed like a good idea. So that was the next step. Come up with the idea — then sell it to the Product Development, Sales and Marketing people.

After that, I had to start thinking about finances and timelines and all that. We have a stringent product review process that weeds out bad game ideas! The most senior people in Product Development, Sales, Marketing, Finance and Executive Management all get to vote on whether you get funding or not. Two “no” votes and you’re sunk. We passed. At that point I also had to assemble a team. I had several people just coming off a project called *Serpent Isle*, but I didn’t want to take that whole team — I wanted to start up several projects. So I took the portion of that team that I thought was well-suited to the job of making a WWI sim, added a key resource from the *Strike Commander* team, and I was ready to roll.

Q: *Why did you choose the people you did?*

WS: I needed someone who knew the *Strike Commander* engine inside out. At that time Bill Baldwin, who was one of the key programmers on *Strike Commander*, was available. He had been at ORIGIN for years — had a lot of seniority. He probably deserved a shot at leading a project of his own. I talked with him to see if he’d be interested being the Project Director for the WWI game. He was.

He was a critical component of the team. The Project Director is the guy who manages the day-to-day operations. He knows what everyone is doing minute to minute. What does every piece of code do and how does it work? He’s the guy who knows. How does the artwork have to be generated to work in the game? He’s got the answer.

I then needed to assemble a programming team around Bill. We got very lucky. I got a couple of green guys — total tinhorns — who ended up working real well. Stephen Balkum came on board, followed by John Talley. John in particular amazed me. The first day he was on the job he came in and started looking at (aero) dynamics in the *Strike Commander* code and said, “How do these planes fly?” and started telling me about the air dynamic qualities of a Fokker tri-plane and the effects of a rotary engine on a plane’s flight characteristics. Here’s a guy who came from McDonnell Douglas and space shuttle simulators, with a degree in aeronautical engineering! He came in and just immediately started spotting stuff from the code that he knew he wanted to change. Listing things in the WWI flight dynamics that he knew he could make better. Anyway, it was really cool. So those two guys came on board.

Next, I was going to need artists. At the time, unfortunately, I had no artists who were experienced in using EOR, the art tool we use to build our planes. Whitney Ayres was available at that time, and he is just an incredible artist — a hard worker and *really* well organized. I knew he would have no trouble picking up on how to use that tool. Then I added several artists who worked on *Serpent Isle*. We ultimately ended up with seven artists on the project.

And, of course, I needed a design team. People who would actually create the missions, decide how many planes you are going to fly against, when you’re going to fly against a train and when you’re going to take out ground targets, that sort of thing. I needed people to write conversations. I needed someone to coordinate that. So I asked Bruce Adams to be the Design Coordinator. Lisa Smith came on as the Lead Writer. Dave Beyer came on as Map Builder/Mission God. He was the guy who really created the bulk of the missions. So that was the team — anywhere from a low point of about five people to a maximum of about seventeen or eighteen, depending on what part of the project you’re talking about.



*Q: Is that when you decided what the game was going to be like?*

WS: I kind of had an inkling how I was going to go from the start — that it would be story-based. The problem was that I was on a tight timeline. I went into this thinking that if I reused a lot of the *Strike Commander* engine, I could save a lot of time. That was a silly dream.

I knew that I couldn't recreate everything that happened in the war. I had to keep it small. By "small," I mean I couldn't recreate every plane, every battle, every real world flier. I just couldn't do it. Instead, we decided to tell a story, not even using real characters, just making everything up so we could have some fun, create some missions that were not constrained by reality. We were inspired by classic WWI movies like *Dawn Patrol*, *Blue Max*, and *Wings* — there are a hundred other wonderful movies. Plus, we were only going to cover the last years of the war — from 1917 to 1918. And it's probably obnoxious chauvinism on our part, but we decided we wanted the main character to be an American flier flying for the RFC. When the Americans entered the war he would switch over to an American base and fly for the Americans.

We had a timeline, we had an approach, we had a team. That's when I started throwing out all sorts of random thoughts about the planes that I thought would be cool to fly. We discussed the kinds of missions that were really flown during the war. I really wanted there to be a split in the game: interacting with characters would be like a movie insofar as reality really isn't the issue, but when you are in the air we wanted to have the most realistic flight sim we could possibly have. I think we did it. If you turn all of the realism settings on — the center of gravity, the rotary engine, the wing shear, the realistic engine, the horsepower — it's amazing. These planes do not fly like anything you've ever flown in a game before. The flight is just delightful.

We also wanted normal people to have fun, not just the hard core realism junkies. So you can turn the realism options off. In fact, the game defaults to a less realistic mode. Even then, these planes don't feel like jets. I think we did a pretty good job with the fact that when you are in the air, realism rules the day. When you are on the ground, it's like you are in a movie.

*Q: You sound pleased with the game. Did you always know that it was going to turn out the way you wanted?*

WS: We had our problems. The critical point came right after CES in January of 1994. The game was really coming together very well, but several things happened. For one thing, we were having some trouble with frame rate. The frame rate was not where we needed it to be to have a successful project. We tried everything we could to get the frame rate back up. The most noticeable thing we did was to flatten the terrain. We used to have rolling hills you could fly over. Only that gave us flat, Gouraud-shaded terrain that frankly did not look very good. So we started looking into the possibility of texturing the ground, which was something the *Strike* engine was never designed to do.

Even flattening the terrain, we still had some problems, so we made the decision right around March to rewrite the entire game in 32-bit protected mode. Everybody on the team was telling me, "oh, it will take us about 30 days." Everyone *outside* the team was saying it would take three months. It ended up taking about six, actually. But the payoff was immense. We picked up significant frame rate. Enough, in fact, that we were able to fully texture the terrain. What it meant was that we were almost done with the game, and then we just pulled all the way back to Square One.





*Q: When you finally got it the way you wanted it, then what?*

WS: That's when Quality Assurance gets hold of it. I always tell the QA guys that it's their job to make us look bad. If they're not making my product development team look bad, they're not doing their job. Believe me, they did a very good job of making us look bad!

At the Beta stage, theoretically all you are doing is fixing the bugs that QA finds. That lasts anywhere from four weeks to months, depending on how buggy the game is. For us Beta lasted about two months. One of the features that we added to the game was a replay feature — it was a first for ORIGIN, to be able to tape your missions and view them later. It was a nightmare. Every day we fixed it, and every day the testers would break it again. "Well, you know, it didn't reflect the mission the way I really flew it. I shot down the Zeppelin, but when I reviewed my tape I crashed it into the ground instead." So that was pretty much the worst thing. They kept on breaking the replay feature. I was just about fit to be tied over that.

The testers were great! Scott Shelton is one of our most experienced QA leaders, and he came onto the project in March and played continuously until December. I don't know how he didn't just go totally psychotic and end up on top of the Texas tower with a high-powered rifle. He managed to keep his cool. In fact, the day we signed off he told me he was still having fun playing the game, which made me feel great. By that point in a project QA is usually telling me, "If I never see this game again, it will be too soon." This time everyone on the QA team is still playing it and still having fun. That does my heart proud.

Ultimately you get to the point where the game is clean, where you think you have a version you can sign off, and you go to final testing, which generally lasts longer than you'd want. We're always filled with hope when we cut Final 1.0 — we know this is The One. Everything is fixed. Yes! And then they break it. And we go to Final 1.1. Then Final 1.2. Typically you will go four to ten versions. I think we signed off Final 1.6.

*Q: Why does the Final stage take so long?*

WS: We have a very elaborate procedure for finalizing a product. We have checklist after checklist after checklist of things that have to be verified. We have play-through checklists where basically someone has to go through and try absolutely everything you can do in every mission. We have a hardware checklist where you have to check the game under every conceivable hardware configuration.

The other thing that we did on this game that I had never done before was ship simultaneously in three languages, in French, German and English. That was very difficult to pull off, because every time we would fix a bug involving text of any kind, anywhere in the game, we would have to make sure that the translators got the information, that the translation testers got the information and that we recompiled the game in three different versions, one for each language. It was pretty amazing.

And then you sign it off. Then you have a big sign-off party where you drink champagne and everybody's happy. Then, you begin the process all over again with a new project, a new team new, tighter deadlines. It's a miracle we survive this whole process and we leap jumping back into it. Go figure ....

## Bill Baldwin, Project Leader & Head Programmer

*Q: How long have you been with ORIGIN?*

BB: Well, I started at ORIGIN working on *Wing Commander II* almost exactly four years ago. I was one of three programmers on that game. It wasn't substantially different from *Wing I*, so at eight months, it was a relatively short-term project. *Strike Commander* was a long-term project — a year and a half. I was involved in various aspects of development, but mainly the sound system audio. I became familiar with the RAF system just from working on other aspects of the game.

Then in May of 1993 I started working on *Wings of Glory* as the Project Leader and Lead Programmer. Initially I didn't do that much programming because I was too busy pushing paper around, doing schedules and stuff. The main thing I did on *Wings of Glory*, and the reason it took us so long to do it, was that we converted it from 16-bit real mode *Strike Commander* code to 32-bit protected mode. That took us a while. We also enhanced things — we added things like clouds and trees, and totally rewrote the terrain system. Basically, trying to relate it to the *Strike Commander* universe is a stretch right now. We changed so much. We improved it a lot.

*Q: What does a Project Leader do?*

BB: A Project Leader is supposed to manage what everyone on the team is doing on a week-to-week basis. With an Art Director as good as Whitney, I could pretty much deal with Whitney, and he could make sure that all the artists were doing the right thing. With the programmers I pretty much dealt with them individually, and with the designers the same thing. That took a lot of time, and it involved constant interruptions. People were always coming to me with questions and problems and all sorts of things — which didn't leave much time for me to do any programming. It was hard to do both. Towards the end, as we did the 32-bit conversion, I became much more of a programmer and less of a direct project leader. Since most of the design work was already done and most of the art was already done, there was less need for a director. So I put all my energy into doing a 32-bit conversion.

*Q: Was it different dealing with a WWI plane system as opposed to a Strike Commander system?*

BB: Yes. *Wings of Glory* was much better. The system works much better because the planes are much slower. You tend to see them more and get closer to them — it really shows off the system. In *Strike Commander* it was all jets flying at Mach 1. They were past you before you could even see them, and you fired off your missiles before you even got close to them. WWI flying aces were a lot more fun. To me, high-tech radars and jets and missiles and all that stuff is just too complicated and I don't have a good time, whereas getting up there with machine guns and dogfighting is *fun*.



*Q: What part of the game intrigued you the most?*

BB: I didn't get that involved in the historic aspects of it. I focused pretty much on flight. It's a sort of cinematic, ORIGIN-style game, like *Wing Commander* and *Strike Commander*, in terms of the plot. But to me the flight is what really makes the game. Technical details about planes and things. Just things that I never knew before. I was surprised by the low speeds of the planes. Take-off speeds are *35 mph*! These planes were going *incredibly* slowly. I was also amazed at how difficult it was to fly the planes. A lot of the planes had minds of their own, and they would be pulling and rolling and doing all these things. You'd have to be constantly fighting them, just to make them fly straight and low — it was apparently a huge struggle.

I read books to learn how everything worked. A lot of the books early on were diaries, journals, anecdotes, some of them first-hand from the pilots. There was an autobiography of Eddie Rickenbacker, the great Ace. They were great aids in learning the specific details on how certain planes flew and details of missions that were actually flown.

I learned a whole lot about WWI. I liked that part the most.

### **Bruce Adams, Game Designer and Lisa Smith, Lead Writer**



*Q: What did you do?*

BA: I programmed the gameflow. Gameflow is everything you see in the game that doesn't have to do with plot. So when you go to a room and you click on a person, that's gameflow.

LS: I also helped to design the game, too. Bruce and I basically designed the game structure with Dave. I wrote the script.

*Q: What happens when you design a game?*

LS: Well, we take the producer's central idea and we sit down and we brainstorm what would be fun. Warren said he would like to see balloon busting and being able to attack trains and a whole list of other things he wanted us to include. We did our best to create a story line around that.

BA: We drew up the other types of missions: what you would be doing, what scenes do you see, what mid-game do you see, what's the intro like, what's the end-game like, who are the characters, what are their motivations, what do they do, what are their personalities like, what is your purpose in the game? That sort of thing. That's all related to design.

So we came up with our design documents and had people read them. Warren looked at them and said, "Give me something more. This isn't quite fleshed out enough. Give me more."

LS: Then after QA had gotten to actually play a little bit of the game they said, "Well, we really liked balloon busting. Could we have a few more balloons to bust?" And so we go back and design a little more to add extra zip to the game.

BA: The other thing about design is — things will happen. They say, "We can't make our ship date with this design, so cut." So we'll wind up cutting stuff. It may have been a really good idea in the beginning, but now we look at the game and say, "Where's the script we wrote?"

*Q: Did you try to make it as realistic as possible or as fun as possible?*

LS: We tried to balance the two. I learned more about WWI than I ever wanted to know.

BA: I think we succeed a lot in making it realistic except when it comes to fighting real people. We were told we couldn't have the player fighting against Richthofen personally. You can mention Richthofen as an aside, but we couldn't show his plane or his portrait. But everything else, including the planes, are as realistic as possible. We had to research to find out everything. How far could it bank? How steep of a dive could it do? How many rounds of ammunition? What kind of weapons? What kind of bombs did they carry? How long could they stay up in the air?

Of course, you do all that, and then QA comes back and goes, "It's no fun to play it." So you say, "Well, QA says it's not fun. Let's just change it a little bit." It's not totally realistic anymore, but I would say on the hardest levels of the game it's really close. It has actual physical dynamics that the planes really had. Like the rotary engines pulling you up and to the right. Ours do that.

LS: Another thing we had to do was to make the progression of the story line match the battles that were going on in the actual war. Sometimes that's a problem. There's one entire period of about three months where there is *nothing going on*.

BA: That was a design consideration. We asked our producer what type of game it was going to be. Was it going to be a game that you could influence, à la *Wing Commander's* losing track, or was it basically one of following the war? In *Pacific Strike* you could actually lose the war. You could change it.

LS: In the end, we stayed more historically accurate. Actually, the advent of air power in WWI did nothing to really substantially change the course of the war. It would be highly far-fetched to the point of science fiction if we could indeed suddenly come back to a United States that spoke German if we lost the war. Because the air battles just didn't have that much influence.

BA: The other consideration was that we didn't have enough time to do a multiple branching game like that — not on the timeline that we were working with at first. So we didn't go that route.



*Q: How did you come up with the people?*

LS: For characters, as far as the idea and the background for characters were designed, I went to the library and was fortunate to find that most of the survivors of the Lafayette Escadrille came back and wrote their memoirs. There were journals and diaries and things, first-person accounts of the war. It was really nice for me. I was able to read their works and patch together characters from their accounts.

BA: Just look at the vocabulary that we inserted. There are many, many, many phrases and words that people don't know the meanings of, but we used the idiom of the time to give some realism. And I think that succeeded, even after hearing QA say, "What the heck does that mean? What's he talking about?"

LS: The biggest thing that I could do for characterization — to make it feel like you were *not* sitting in a 1990's sound-stage was to change their language, their idioms.

Then we had to address the issues of political correctness. This was a war. People weren't nice, and the enemy was called nasty, nasty names. Well, "The Enemy" are people we trade with now and are selling the games to, so we had to be a little circumspect. The things that I hated was in the translated versions things got deleted or diluted. The introduction, I believe, in the translated version changed. The original, English introduction, says, "Four million dead. Eleven million wounded. Four million missing or captured." But that got changed, I believe, in the translated version, because they wouldn't tout the numbers. It was too "brutal." Which I objected to. I didn't mind if they changed the idioms or anything throughout the rest of the conversations. But I objected to them making war warm and fuzzy. The more we tout that sort of belief, the less the people in succeeding generations are going to realize that war is a nasty thing and the more likely that we may end up with another one on our hands. At least that's my take on it.

## **John Talley, Programmer**



*Q: What did you do when they chose you to work on a WWI flight simulator?*

JT: The first thing we did was to get a bunch of research material — find out what about the war would be cool to do. There were a lot of things we wanted to do, like having clouds to actually fly through and get lost in, for instance. We wanted the players to feel like they were there, so we wanted the sound effects and the aircraft to be as realistic as possible. At first we had a huge wish list things of things we sure would like to have done — but we didn't have time to do all of that.

One of the things that I wanted to do was make the non-flight-sim people happy as well. We wanted to have a realistic flight model and turn off all the options to have it simple to fly. That's pretty much where we started — flight models.

We started out with a very simple system that was more like what we used in *Strike Commander*. Actually, it was almost exactly what they used in *Strike Commander*. It turned out, however, that it looked more and more like you were flying a plane with a jet engine. So then I decided that what I really needed, if I wanted to make it really realistic, was to use equations of motion that were determined by the physical features of the planes. One that would let us actually look in a book and note a plane's wing span, its weight, what the engine power was, and things like that — and from that, determine what its flight characteristics, like maximum speed at a given altitude, would be. So I went back and rewrote the flight model so you could do that.

*Q: So the results were satisfactory?*

JT: It turned out really well. You have to keep in mind, historical references on plane capabilities are all different. We decided not to pick one certain source, but instead tried to be in the range of all the books. Still, if you fly our planes and max out at a given altitude, that's pretty much accurate. Touring rates and accelerations and all that, worked out the same way because we were using real aerodynamics and determining the constants from known data. It just kind of all fell into place once we got the flight model working.

*Q: Why did you decide to go to 32-bit?*

JT: We needed to improve performance — that was the determining factor. It meant a lot of translation of code. However, once we had all the old 16-bit code translated to 32-bit code, and actually running, it was not only faster, but also allowed us to do things much more simply than we could in 16-bit mode. It was nice being able to just whip together a new system without having to worry about all the problems of 16-bit. In my opinion it's just easier to write and read and debug. It's an easier code. And in some aspects the compilers seem to be better.

*Q: In your next project will there be any significant changes in the way you do things?*

JT: As far as making a fun game, I don't think we'll do anything different. On *Wings of Glory*, every time we thought of something that would make the game more fun, we would do it — unless it would slip the schedule more. Most of the things we did that made the game fun didn't cause problems with the schedule. It was mostly trying to keep up with the technology and speed of the game.

But as for programming, I can think of some changes. Next time we're going to be starting a whole new engine — we won't be using code that was kind of hacked together. Just from the fact that *Strike Commander* went on for so long, their system ended up being confusing. It started out clean, but then they spent the last six months tearing it apart to get the game working. That meant we started with a system that was confusing.

Next time, from the very start, I'm going to be writing an engine that's going to be reusable, as opposed to one meant for one particular game, one special purpose. But I'm still going to have fun.

## Dave Beyer, Technical Design Assistant



*Q: How did you get started?*

DB: The first thing I did was, Warren and various other people got tons and tons of books on WWI. And since I didn't know one thing about WWI, I had to do a lot of reading! I read everything I could get my hands on. I was basically just trying to glean information: what they did when they were sent out on a mission, what was involved in a dawn patrol, what did they actually do when they went balloon busting, what kind of people went into WWI, what kind of people came out, what sort of situations developed in the air? I concentrated on stuff that was related towards missions, because that's what I was going to be doing. After I did all that I thought, well, OK, how do I turn all this information into missions?

So then I started to design the missions very roughly — for instance, a balloon busting. I sat down and decided, this balloon busting mission is going to have two different action spheres, with two balloons in each one. The balloons will be the most important part, because that's how the mission's successful flag will be set. After that was set, I'd locate the two points, and then I'd just throw in embellishments. I'd say, there's also three Fokker D.VIIIs defending these balloons, three anti-aircraft guns and one machine gun down on the ground so if he gets too low, he'll get shot up.

When I decided I had the mission the way I wanted it, I'd try to find out if the mission they put in the game looked anything like how I wanted it. Usually it wasn't. So I'd do it again and again and again until it looked like what I wanted. Finally, when that was all done, the programmers would come to me and say, "Why don't we change the way this works?" and I'd have to change it again — still trying to keep my ideas existent. Probably the most challenging part of that whole phase was that everything was changing at the same time. While I designed a mission, three or four other guys were changing code, and therefore the balance of the whole thing was being thrown off because the dynamics were changing. Every time someone would change something that related to the missions, I'd have to fly through it again and see if the mission was still complete. That's probably the thing that took the most time. Changing along with the programmers who were always changing things.

*Q: That sounds frustrating. I hope there were things you enjoyed?*

DB: Along the same timeline, when I was not doing missions I was making maps. That was a lot of fun. I tried to find a lot of sources of what France looked like in 1917, but there were basically only two that I could find. One of them had about two-thirds of the area that I wanted to cover, and the other was so general that it wasn't even useful. What I ended up doing was just taking the one useful source and extrapolating that to a modern-day map — then conglomerating those into what WWI France would probably look like. When I got all that set up I had to convert it into the *Strike Commander* Frame Editor. That was a big pain in the butt because the map on graph paper, the map the way you translated it and the final result were three different things. So I'd have map in front of me, make a change in the translation part, then look at it on the screen, and everything would be all wrong. I'd eventually have to make some abstract



tape of the middle part until the end looked right. Plus the terrain system changed a couple of times in the process. Basically I'd say that my aspect of it was divided into three parts: research, design and implementation. Oh, I guess four parts. Then bug-fixing. The bug-fixing is probably the biggest part because, as I said before, every time a programmer would make a change, it would affect my work. But yeah, it was fun.

## Whitney Ayres, Lead Artist

*Q: When you very, very first got on to the project, what did they expect of you as a team artist, and as a Lead Artist?*

WA: Well, right off the bat we had to go to the review process, which meant coming up with some sort of playable demo for the review committee. That involved taking what little engine Bill had gotten running at that point, and providing just enough art to pull off a demo. In this case we came up with a cockpit and all the views for one of the planes, plus two other planes and a Zeppelin so you could have some sort of combat. We also made some weapons like rockets and bombs. With that and an early form of clouds that we did using non-rotational bit-maps, we put together a demo and took it to review. We worked it up into a nice dramatic scene — it showed you flying a plane, dogfighting with a tri-plane, and blowing up a Zeppelin that went down in flames. We basically sold the idea. From that point on people said, OK, we'll do a WWI flight simulator.



*Q: What was the first thing you tackled?*

WA: Planes, I guess. The next point after review was to get with the designers about the design docs, find out exactly what planes we were going to use, what period of the war we were going to cover, what the basic environment was going to be for gameflow, and all the stuff outside of flight. On one hand I was working with design people to get a hold on what they wanted to put in — so I could turn that into a task sheet for the artists that would reflect the schedule as realistically as possible. On the other hand, we pretty much started going full-born into flight, laying our hand on as much reference as we could. We used a lot of books. We finally hit the mother lode when we got hold of some scale modeling books. Those were really valuable to us. We also concentrated on the textures that you see, and that involved a lot of hunting, especially for the German ones, since they were so wild. It involved hunting down a lot of actual textures and paints that we used on the German planes.

Then we started working on some of the first planes. At that point there was a whole of work to be done. I was on the project for about two and a half months, and then we got some of the other artists in. Darrin LeBlanc was the next one to join the group, then Terry Manderfeld. There were a couple of interim part-timers who helped, but we did the bulk of the work. At that point it was a matter of bringing all the other new artists on the project up to speed with the in-house editing software so they could do real-time objects. Some people were doing planes, some people were doing ground objects, and some people worked on buildings, weaponry like the anti-aircraft guns, and whatnot.



Once that was all finished we started to slide into gameflow. We had Darrin doing all the talking heads you see in the game, which is basically the same talking head system — regrettably — that has been used and criticized from the early *Wing Commanders*, and *Strike Commander* as well. And then also at that point sets were starting to be built throughout the studio using 3-D Studio II and later 3-D Studio III to build all the sets the characters interacted in. So, everything's consistent.

At that point all the storyboards were done for all the cinematics. After that it was really a matter of getting all this massive gameflow art done within a small window of time — that was for our original ship date. Then things happened with our going to 32-bit and doing some re-programming to really make the game swing, so we managed to finish all the art off on schedule. Some of the artists got farmed off onto other projects, but I stayed on until the end of the project. Mostly I revamped a lot of the stuff or went back and fine-tuned nearly every object in flight. Then I helped redo the terrain system towards the last half of the project. At that point it was just a lot of firefighting for things that would come up.

*Q: You mentioned storyboards. Did you do them?*

WA: Yeah. Storyboards took about three days of sitting in with the designers. That really pissed them off, because they wanted an amazing amount of stuff and I kept shaking my head and saying we couldn't do that. We had three artists, they only had a certain amount of experience and we only had a set amount of time. The designers weren't happy about cutting a lot of the cinematic sequences that we normally would have put in the game. The conversations were kept pretty much as they were, but a lot of the cinematics and basic were curtailed to the absolute essentials. In the original design there was supposed to be a French village. You could actually drive to the town Lisette came from. Once again, though, we didn't have the time and resources at that point. We could only do a certain number: the introduction, the winning game, the end game, the player's funeral, the trial funeral, the set execution, and those were the basic meat of the cinematics. That's what it boiled down to. That and the scenes that were only one or two shots.



## Scott Shelton, Quality Assurance Leader

*Q: When do you get brought on to a project?*

SS: Generally in early Alpha. The game is at a very early state at that point — it's very broken, and most of the missions don't work. I'm brought on to feel out the game, point out what the customers are going to like and not like about the game. We give suggestions for interface, plotline, missions, anything we can think of to try to improve the game. The beginning of development is the easiest point to try to get changes made.

*Q: When do you actually start testing it?*

SS: Early Alpha we generally get it. Usually just the Project Leader is on the project at that point, and they usually bang around on it for a couple of months. Then we slowly add more people, one or two here and there, until we eventually get up to as many as ten to twelve people. As project leader, I stay on it from beginning to end. That's the main thing to remember. Once you sign on, you're there forever.

*Q: What's your main goal in this "tour of duty"?*

SS: Basically, we try to simulate what thousands of people out there are going to do, so the main thing we try to remember is don't ever play the game the same way twice. Generally what I do is I play it the way I would normally go through the game, and then I go back and do everything I would never do, and then one more time doing everything I know you *shouldn't* do — just basically trying to break the game. There's always weird stuff somewhere. Like the bomber that, if you just flew the mission normally, would look fine. The mission was to escort the bomber to its objective, which it bombed, and then escort it back to its base. *But*, if when you got back to the base you watched it for a long, long time — it never landed. Instead it circled around until eventually it just spontaneously combusted and went down in flames. This is the type of thing that you're not going to find unless you're willing to sit there and patiently watch. That's the typical type of bugs that can potentially slip by us.

We had another, more obvious bug where most of the planes in the game were really out of control. They moved incredibly fast, at least three or four times what your plane can move. They flew at unreal angles. These planes had no worries about ripping their wings off. It was basically impossible to shoot them down. For a few versions there, when the Superplanes showed up, there was not much we could do.

*Q: How did you like Wings of Glory compared to the other games you've tested?*

SS: I've been Project Leader on *Martian Dreams*, both *Ultima Underworlds*, *Shadowcaster*, plus a whole mess of add-on disks like *Special Operations* and *Secret Missions*. I've pretty much worked on just about every game that's come through here in the last three or four years.

The Underworld games are usually my favorite — first-person point of view games. But I really enjoyed *Wings of Glory* a lot. I don't think, besides *Underworld*, that I've enjoyed a game more than this one that I've ever played here. This is a really neat game.





A great deal of research went into the *Wings of Glory* game. A list of the books, magazines, games and movies that inspired the development team follows, but no book, no magazine, no game, no movie can take the place of seeing and hearing planes in action. In the United States, the place to see World War One aircraft is the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome in Rhinebeck, New York. Unlike many museums, where planes are put on display and never flown, the folks at Old Rhinebeck actually roll their planes out of the hangar every weekend and put them through their paces in air shows that will leave you gasping and grinning.

Nothing can prepare you for the gut-rumbling, ear-drum splitting sound of a Fokker D.VIII ten feet away; there's nothing quite like the smell of a rotary engine spewing liquid everywhere. You can't quite appreciate the daring of men like Rickenbacker and Richthofen until you run your hands along wood and canvas wings, until you peer into a cockpit that couldn't have provided any protection against the elements, let alone against enemy fire. And seeing a tiny biplane coming in for a near-sideways landing on a windy day, well, I don't know that I would have had the courage ....

Old Rhinebeck is the place to experience these planes as they were meant to be — not as museum pieces, but as weapons of war, deadly but beautiful. If you care about World War One airplanes (and you wouldn't be reading this if you didn't ...) you owe it to yourself to make the pilgrimage to the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome. Until you get the chance, though, the books and other reference sources below should keep you occupied ....

Warren Spector  
Producer, *Wings of Glory*



# INSPIRATION AND REFERENCES



## Books

### Air Combat, History & Tactics

Three surveys of the air war proved especially useful: Ezra Bowen's *Knights of the Air*, Stephen Longstreet's *The Canvas Falcons*, and *Legend, Memory and the Great War* (Dominick Pisano and several others). *Knights of the Air*, part of a Time-Life history of air combat series, provides a typical Time-Life overview — colorful, pretty accurate, touching on the human side of the war as well as the nuts and bolts of who did what to whom in what planes. A good, solid starting point for those seeking more information about the air war. *The Canvas Falcons* may be the most readable overview of the air war, covering the battles, the planes, the pilots and sprinkled with tidbits of information you won't find anywhere else. We returned to this book again and again in the early design phases of the *Wings of Glory* game. *Legend, Memory and the Great War in the Air*, a volume designed to complement a Smithsonian exhibit about the air war, is a stunning book. The color photographs are awesome and the emphasis on the human element — the pilots and personalities — make it a nice companion piece to *Knights of the Air*. If you don't know much about the war, add these three books to your collection and you'll be well along on the road to expertise.

Norman Franks' *Aircraft Versus Aircraft* and John Johnson's *Full Circle* are the places to start if you're interested in the development of air combat tactics. Though some attention is paid in these works to the personalities and planes, the emphasis is on the development of air strategy and tactics. Read these books, study the illustrations, and you just might find yourself a better *Wings of Glory* pilot.

*The U.S. Air Service in World War I, Volumes 1-4* is an exhaustive history of the air war from the Office of Air Force History. If you want to know how the American air corps was structured, which squadrons engaged in which activities and when they did it, this is the place to look. The writing isn't colorful (you won't get any of the romance of air combat here) but if you're after facts, and lots of them, look no further.



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- Mackworth-Praed, Ben, ed. *Aviation: The Pioneer Years*. London: Studio Editions, Ltd., 1990.
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- Reynolds, Quentin. *They Fought for the Sky*. New York: Bantam Books, 1958.
- Spick, Mike. *The Ace Factor*. New York: Avon Books, 1988.
- Turner, Charles C. *The Struggle in the Air 1914-1918*. London: Edward Arnold, 1919.



## Aircraft

The *Rand McNally Encyclopedia of Military Aircraft* (Enzo Angelucci) and *Combat Aircraft of the World* (John Taylor) are exhaustive surveys of the combat planes from the earliest days of flight to their respective dates of publication. No aviation buff's library would be complete without these amazing sources of information. Whether you're looking for performance data, dimensions or history, odds are good you'll find what you're looking for in one of these volumes. The recent re-release of *Jane's Fighting Aircraft of World War I* (Arch. Whitehouse) was a godsend for us. If it flew during the war, it's in this book, along with commentary from that era. Primary sources can be difficult to track down; here's one that's available as a cut-out. How can you go wrong?

If you want to know what it's like to fly classic aircraft, check out Mike Jerram's *The World's Classic Aircraft* and Anthony Robinson's *In The Cockpit* (also published under the title, *Flying The World's Great Aircraft*). We came back to these books again and again as we refined our flight models.

Books published by Aero Publishers can be hard to find, but they're worth the effort. All contain blueprint style drawings, to scale. That may not sound like much, but no other book conveys the immense size of some of the era's bombers better. Check out the single page devoted to, say, the Albatros C.III; then turn to the five-page foldout devoted to the Zeppelin Staaken. Great stuff and invaluable to artists trying to create true-to-life 3-D models .... And speaking of invaluable, the blueprints in *Aircraft Archive: Aircraft of World War One* and *Scale Aircraft Drawings, Volume 1 — World War I* (both by Whitehouse) basically made *Wings of Glory* possible. Accurate dimensions were critical to the creation of accurate plane models.

The single-plane volumes from Squadron/Signal Publications also proved to be the artists' friends. In addition to providing lots of high quality photos of planes and cockpits, each of these slim booklets, available at most hobby shops, includes several pages of color plates. In the absence of color photographs from the war, the *Wings of Glory* artists consulted the Squadron publications constantly. Realistic paint jobs — in fact, paint jobs taken from actual squadrons and actual planes — were an important part of the artists' charter on *Wings of Glory*, so any source of color information was highly prized. Another source of color information was Bruce Robertson's *Aircraft Camouflage and Markings*. Amazing there's a whole book devoted to this subject, but it sure came in handy ....

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- \_\_\_\_\_. *Aircraft in Profile* (several volumes). Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1960s.
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- \_\_\_\_\_. *Scale Aircraft Drawings, Volume 1 — World War I*. Wilton, CT: Air Age, Inc, 1989.

## Fiction

The bottom line is, there really aren't any great novels about the air war in World War One. The books listed below are worth looking at, if you're a hard-core buff, but none of them are worth writing home about. My advice? Read all the non-fiction and write your own novel ....

- Cruze, T.E. *Wings of Gold: The Aces*. New York: Warner Books Inc., 1988.
- Gann, Ernest K. *In the Company of Eagles*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1966.
- Hennessy, Max. *The Bright Blue Sky*. New York: Pocket Books, 1984.
- Hunter, Jack D. *The Blue Max*. New York: Bantam Books, 1965.
- Saunders, John Monk. *Wings*. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1927.
- Smith, Frederick E. *A Killing for the Hawks*. New York: David McKay Company, Inc., 1966.



## Pilot Biographies & Memoirs

Once you start looking, you find that every pilot who flew during the First World War wrote a book about his experiences. Every last one. Most of them are moderately interesting, at best — about on a par with the fictional accounts of the air war. A couple are exceptional: Read Harold Buckley's *Squadron 95*, Grider's *War Birds*, James Norman Hall's *High Adventure* (and others by the same author, best known for co-authoring *Mutiny on the Bounty*) and Eddie Rickenbacker's *Fighting the Flying Circus* and you'll get a taste for what it must have been like to be a flier in the Great War. The volumes by Grider and Rickenbacker have been re-released in the last couple of years, but they (and all the other pilot memoirs) may still be tough to find.

Baker, David. *William Avery "Billy" Bishop*. London: Outline Press, 1990.

Biddle, Charles J., *Fighting Airman: The Way of the Eagle*. New York: Ace Books, 1968.

Buckley, Harold. *Squadron 95*. Paris: The Obelisk Press, 1933.

Coolidge, Hamilton. *Letters of an American Airman 1917-1918*. Boston, MA: (privately printed), 1919.

Gibbons, Floyd. *The Red Knight of Germany*. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1927.

Grider, John MacGavock. *War Birds: Diary of an Unknown Aviator*. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926.

Hall, James Norman. *High Adventure: A Narrative of Air Fighting in France*. Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

Nowarra, Heinz J. and Brown, Kimbrough S., eds. *Von Richthofen and the Flying Circus*. Los Angeles, CA: Aero Publishers, Inc., 1964.

Rickenbacker, Edward. *Fighting the Flying Circus*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1919.

## Tanks, Artillery & Miscellaneous Equipment

John Batchelor's the man. If you want to know about the weapons of war on the ground (pick your war), check his stuff out. 'Nuff said. These books were used heavily by artists creating tanks, cars, artillery, farm houses, tents, trains and so forth.

Batchelor, John and Ian Hogg. *Artillery*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1972.

Batchelor, John and Kenneth Macksey. *Tank*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1970.

Colby, C.B. *Fighting Gear of World War I*. New York: Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1961.

Fitzsimons, ed. *Tanks & Weapons of World War I*. New York: Beekman House, 1973.

Smith, W.H.B. *Small Arms of the World*. New York: Galahad Books, 1973.





## World War One, Overview

There isn't room to list all the books covering World War One, its causes, its conduct, its aftermath. Any of the books below is worth reading, particularly the Toland and Tuchman books (as you might expect, given the well-earned reputations of the authors ...).

Everett, Susanne and Young, Peter. *The Two World Wars*. London: Bison Books, 1980.

Livesey, Anthony. *Great Battles of World War I*. New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1989.

Russell, Thomas H. *America's War for Humanity*. No publisher or date (circa 1918).

Toland, John. *No Man's Land*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1980.

Tuchman, Barbara. *The Guns of August*. New York: Bantam Books, 1962.

## Games

We didn't rely on the games listed below for data — using games as reference seems a little, well, silly. However, some of those listed below seem pretty accurate — you know the designers loved the subject matter and did their homework. We probably could have used them as reference. In any event, the boardgames below certainly inspired us (and provided a great deal of pleasure).

For out-and-out fun, you'd have to go some to beat the *Ace of Aces* games. These booklet games have provided hundreds of hours of enjoyment. The Handy Rotary series and the Powerhouse series are absolute killers, but any of them is worth playing. Run, don't walk, to your nearest game store and see if you can't find one of these (or, better, all of them).

The *Blue Max* game, from GDW, is fast-paced fun. No one's going to hold it up as a model of accuracy, but as a game, it's utterly charming. If the romance of flight appeals to you, this is your game.

If you're feeling hard-core and you have lots of time to spend gaming, check out Mike Carr's *Dawn Patrol* and/or Randall Reed's *Richthofen's War*. These are serious games (meaning long, complex rules and long playing times), but if you're into serious wargames, these are the best choices. Both games have large (in gaming terms) cult followings. Seriously, though, only hard-core gamers need apply ....

Carr, Mike. *Dawn Patrol*. Lake Geneva, WI: TSR Hobbies, Inc., 1982.

Hall, Phil. *Blue Max*. Bloomington, IL: Game Designer's Workshop, 1983.

Hind, Jim. *Aces High*. NY: SPI.

Koff, Bill. *Red Baron*. Emperor's Press, 1992.

Leonardi, Alfred. *Ace of Aces: Powerhouse Series*. Manchester, CT: Nova GameDesigns, Inc., 1981.

Leonardi, Alfred and Kaufman, Douglas. *Ace of Aces: Handy Rotary Series*. Manchester, CT: Nova GameDesigns, Inc., 1980.

Leonardi, Alfred and Kaufman, Douglas. *Ace of Aces: Flying Machines*. Manchester, CT: Nova GameDesigns, Inc., 1983.



Leonardi, Alfred and McKinney, Harold. *Ace of Aces: Balloon Buster*. Manchester, CT: Nova GameDesigns, Inc., 1985.

Reed, Randall. *Richthofen's War*. Baltimore, MD: The Avalon Hill Game Company, 1972.

\_\_\_\_\_. *Dogfight*. Milton-Bradley, 1963.

\_\_\_\_\_. *Knights of the Air*. Baltimore, MD: The Avalon Hill Game Company, 1987.

## **Magazines**

*World War I Aero*. Invaluable. When I first saw this magazine, I thought I'd died and gone to aviation heaven. Editor Leonard Opdycke's journal offers pilots' reports, multi-view, blueprint-style drawings, lavishly illustrated articles about cockpit instrumentation .... You name it, it's here. If you're making a World War One air combat game, you need *World War I Aero*; if you're a World War I air combat fan, you want *World War I Aero*. Bad. Get it.

*Air Classics*. Challenge Publications, Inc. 7950 Deering Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91304.

*Cross & Cockade International Journal*. Glenside, Church Road, Lydgate, Todmorden, West Yorkshire, OL14 8HW, England.

*Fine Scale Modeler*. Kalmbach Publishing Co. 21027 Crossroads Circle, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187.

*Over the Front*. P.O. Box 260327, Plano, TX 75026.

*Scale Aircraft Modeling*. Alan W. Hall Publications Ltd. 226 High Street, Berkhamsted, Herts HP4 1AD, England.

*Scale Modeler*. Challenge Publications, Inc. 7950 Deering Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91304.

*Scale R/C Modeler*. Challenge Publications, Inc. 7950 Deering Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91304.

*World War I Aero: The Journal of the Early Aeroplane*. World War 1 Aeroplanes, Inc. 15 Crescent Road, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601.

## **Films & Videotapes**

### **Documentaries**

Surprisingly, these videos didn't do much for us. They're quite interesting and more or less entertaining, but there's really very little actual aerial footage in them. There's essentially no air combat footage. Intriguing stuff for the hard-core buff. People with a more casual interest would do better to stick with the fiction films.

*The Battle of Verdun*. Films for the Humanities. Princeton, NJ, 1990.

*From the War File: The Great War*, Vols. I and II. Video Treasures. Batavia, OH, 1991.

*The World War I Series: America Takes to the Air*, Vols. I, II, III. Aerofilm. 1993.



## Fiction Films

Now you're talking. Given how tough it is to see great, old World War One planes in action, just about any film on the subject is a must see. The world is most definitely still waiting for a great World War One air combat movie, but a couple of these come close.

*The Blue Max* is worth having on laserdisk (in widescreen) for the musical score alone — Jerry Goldsmith's never done better work. That's not the only reason to own a copy of this film, of course — the aerial footage is breathtaking. This movie was such an inspiration. Everyone on the *Wings of Glory* team was motivated by the desire to make the game look, feel and sound as much like *The Blue Max* as possible. No film has ever captured the romance of flight better. Check it out. Fast-forward through the wooden acting and the soap opera plot bits. The flight scenes are incredible (even if half the planes are obvious, boneheaded fakes ...).

The 1938 version of *Dawn Patrol* includes some stirring aerial footage, but it also boasts a terrific cast and a storyline that's totally captivating despite being hokey beyond belief. How bad can a movie starring Errol Flynn, David Niven and Basil Rathbone be? The *Wings of Glory* storyline was heavily influenced by this film. Watch it and see if you can spot the similarities — shouldn't be too tough!

Interestingly, two names keep cropping up with regard to World War One air combat movies: John Monk Saunders and William Wellman. Saunders, responsible for the storyline in *Wings* and *Dawn Patrol*, is regarded as the father of aviation movies. The ex-Army Air Corps lieutenant made a career writing aviation stories, novels and screenplays. If you're into aviation, John Monk Saunders is a name you may not be familiar with — it's worth the effort to change that. Wellman, generally speaking a terrific director, was a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, leading one to expect great things when he turned his attention to air combat in the Great War. Unfortunately, *Wings* (winner of the very first Best Picture Oscar in 1928) has dated very badly. And the less said about *Lafayette Escadrille*, the better. If you do watch Wellman's 1958 semi-biopic, keep your eyes open for a young Clint Eastwood, in an early film role.

*The Blue Max* (1966) Directed by John Guillermin. Starring George Peppard, James Mason, Ursula Andress.

*Dawn Patrol* (1930) Directed by Howard Hawks. Starring Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton, James Finlayson.

*Dawn Patrol* (1938) Directed by Edmund Goulding. Starring Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, David Niven, Donald Crisp, Barry Fitzgerald.

*Hell's Angels* (1930) Directed by Howard Hughes (with James Whale, uncredited). Starring Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jean Harlow.

*Lafayette Escadrille* (1958) Directed by William Wellman. Starring Tab Hunter, Etchika Choureau, Marcel Dalio, David Janssen.

*Wings* (1927) Directed by William Wellman. Starring Clara Bow, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Richard Arlen, Jobyna Ralston, Gary Cooper, El Brendel.



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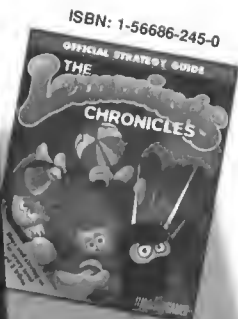


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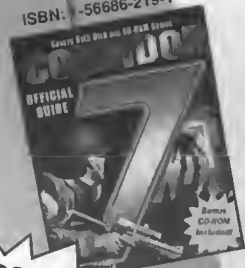


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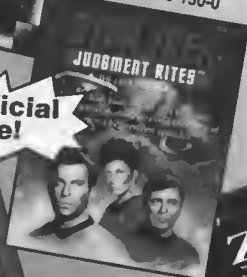
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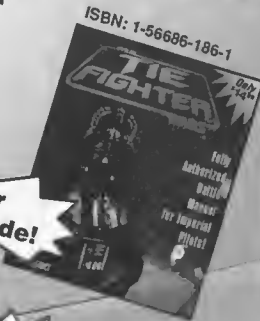
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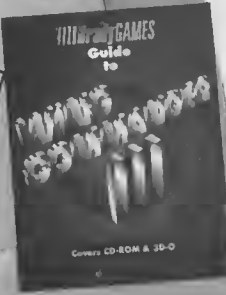
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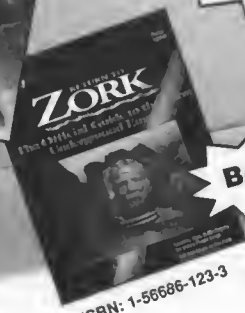


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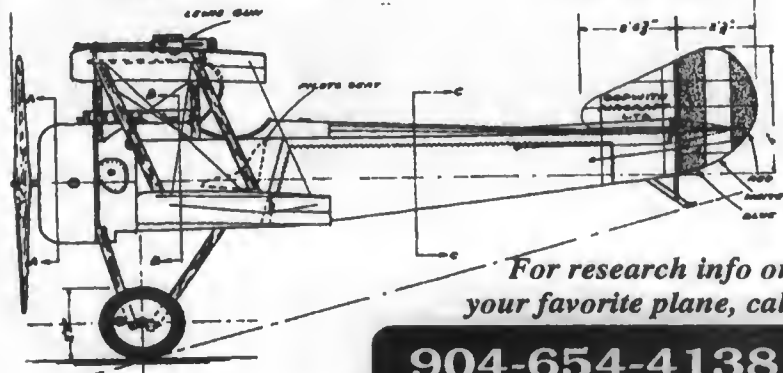


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